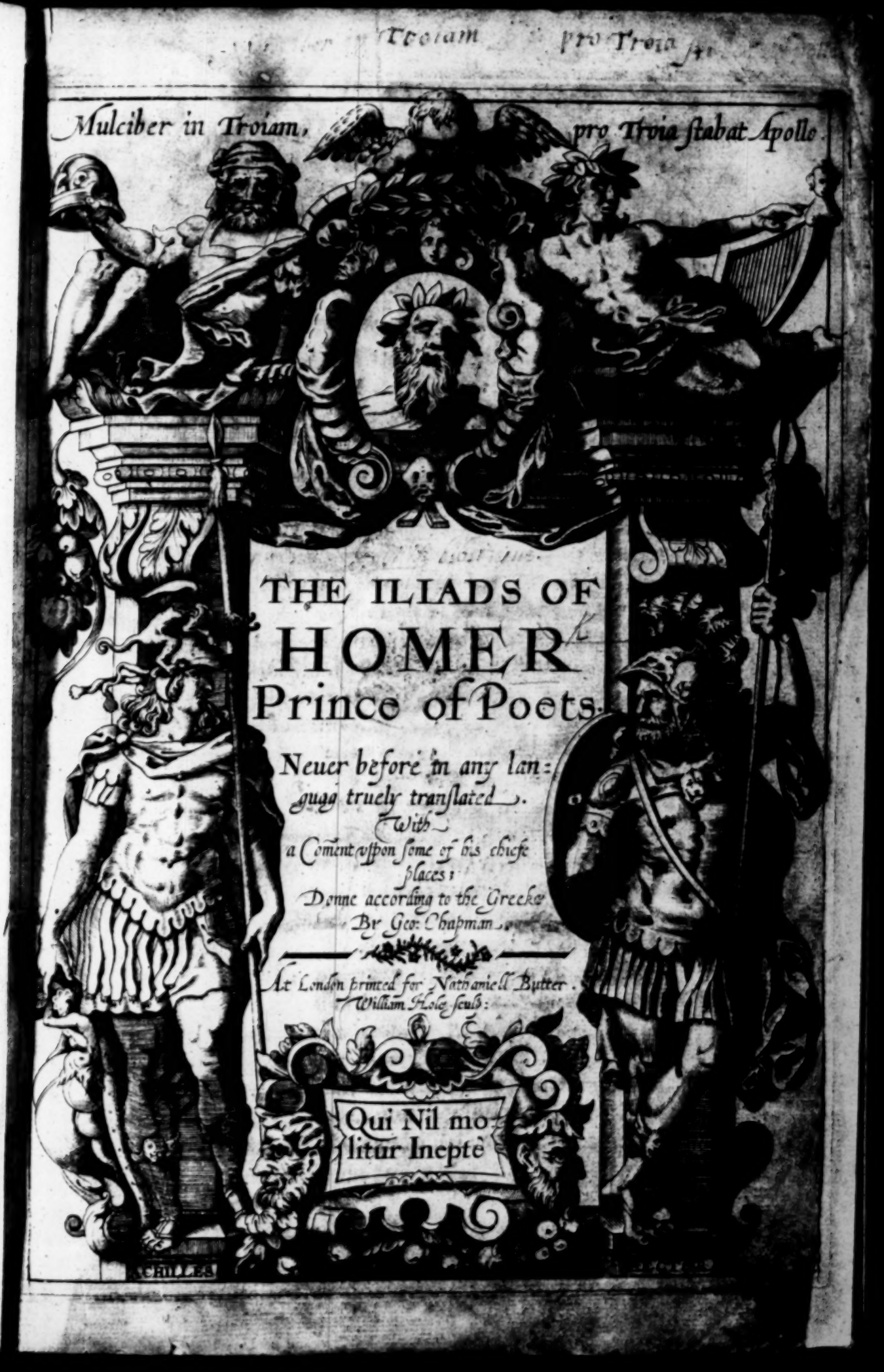

Mulciber in Troiam, pro Troia stabat Apollo.
THE ILIADS OF
HOMER
Prince of Poets.
Neuer before in any lan:
guage truely translated.
With
a Coment vpon some of his chiefe
places;
Donne according to the Greeke
By Geo: Chapman.
At London printed for Nathaniell Butter.
William Hole sculp:
Qui Nil mo
litur Inepte
ACHILLES



TO THE HIGH BORNE PRINCE OF MEN, *HENRIE* THRICE

Royall inheritor to the united kingdoms of Great BRITTAINE, *&c.*

SInce perfect happineſſe, by Princes ſought,
Is not with birth, borne, nor Exchequers bought;
Nor followes in great Traines; nor is poſſeſt
VVith any outward State; but makes him bleſt
That gouernes inward; and beholdeth theare,
All his affections ſtand about him bare;
That by his power can ſend to Towre, and death,
All traitrous paſſions; marſhalling beneath
His iuſtice, his meere will; and in his minde
Holds ſuch a ſcepter, as can keepe confinde
His whole lifes actions in the royall bounds
Of Vertue and Religion; and their grounds
Takes-in, to ſow his honours, his delights,
And complete empire. You ſhould learne theſe rights
(Great Prince of men) by Princely preſidents;
VVhich here, in all kinds, my true zeale preſents
To furniſh your youths groundworke, and firſt State;
And let you ſee, one Godlike man create
All ſorts of worthieſt men; to be contriu'd
In your worth onely; giuing him reuiu'd,
For whoſe life, *Alexander* would haue giuen
One of his kingdomes: who (as ſent from heauen,
And thinking well, that ſo diuine a creature
VVould neuer more enrich the race of Nature)

Kept as his Crowne his workes; and thought them ſtill
His Angels; in all power, to rule his will.
And would affirme that *Homers* poeſie
Did more aduance his Aſian victorie,
Then all his Armies. O! tis wondrous much
(Though nothing priſde) that the right vertuous touch
Of a well written ſoule, to vertue moues.
Nor haue we ſoules to purpoſe, if their loues
Of fitting obiects be not ſo inflam'd.
How much then, were this kingdomes maine ſoule maim'd,
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That moue in humane ſoules? All Realmes but yours,
Are honor'd with him; and hold bleſt that State
That haue his workes to reade and contemplate.
In which, Humanitie to her height is raiſde;
VVhich all the world (yet, none enough) hath praiſde.
Seas, earth, and heauen, he did in verſe compriſe;
Out-ſung the Muſes, and did equaliſe
Their king *Apollo*; being ſo farre from cauſe
Of Princes light thoughts, that their graueſt lawes
May finde ſtuffe to be faſhiond by his lines.
Through all the pompe of kingdomes ſtill he ſhines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your Lutes, and Viols, and more loftily
Make the Heroiques of your *Homer* ſung,
To Drums and Trumpets ſet his Angels tongue:
And with the Princely ſport of Haukes you vſe,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muſe:
And ſee how like the Phœnix ſhe renues
Her age, and ſtarrie feathers in your ſunne;
Thouſands of yeares attending; euerie one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their ſeaſons, kingdomes, nations that haue bin
Subuerted in them; lawes, religions, all
Offerd to Change, and greedie Funerall;
Yet ſtill your *Homer* laſting, liuing, raigning;
And proues, how firme Truth builds in Poets faining.

A Princes ſtatue, or in Marble caru'd,
Or ſteele, or gold, and ſhrin'd (to be preſerv'd)
Aloft on Pillars, or Pytamides,
Time into loweſt ruines may depreſſe:
But, drawne with all his vertues in learn'd verſe,
Fame ſhall reſound them on Obliuions herſe,
Till graues gaſpe with her blaſts, and dead men riſe.
No gold can follow, where true Poeſie flies.
Then let not this Diuinitie in earth
(Deare Prince) be ſleighted, as ſhe were the birth
Of idle Fancie; ſince ſhe workes ſo hie:
Nor let her poore diſpoſer (Learning) lie
Stil bed-rid. Both which, being in men defac't;
In men (with them) is Gods bright image rac't.
For, as the Sunne, and Moone, are figures giuen
Of his reſulgent Deitie in Heauen:
So, Learning, and her Lightner, Poeſie,
In earth preſent his fierie Maieſtie.
Nor are Kings like him, ſince their Diademes
Thunder, and lighten, and proiect braue beames;
But ſince they his cleare vertues emulate;
In Truth and Iuſtice, imaging his State;
In Bountie, and Humanitie ſince they ſhine;
Then which, is nothing (like him) more diuine:
Not Fire, not Light; the Sunnes admired courſe;
The Riſe, nor Set of Starres; nor all their force
In vs, and all this Cope beneath the Skie;
Nor great *Exiſtence*, term'd his Treaſurie.
Since not, for being greateſt, he is bleſt;
But being Iuſt, and in all vertues beſt.
VVhat ſets his Iuſtice, and his Truth, beſt forth,
(Beſt Prince) then vſe beſt; which is Poeſies worth.
For, as great Princes, well inform'd and deckt
VVith gracious vertue, giue more ſure effect
To her perſwaſions, pleaſures, reall worth,
Then all th'inferiour ſubiects ſhe ſets forth;
Since there, ſhe ſhines at full; hath birth, wealth, ſtate,

Power, fortune, honor, fit to eleuate
Her heauenly merits; and ſo fit they are
Since ſhe was made for them, and they for her:
So, Truth, with Poeſie grac't, is fairer farre,
More proper, mouing, chaſte, and regular,
Then when ſhe runnes away with vntruſs't Proſe;
Proportion, that doth orderly diſpoſe
Her vertuous treaſure, and is Queene of Graces;
In Poeſie, decking her with choiceſt Phraſes,
Figures and numbers: when looſe Proſe puts on
Plaine letter-habits; makes her trot, vpon
Dull earthly buſineſſe (ſhe being meere diuine:)
Holds her to homely Cates, and harſh hedge-wine,
That ſhould drinke Poeſies Nectar; euerie way
One made for other, as the Sunne and Day,
Princes and vertues. And, as in a ſpring,
The plyant water, mou'd with any thing
Let fall into it, puts her motion out
In perfect circles, that moue round about
The gentle fountaine, one another, raiſing:
So Truth, and Poeſie worke; ſo Poeſie blazing,
All ſubiects falne in her exhauſtleſſe fount,
VVorks moſt exactly; makes a true account
Of all things to her high diſcharges giuen,
Till all be circular, and round as heauen.
And laſtly, great Prince, marke and pardon me;
As in a flouriſhing, and ripe fruite Tree,
Nature hath made the barke to ſaue the Bole;
The Bole, the ſappe; the ſappe, to decke the whole
VVith leaues and branches; they, to beare and ſhield
The vſefull fruite; the fruite it ſelfe to yeeld
Guard to the kernell, and for that all thoſe
(Since out of that againe, the whole Tree growes:)
So, in our Tree of man, whoſe neruie Roote
Springs in his top; from thence euen to his foote,
There runnes a mutuall aide, through all his parts,
The ſoule. All ioyn'd in one to ſerue his Queene of Arts.

In

In which, doth Poeſie, like the kernell lie
Oſcur'd; though her Promethean faculties
Can create men, and make euen death to liue;
For which ſhe ſhould liue honor'd; Kings ſhould giue
Comfort and helpe to her, that ſhe might ſtill
Hold vp their ſpirits in vertue; make the will,
That gouernes in them, to the power conform'd;
The power to iuſtice; that the ſcandals, ſtorm'd
Againſt the poore Dame, clear'd by your faire Grace,
Your Grace may ſhine the clearer. Her low place,
Not ſhewing her, the higheſt leaues obſcure.
VVho raiſe her, raiſe themſelues: and he ſits ſure,
VVhom her wing'd hand aduanceth; ſince on it
Eternitie doth (crowning Vertue) ſit.
All whoſe poore ſeed, like violets in their beds,
Now grow with boſome-hung, and hidden heads.
For whom I muſt ſpeake (though their Fate conuinces
Me, worſt of Poets) to you, beſt of Princes.

By the moſt humble and faithfull implorer for all the graces to your highneſſe eterniſed by your diuine Homer.

Geo. Chapman.

AN ANAGRAM OF THE NAME OF OVR DRAD PRINCE, MY MOST Gracious and ſacred *Mœcenas;*

HENRYE PRINCE OF VVALES OVR SVNN, HEYR, PEACE, LIFE.

BE to vs as thy great Name doth import,
(Prince of the people;) nor ſuppoſe it vaine,
That in this ſecret, and prophetique ſort,
Thy Name and Nobleſt Title doth containe
So much right to vs; and as great a good.
Nature doth nothing vainly; much leſſe Art
Perfecting Nature. No ſpirit in our blood,
But in our ſoules diſcourſes beares a part.
What Nature giues at randon in the one,
In th'other, orderd, our diuine part ſerues.
Thou art not HEYR *then, to our ſtate alone;*
But SVNN, PEACE, LIFE. *And what thy powre deſerues*
Of vs, and our good, in thy vtmoſt ſtrife;
Shall make thee to thy ſelfe, HEYR, SVNN, PEACE, LIFE.

TO

TO THE SACRED FOVNTAINE OF PRINCES; SOLE EMPRESSE OF BEAVTIE AND VERTVE; ANNE, Queene of England, &c.

With whatſoeuer Honour we adorne
Your Royall iſſue; we muſt gratulate yow
Imperiall Soueraigne. Who of you is borne,
Is you; One Tree, make both the Bole, and Bow.
If it be honour then to ioyne you both
To ſuch a powerfull worke, as ſhall defend
Both from foule Death, *and* Ages *ougly Moth;*
This is an Honor, that ſhall neuer end.
They know not vertue then, that know not what
The vertue of defending vertue is:
It comprehends the guard of all your State,
And ioynes your Greatneſſe to as great a Bliſſe.
Shield vertue, and aduance her then, Great Queene;
And make this Booke your Glaſſe, to make it ſeene.

Your Maieſties in all ſubiection moſt
humbly conſecrate,

Geo. Chapman.

TO THE READER.

LEſt with foule hands you touch theſe holy Rites;
And with preiudiciaes too prophane,
Paſſe Homer, *in your other Poets ſleights;*
Waſh here. In this Porch to his numerous Phane,
Heare ancient Oracles ſpeake, and tell you whom
You haue to cenſure. Firſt then Silius *heare,*
Who thrice was Conſull in renowned Rome;
Whoſe verſe (ſaith Martiall*) nothing ſhall out-weare.*

Silius Italicus, Lib. 13.

HE, in *Elyſium*, hauing caſt his eye
Vpon the figure of a Youth, whoſe haire
With purple Ribands braided curiouſly,
Hung on his ſhoulders wondrous bright and faire;
Said, Virgine, What is he whoſe heauenly face
Shines paſt all others, as the Morne the Night;
Whom many maruelling ſoules, from place to place,
Purſue, and haunt, with ſounds of ſuch delight?
Whoſe countenance (wer't not in the Stygian ſhade)
Would make me, queſtionleſſe, beleeue he were
A verie God. The learned Virgine made
This anſwer: If thou ſhouldſt beleeue it here,
Thou ſhouldſt not erre: he well deſeru'd to be
Eſteem'd a God; nor held his ſo-much breaſt
A little preſence of the Deitie:
His verſe compriſde earth, ſeas, ſtarres, ſoules at reſt:
In ſong, the Muſes he did equaliſe;
In honor, *Phœbus*: he was onely ſoule;
Saw all things ſpher'd in Nature, without eyes,
And raiſde your *Troy* vp to the ſtarrie Pole.
Glad *Scipio*, viewing well this Prince of Ghoſts,
Said, O if Fates would giue this Poet leaue,
To ſing the acts done by the Romane Hoaſts;
How much beyond, would future times receiue
The ſame facts, made by any other knowne?
O bleſt *Æacides*! to haue the grace
That out of ſuch a mouth, thou ſhouldſt be ſhowne
To wondring Nations, as enricht the race
Of all times future, with what he did know:
Thy vertue, with his verſe, ſhall euer grow.

Now

Now heare an Angell ſing our Poets Fame;
Whom Fate, for his diuine ſong, gaue that name.

Angelus Politianus, in Nutricia.

More liuing, then in old *Demodocus*,
Fame glories to waxe yong in *Homers* verſe.
And as when bright *Hyperion* holds to vs
His golden Torch; we ſee the ſtarres diſperſe,
And euery way flie heauen; the pallid Moone
Euen almoſt vaniſhing before his ſight:
So with the dazling beames of *Homers* Sunne,
All other ancient Poets loſe their light.
Whom when *Apollo* heard, out of his ſtarre,
Singing the godlike Acts of honor'd men;
And equalling the actuall rage of warre,
With onely the diuine ſtraines of his pen;
He ſtood amaz'd, and freely did confeſſe
Himſelfe was equall'd in *Meonides*.

Next, heare the graue and learned Plinie *vſe*
His cenſure of our ſacred Poets Muſe.

Plin. Nat. hiſt. lib. 7. Cap 29.
Turnd into verſe; that no Prote may come neare *Homer*.

Whom ſhall we chooſe the glorie of all wits,
Held through ſo many ſorts of diſcipline,
And ſuch varietie of workes, and ſpirits;
But Grecian *Homer?* like whom none did ſhine,
For forme of worke and matter. And becauſe
Our proud doome of him may ſtand iuſtified
By nobleſt iudgements; and receiue applauſe
In ſpite of enuie, and illiterate pride;
Great *Macedon*, amongſt his matchleſſe ſpoiles,
Tooke from rich *Perſia* (on his Fortunes caſt)
A Casket finding (full of precious oyles)
Form'd all of gold, with wealthy ſtones enchac't:
He tooke the oyles out; and his neareſt friends
Askt, in what better guard it might be vſde?
All giuing their conceipts, to ſeuerall ends;
He anſwerd; His affections rather chuſde
An vſe quite oppoſite to all their kinds:
And *Homers* bookes ſhould with that guard be ſeru'd;
That the moſt precious worke of all mens minds,
In the moſt precious place, might be preſeru'd.
The Fount of wit was *Homer*; Learnings Syre,
And gaue Antiquitie, her liuing fire.

Idem lib. 17. cap. 5.
Idem lib. 25. cap. 3.

VOlumes of like praiſe, I could heape on this,
Of men more ancient, and more learn'd then theſe:
But ſince true Vertue, enough louely is

With

With her owne beauties; all the ſuffrages
Of others I omit; and would more faine
That *Homer*, for himſelfe, ſhould be belou'd
Who euerie ſort of loue-worth did containe.
Which how I haue in my conuerſion prou'd,
I muſt confeſſe, I hardly dare referre
To reading iudgements; ſince, ſo generally,
Cuſtome hath made euen th'ableſt Agents erre
In theſe tranſlations; all ſo much apply
Their paines and cunnings, word for word to render
Their patient Authors; when they may as well,
Make fiſh with fowle, Camels with Whales engender;
Or their tongues ſpeech, in other mouths compell.
For, euen as different a production
Aske Greeke and Engliſh; ſince as they in ſounds,
And letters, ſhunne one forme, and vniſon;
So haue their ſenſe, and elegancie bounds
In their diſtinguiſht natures, and require
Onely a iudgement to make both conſent,
In ſenſe and elocution; and aſpire
As well to reach the ſpirit that was ſpent
In his exanple; as with arte to pierce
His Grammar, and etymologie of words.
But, as great Clerkes, can write no Engliſh verſe;
Becauſe (alas! great Clerks) Engliſh affords
(Say they) no height, nor copie; a rude toung,
(Since tis their Natiue): but in Greeke or Latine
Their writs are rare; for thence true Poeſie ſprong:
Though them (Truth knowes) they haue but skil to chat-in,
Compar'd with that they might ſay in their owne;
Since thither th'others full ſoule cannot make
The ample tranſmigration to be ſhowne
In Nature-louing Poeſie: So the brake
That thoſe Tranſlators ſticke in, that affect
Their word-for-word traductions (where they loſe
The free grace of their naturall Dialect
And ſhame their Authors, with a forced Gloſe)
I laugh to ſee; and yet as much abhorre
More licence from the words, then may expreſſe
Their full compreſſion, and make cleare the Author.
From whoſe truth, if you thinke my feet digreſſe,
Becauſe I vſe needfull Periphraſes;
Reade *Valla*, *Heſſus*, that in Latine Proſe,
And Verſe conuert him; reade the *Meſſines*,
That into Tuſcan turns him; and the Gloſe
Graue *Salel* makes in French, as he tranſlates:
Which (for th'aforeſaide reaſons) all muſt doo;
And ſee that my conuerſion much abates

Of Tranſlation, and the natiue all difference of Dialects, neceſſarily to be obſerued in it.

Ironice.

The neceſſarie nearenesse of tranſlation to the example.

The licence they take, and more ſhowes him too:
Whoſe right, not all thoſe great learn'd men haue done
(In ſome maine parts) that were his Commentars:
But (as the illuſtration of the Sunne
Should be attempted by the erring ſtarres)
They fail'd to ſearch his deepe, and treaſurous hart.
The cauſe was, ſince they wanted the fit key
The power of nature, aboue Art in Poeſie. Of Nature, in their down-right ſtrength of Art;
With Poeſie, to open Poeſie.
Which in my Poeme of the myſteries
Reueal'd in *Homer*, I will clearely proue.
Till whoſe neere birth, ſuſpend your Calumnies,
And farre-wide imputations of ſelfe loue.
Tis further from me, then the worſt that reades;
Profeſsing me the worſt of all that wright:
Yet what, in following one, that brauely leades,
The worſt may ſhow, let this proofe hold the light.
But grant it cleere: yet hath detraction got
My blinde ſide, in the forme, my verſe puts on;
Much like a dung-hill Maſtife, that dares not
Aſſault the man he barkes at; but the ſtone
He throwes at him, takes in his eager iawes,
And ſpoyles his teeth becauſe they cannot ſpoyle.
The long verſe hath by proofe receiu'd applauſe
Beyond each other number: and the foile,
That ſquint-ey'd Enuie takes, is cenſur'd plaine.
For, this long Poeme askes this length of verſe,
Which I my ſelfe ingenuouſly maintaine
Too long, our ſhorter Authors to reherſe.
Our Engliſh language, aboue all others, for Rhythmicall Poeſie. And, for our tongue, that ſtill is ſo empayr'd
By trauailing linguiſts; I can proue it cleare,
That no tongue hath the Muſes vtterance heyr'd
For verſe, and that ſweet Muſique to the eare
Strooke out of rime, ſo naturally as this;
Our Monoſyllables, ſo kindly fall
And meete, oppoſde in rime, as they did kiſſe:
French and Italian, moſt immetricall;
Their many ſyllables, in harſh Colliſion,
Fall as they brake their necks; their baſtard Rimes
Saluting as they iuſtl'd in tranſition,
And ſet our teeth on edge; nor tunes, nor times
Kept in their falles. And me thinkes, their long words
Shew in ſhort verſe, as in a narrow place,
Two oppoſites ſhould meet, with two-hand ſwords
Vnweildily, without or vſe or grace.
Thus hauing rid the rubs, and ſtrow'd theſe flowers
In our thrice ſacred *Homers* Engliſh way;
What reſts to make him, yet more worthy yours?

To cite more prayſe of him, were meere delay
To your glad ſearches, for what thoſe men found,
That gaue his praiſe, paſt all, ſo high a place:
Whoſe vertues were ſo many, and ſo cround,
By all conſents, Diuine; that not to grace,
Or adde increaſe to them, the world doth need
Another *Homer*; but euen to rehearſe
And number them: they did ſo much exceed;
Men thought him not a man; but that his verſe
Some meere celeſtiall nature did adorne.
And all may well conclude, it could not be,
That for the place where any man was borne,
So long, and mortally, could diſagree
So many Nations, as for *Homer* ſtriu'd,
Vnleſſe his ſpurre in them, had bene diuine.
Then end their ſtrife, and loue him (thus reuiu'd)
As borne in *England*: ſee him ouer-ſhine
All other-Countrie Poets; and truſt this,
That whoſe-ſoeuer Muſe dares vſe her wing
When his Muſe flies, ſhe will be truſs't by his;
And ſhow as if a Bernacle ſhould ſpring
Beneath an Eagle. In none ſince was ſeene
A ſoule ſo full of heauen as earth's in him.
O! if our moderne Poeſie had beene
As louely as the Ladie he did lymne,
What barbarous worldling, groueling after gaine,
Could vſe her louely parts, with ſuch rude hate,
As now ſhe ſuffers vnder euery ſwaine?
Since then tis nought but her abuſe and Fate,
That thus empaires her; what is this to her
As ſhe is reall? or in naturall right?
But ſince in true Religion men ſhould erre
As much as Poeſie, ſhould th'abuſe excite
The like contempt of her Diuinitie?
And that her truth, and right ſaint ſacred Merites,
In moſt liues, breed but reuerence formally;
What wonder is't if Poeſie inherits
Much leſſe obſeruance; being but Agent for her,
And ſinger of her lawes, that others ſay?
Forth then ye Mowles, ſonnes of the earth abhorre her;
Keepe ſtill on in the durty vulgar way,
Till durt receiue your ſoules, to which ye vow;
And with your poiſon'd ſpirits bewitch our thrifts.
Ye cannot ſo deſpiſe vs as we you.
Not one of you, aboue his Mowlehill lifts
His earthy Minde; but, as a ſort of beaſts,
Kept by their Guardians, neuer care to heare
Their manly voices; but when, in their fiſts,

They breathe wild whiſtles; and the beaſts rude eare
Heares their Curres barking; then by heapes they flie,
Headlong together: So men, beaſtly giuen,
The manly ſoules voice (ſacred Poeſie,
Whoſe Hymnes the Angels euer ſing in heauen);
Contemne, and heare not: but when brutiſh noiſes
(For Gaine, Luſt, Honour, in litigious Proſe)
Are bellow'd-out, and cracke the barbarous voices
Of Turkiſh *Stentors*; O! ye leane to thoſe,
Like itching Horſe, to blockes, or high May-poles;
And breake nought but the wind of wealth, wealth, All
In all your Documents; your Aſinine ſoules
(Proud of their burthens) feele not how they gall.
But as an Aſſe, that in a field of weeds
Affects a thiſtle, and falles fiercely to it;
That pricks, and gals him; yet he feeds, and bleeds;
Forbeares a while, and licks; but cannot woo it
To leaue the ſharpnes; when (to wreake his ſmart)
He beates it with his foote; then backward kickes,
Becauſe the Thiſtle gald his forward part;
Nor leaues till all be eate, for all the prickes;
Then falles to others with as hote a ſtrife;
And in that honourable warre doth waſte
The tall heate of his ſtomacke, and his life:
So, in this world of weeds, you worldlings taſte
Your moſt-lou'd dainties; with ſuch warre, buy peace;
Hunger for torment; vertue kicke for vice;
Cares, for your ſtates, do with your ſtates increaſe:
And though ye dreame ye feaſt in Paradiſe,
Yet Reaſons Day-light, ſhewes ye at your meate
Aſſes at Thiſtles, bleeding as ye eate.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

All bookes of humane wisedome.

OF *all bookes extant in all kinds*, Homer *is the first and best. No one before his* (Iosephus *affirmes*,) *nor before him* (*saith* Velleius Paterculus) *was there any whom he imitated: nor after him, any that could imitate him. And that Poesie may be no cause of detraction from al the eminence we giue him*; Spondanus (*preferring it to all Arts and sciences*) *vnanswerably argues and proues. For to the glory of God, and the singing of his glories*, (*no man dares deny*) *man was chiefly made. And what art performes this chiefe end of man, with so much excitation, and expression as Poesie?* Moses, Dauid, Salomon, Iob, Esay, Ieremy, &c. *chiefly vsing that to the end abouesaid. And since the excellence of it cannot be obtained by the labor and art of man* (*as all easily confesse it*,) *it must needs be acknowledged, a diuine infusion. To prone which in a word, this distich, (in my estimation) serues something nearely:*

Great Poesie, blind *Homer*, makes all see
Thee capable of all Arts, none of thee.

For out of him (*according to our most graue and iudicial* Plutarch) *are all Arts deduced, confirmed, or illustrated. It is not therfore the worlds vilifying of it, that can make it vile: for so we might argue, & blaspheme the most incomparably sacred. It is not of the world indeed: but* (*like* Truth) *hides it selfe frō it. Nor is there any such reality of wisdomes truth in all humane excellence, as in Poets fictions. That most vulgar & foolish receipt of Poeticall licence, being of all knowing men to be exploded*; (*accepting it*, *as if Poets had a tale-telling priuiledge aboue others*,) *no Artist being so strictly, and inextricably confined to all the lawes of learning, wisedome, and truth, as a Poet. For were not his fictions composed of the sinewes and soules of all those*; *how could they differ farre from, and be combined with eternitie? To all sciences therefore, I must still* (*with our learned and ingenious* Spondanus) *preferre it*; *as hauing a perpetuall commerce with the diuine Maiesty*; *embracing and illustrating al his most holy precepts*; *and enioying continuall discourse with his thrice perfect, and most comfortable spirit. And as the contemplatiue life is most worthily & diuinely preferred by* Plato, *to the actiue*; *as much as the head to the foote*; *the eye to the hand*; *reason to sence*; *the soule to the bodie: the end it selfe, to all things directed to the end: quiet to motion*; *and Eternitie to Time*; *so much preferre I diuine Poesie to all worldly wisedome. To the onely shadow of whose worth yet, I entitle not the bold rimes of euerie Apish and impudent Braggart*, (*though he dares assume any thing*) *such I turne ouer to the weauing of Cobwebs*; *and shall but chatter on molehils* (*farre vnder the hill of the Muses*) *when their fortunat'st selfeloue and ambition hath aduanced them highest. Poesie is the flower of the Sunne, & disdains to open to the eye of a candle. So kings hide their treasures, & counsels frō the vulgar*; ne euilescant (*saith our* Spond.) *we haue example sacred enough*; *that true Poesies humility, pouerty & contempt, are badges of diuinity*; *not vanity. Bray then, and barke against it ye Wolf-fac't worldlings*; *that nothing but*

honours, riches, and magiſtracie, neſcio quos, turgidè ſpiratis (*that I may vſe the words of our friend ſtill,*) Qui ſolas leges *Iuſtinianas* crepatis; paragraphum vnum aut alterum, pluris quàm vos ipſos facitis, &c. *I* (*for my part*) *ſhall euer eſteeme it much more manly and ſacred, in this harmeleſſe and pious ſtudie, to ſit till I ſinke into my graue, then ſhine in your vainglorious bubbles, and impieties; al your poore policies, wiſedomes, and their trappings, at no more valuing then a muſty Nut. And much leſſe I wey the frontleſſe detractions of ſome ſtupide ignorants; that no more knowing me, then their owne beaſtly ends; and I, euer (to my knowledge) bleſt from their ſight; whiſper behind me vilifyings of my tranſlation: out of the* French *affirming them; when both in* French, *and all other languages but his owne, our withall-skill enriched Poet, is ſo poore and vnpleaſing, that no man can diſcerne from whence flowed his ſo generally giuen eminence, and admiration. And therfore (by any reaſonable creatures conference, of my ſleight comment, and conuerſion) it will eaſily appeare how I ſhunne them: and whether the originall be my rule or not. In which, he ſhall eaſily ſee, I vnderſtand the vnderſtandings of all other interpreters, and commenters in places of his moſt depth, importance, and rapture. In whoſe expoſition and illuſtration, if I abhorre from the ſence that others wreſt, and racke out of him; let my beſt detractor examine how the Greeke word warrants me. For my other freſh fry, let them fry in their fooliſh gals; nothing ſo much weighed as the barkings of puppies, or foiſting hounds; too vile to thinke of our ſacred* Homer, *or ſet their prophane feete within their liues lengths of his threſholds. If I faile in ſomething, let my full performance in other ſome reſtore me; haſte ſpurring me on with other neceſſities. For as at my concluſion I proteſt, ſo here at my entrance, leſſe then fifteene weekes was the time, in which all the laſt twelue books were entirely new tranſlated. No cõference had with any one liuing in al the nouelties I preſume I haue found. Only ſome one or two places I haue ſhewed to my worthy and moſt learned friend,* M. Harriots, *for his cenſure how much mine owne weighed: whoſe iudgement and knowledge in all kinds, I know to be incomparable, and bottomleſſe: yea, to be admired as much, as his moſt blameles life, and the right ſacred expence of his time, is to be honoured and reuerenced. Which affirmation of his cleare vnmatchedneſſe in all manner of learning; I make in contempt of that naſtie obiection often thruſt vpon me; that he that will iudge, muſt know more then he of whom he iudgeth; for ſo a man ſhould know neither God nor himſelf. Another right learned, honeſt, and entirely loued friend of mine,* M. Robert Hews, *I muſt needs put into my confeſt conference touching* Homer, *though very little more then that I had with* M. Harriots. *Which two, I proteſt, are all, and preferred to all. Nor charge I their authorities with any allowance of my generall labour; but onely of thoſe one or two places, which for inſtances of my innouation, and how it ſhewed to them, I imparted. If any taxe me for too much periphraſis or circumlocution in ſome places, let them reade* Laurentius Valla, *and* Eobanus Heſſus, *who either vſe ſuch ſhortneſſe as cometh nothing home to* Homer; *or where they ſhun that fault, are ten parts more paraphraſtical then I. As for example; one place I will trouble you (if you pleaſe) to conferre with the originall, and one interpreter for all. It is in the end of the third booke; and is* Hellens *ſpeech to* Venus, *fetching her to* Paris, *from ſeeing his cowardly combat with* Menelaus: *part of which ſpeech I will here cite:*

Οὕνεκα δὴ τῷ σὸν φίλον Ἀλέξανδρον Μενέλαος
Νικήσας, &c. *For auoiding the common readers trouble here, I muſt referre the more* Greekiſh *to the reſt of the ſpeech in* Homer, *whoſe tranſlation* ad verbum *by* Spondanus, *I will here cite; and then pray you to conferre it with that*

which

which followeth of Valla.

Quoniam verò nunc *Alexandrum, Menelaus*
Postquam vicit; vult odiosam me domum abducere;
Propterea verò nunc dolum (ceu dolos) cogitans aduenisti?
Sede apud ipsum vadens, deorum abnega vias,
Neque vnquam tuis pedibus reuertaris in cœlum,
Sed semper circa eum ærumnas perfer, & ipsum serua
Donec te vel vxorem faciat, vel hic seruam, &c.

Valla *thus*:

Quoniam victo *Paride, Menelaus*, me miseram, est reportaturus ad lares, ideo tu, ideo falsa sub imagine venisti, vt me deciperes ob tuam nimiam in *Paridem* beneuolentiã: eò dum illi ades, dum illi studes, dum pro illo satagis, dum illum obseruas atque custodis, deorum commercium reliquisti, nec ad eos reuersura es ampliùs; adeò (quantum suspicor) aut vxor eius efficieris, aut ancilla, &c.

Wherein note if there be any such thing as most of this in Homer; *yet only to expresse* (*as he thinkes*) Homers *conceipt*, *for the more pleasure of the reader*, *he vseth this ouerplus* dum illi ades, dum illi studes, dum pro illo satagis, dum illum obseruas, atque custodis, deorum commercium reliquisti. *Which* (*besides his superfluitie*) *is vtterly false. For where he saith*, reliquisti deorum commercium, Hellen *saith*, Θεῶν δ' ἀπόειπε καλὸν δόος, deorum autem abnega, *or* abnue vias, ἀπόειπε, (vel ἀπειπεῖν, *as it is vsed poetically*) *signifying* denegare, *or* abnuere; *&* Hellen (*in contempt of her too much obseruing men*) *bids her renounce heauen*, *and come liue with* Paris *till he make her his wife or seruant*; *scoptically or scornefully speaking it*: *which both* Valla, Eobanus, *and all other interpreters* (*but these* ad verbum) *haue vtterly mist. And this one example I thought necessarie to insert here*, *to shew my detractors that they haue no reason to vilifie my circumlocution sometimes*, *when their most approued* Grecians, Homers *interpreters*, *generally hold him fit to be so conuerted. Yet how much I differ*, *and with what authoritie*, *let my impartiall*, *and iudiciall reader iudge. Alwaies conceiuing how pedanticall and absurd an affectation it is*, *in the interpretation of any Author* (*much more of* Homer) *to turn him word for word*; *when* (*according to* Horace *and other best lawgiuers to translators*) *it is the part of euery knowing and iudiciall interpreter*, *not to follow the number and order of words*, *but the materiall things themselues*, *and sentences to weigh diligently*; *and to clothe and adorne them with words*, *and such a stile and forme of Oration*, *as are most apt for the language into which they are conuerted. If I haue not turned him in any place falsly* (*as all other his interpreters haue in many*, *and most of his chiefe places*;) *if I haue not left behind me any of his sentence*, *elegancie*, *height*, *intention*, *and inuention*: *if in some few places* (*especially in my first edition*, *being done so long since*, *& following the cõmon tract*) *I be somthing paraphrasticall & faulty*; *is it iustice in that poore fault* (*if they will needs haue it so*) *to drowne all the rest of my labour? But there is a certaine enuious Windfucker*, *that houers vp and downe*, *laboriously engrossing al the aire with his luxurious ambition*; *and buzzing into euery eare my detraction*; *affirming I turne* Homer *out of the Latine onely*, *&c. that sets all his associates*, *and the whole rabble of my maligners on their wings with him*, *to beare about my empaire*, *and poyson my reputation. One that*, *as he thinkes*, *whatsoeuer he giues to others*, *he takes from himselfe*; *so whatsoeuer he takes from others*, *he addes to himselfe. One that in this kinde of robberie*, *doth like* Mercurie, *that stole good*, *and supplied it with counterfeit bad*

ſtill. One like the two gluttons, Phyloxenus *and* Gnatho, *that would ſtill emptie their noſes in the diſhes they loued, that no man might eate but themſelues. For ſo this* Caſtrill, *with too hote a liuer, and luſt after his owne glorie, and to deuoure all himſelfe, diſcourageth all appetites to the fame of another. I haue ſtriken ſingle him as you can. Nor note I this, to caſt any rubbes, or plaſters out of the particular way of mine owne eſtimation with the world; for I reſolue this with the wilfully obſcure:*

Sine honore viuam, nulloq; numero ero.
Without mens honors I will liue, and make
No number, in the manleſſe courſe they take.

But to diſcourage (if it might be) the generall detraction of induſtrious, and well-meaning vertue. I know I cannot too much diminiſh, and deiect my ſelfe; yet that paſsing little that I am, God onely knowes; to whoſe euer-implored reſpect, and comfort, I onely ſubmit me. If any further edition of theſe my ſillie endeuors ſhall chance, I will mend what is amiſſe (God aſsiſting me) and amplifie my harſh Comment to Homers *farre more right, and mine owne earneſt, and ingenious loue of him. Notwithſtanding, I know, the curious, and enuious, will neuer ſit downe ſatisfied. A man may go euer and euer, till he come ouer and ouer; and his paines be onely his recompence: euery man is ſo loded with his particular head; and nothing in all reſpects perfect, but what is perceiued by few.* Homer *himſelfe hath met with my fortune, in many maligners; and therefore may my poore-ſelfe, put vp with motion. And ſo little I will reſpect malignitie; and ſo much encourage my ſelfe with mine owne knowne ſtrength, and what I finde within me, of comfort, and confirmance; (examining my ſelfe throughout, with a farre more iealous and ſeuere eye, then my greateſt enemie; imitating this:*

Iudex ipſe ſui totum ſe explorat ad vnguem, &c.)

That after theſe Iliads, *I will (God lending me life and any meaneſt meanes) with more labour then I haue loſt here, and all vncheckt alacritie, diue through his* Odyſſes. *Nor can I forget here (but with all heartie gratitude remember) my moſt ancient, learned, and right noble friend* M. Richard Stapilton, *firſt moſt deſertfull mouer in the frame of our* Homer. *For which (and much other moſt ingentous and vtterly vndeſerued deſert) God make me amply his requiter; and be his honorable families ſpeedy and full reſtorer. In the meane ſpace, I intreate my impartiall, and iudiciall Reader; that all things to the quicke he will not pare; but humanely and nobly pardon defects; and if he find any thing perfect, receiue it vnenuied.*

Of Homer.

OF his countrey, and time, the difference is ſo infinite amongſt all writers, that there is no queſtion (in my coniecture) of his antiquitie beyond all. To which opinion, the neareſt I will cite; Adam Cedrenus *placeth him vnder* Dauids *&* Solomons *rule; & the deſtruction of* Troy *vnder* Sauls. *And of one age with* Solomon, Michael Glycas Siculus *affirmeth him.* Ariſtotle (in tertio de Poetica) *affirmes he was borne in the Ile of* Io, *begot of a* Genius, *one of them that vſed to dance with the* Muſes, *and a virgine of that Ile, compreſt by that* Genius, *who being quicke with child (for ſhame of the deed) came into a place called* Ægina, *and there was taken of theeues, and brought to* Smyrna, *to* Mæon *king of the* Lydians, *who for her beautie maried her. After which, ſhe walking neare the flood* Meletes; *on that ſhore being ouertaken with the throwes of her deliuerie, ſhe brought foorth* Homer, *and inſtantly*

ſtantly died. The infant was receiued by Mæon, and brought vp as his owne till his death; which was not long after. And according to this, when the Lydians in Smyrna, were afflicted by the Æolians, and thought fit to leaue the citie, the Captaines by a Herald willing all to go out that would, and follow them; Homer (being a little child) ſaid he would alſo ὁμηρεῦσι. (that is, ſequi.) And of that, (for Meleſigenes, which was his firſt name) he was called Homer. Theſe Plutarch.

The varieties of other reports touching this, I omit for length: and in place thereof, thinke it not vnfit to inſert ſomething of his praiſe, and honour amongſt the greateſt of all Ages; not that our moſt abſolute of himſelfe, needs it; but that ſuch autenticall teſtimonies of his ſplendor and excellence, may the better conuince the malice of his maligners.

Firſt, what kind of perſon Homer was, (ſaith Spondanus) his ſtatue teacheth; which Cedrenus deſcribeth. The whole place we will deſcribe, that our relation may hold the better coherence; as Nylander conuerts it. Then was the Octagonon at Conſtantinople conſumed with fire; and the Bath of Seuerus, that bore the name of Zeuxippus: in which there was much varietie of ſpectacle, and ſplendor of Arts; the workes of all Ages being conferred, and preſerued there, of Marble, Rockes, Stones, and Images of Braſſe; to which, this onely wanted; that the ſoules of the perſons they preſented, were not in them. Amongſt theſe maſter peeces, and all-wit-exceeding workmanſhips, ſtood Homer, as he was in his age; thoughtfull, and muſing: his hands folded beneath his boſome; his beard vntrimmed, and hanging downe; the haire of his head in like ſort thinne on both ſides before; his face with age and cares of the world (as theſe imagine) wrinkled and auſtere; his noſe proportioned to his other parts; his eyes fixt or turned vp to his eye browes, like one blind (as it is reported he was) not born blind (ſaith Vell. Patereulus) which he that imagins (ſaith he) is blind of all ſenſes. Vpon his vnder coate he was attired with a looſe robe; and at the baſe beneath his feet, a brazen chaine hung. This was the ſtatue of Homer, which in that conflagration periſhed. Another renowned ſtatue of his (ſaith Lucian in his Encomion of Demoſthenes) ſtood in the temple of Ptolomy, on the vpper hand of his own ſtatue. Cedrenus likewiſe remembreth a Library in the Pallace of the king, at Conſtantinople, that contained a thouſand a hundred and twentie bookes: amongſt which there was the gut of a Dragon, of an hundred and twentie foote long; in which, in letters of gold; the Iliads, and Odyſſes of Homer were inſcribed: which miracle (in Baſiliſcus the Emperours time) was conſumed with fire.

For his reſpect amongſt the moſt learned; Plato in Ione calleth him, ἄριστον καὶ θειότατον τῶν ποιητῶν, Poetarum omnium, & præſtantiſſimum, & diuiniſſimum. In Phædone, θεῖον ποιητὴν, diuinum Poetam, and in Theætetus, Socrates citing diuerſe of the moſt wiſe and learned for confirmation of his there held opinion, (as Protagoras, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Epicharmus, and Homer) who (ſaith Socrates) againſt ſuch an armie, being all led by ſuch a Captaine as Homer, dares fight or reſiſt, but he will be held ridiculous? This for Scaliger, and all Homers enuious and ignorant detractors. Why therefore, Plato in another place baniſheth him with all other Poets out of his Common-wealth, dealing with them like a Politician indeed; vſe men, and then caſt them off, (though Homer he thinks fit to ſend out crowned and annointed;) I ſee not, ſince he maketh ſtill ſuch honorable mention of him; and with his verſes, (as with precious Iemmes) euerie where enchaceth his writings. So Ariſtotle, continually celebrateth him. Nay euen amongſt the Barbarous, not onely Homers name, but his Poems haue bene recorded and reuerenced. The Indians

(ſaith

(*ſaith* Ælianus var. hiſt. lib. 12. cap. 48.) *in their owne tongue had* Homers *Poems tranſlated and ſung. Nor thoſe* Indians *alone, but the kings of* Perſia. *And amongſt the* Indians (*of all the* Greek *Poets,* Homer *being euer firſt in eſtimatiõ;*) *whenſoeuer they vſed any diuine duties according to the cuſtome of their houſholds and hoſpitalities, they inuited euer,* Apollo, *and* Homer. Lucian *in his* Encomion *of* Demoſth. *affirmeth all Poets celebrated* Homers *birth day; & ſacrificed to him the firſt fruites of their verſes. So* Therſagoras *anſwereth* Lucian, *he vſed to do himſelfe.* Alex. Paphius (*ſaith* Euſtathius) *deliuers* Homer, *as borne of* Egyptian *Parents;* Dmaſagoras *being his father, and* Æthra *his mother; his nurſe being a certaine Propheteſſe, and the daughter of* Oris, Iſis *Prieſt; from whoſe breaſts, oftentimes, honey flowed in the mouth of the infant. After which, in the night, he vttered nine ſeuerall notes or voices of fowles, viz. of a Swallow, a Peacocke, a Doue, a Crow, a Partrich, a red-Shank, a Stare, a Blackebird, and a Nightingale: and being a little boy, was found playing in his bed with nine Doues.* Sibylla *being at a feaſt of his Parents, was taken with ſodaine furie; and ſung verſes, whoſe beginning was* Δμαπγοτα πολύνικι: polynice, *ſignifying much victorie; in which ſong alſo ſhe called him* μεγαλλιν *great in glorie; and* στεφανίτιν, *ſignifying gyrlond-ſeller; and commanded him to build a temple to the* Pegridarij, *that is, to the Muſes.* Herodotus *affirmes, that* Phæmius (*teaching a publicke ſchoole at* Smyrna) *was his maiſter;* and Dionyſius *in in 56. oration ſaith,* Socrates *was* Homers *ſcholler. In ſhort; what he was, his workes ſhew moſt truly; to which (if you pleaſe) go on and examine him.*

Faults eſcaped.

In the margin. page 176. for paſtime, reade paſt time. Page 177. for whom, reade who. Page 188 in the margine for ουιδιυ, reade ουιδιυ. p. 195. for totas, reade totus. p. 197. for backe, reade backs: for poſſeſſions, reade poſſeſſion. p. 200. for deſiderat, reade deſideat. p. 202. for inconſtant, reade in conſtant. in the ſame p. for through r. though. p. 205. in the margin, ioyne the diſioyned note of *Iup. Nept. Pluto.* p. 213. for hill, r. wood. p. 214. for gainſt, r. againſt. p. 223. for a bowle of mightie wine, reade a mightie bowle of wine. p. 226. for heads, r. head. p. 141. for nere more, r. now no. p. 244. in the margin, for imitable, r. inimitable. in the ſame p. for ofs, r. oft. p. 248. at the end. for or, r. our. p. 250. for t'Aiaces this, r. th'Aiaces. p. 256. for friend, reade fiend. p. 263. for the ſpritely, r. their ſpritely. in the ſame p. for were, r. where. p. 264. for larg'd, r. lardge. p. 266. in the Comment, for to which, r. which. in the ſame. for the eares, r. th'eares. p. 284. for ſteeles, r. ſeeles. p. 290. for with blinde, r. which blinde. p. 293. for hands, r. ſands. p. 303, for all the feete, r. at the feete. p. 306. for fetcht, r. ſetch. p. 324. at the end, for Teucer, reade Teucers.


BRITISH

THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

The Argvment.

APollos *Prieſt to th' Argiue fleete doth bring*
Gifts for his daughter, priſoner to the King;
For which, her tendred freedome, he intreats.
But, being diſmiſt, with contumelious threats,
At Phœbus *hands, by vengefull prayer he ſeekes,*
To haue a plague inflicted on the Greekes.
Which had, Achilles *doth a Councell cite,*
Emboldning Chalchas, *in the Kings deſpite,*
To tell the truth, why they were puniſht ſo.
From hence their fierce and deadly ſtrife did grow.
For wrong in which, Æacides *ſo raues,*
That Goddeſſe Thetis, *from her throne of waues,*
(Aſcending heauen) of Ioue *aſſiſtance wonne,*
To plague the Greekes, by abſence of her Sonne:
And make the Generall himſelfe repent,
To wrong ſo much his Armies Ornament.
This, found by Iuno, *ſhe with* Ioue *contends,*
Till Vulcan, *with heauens cup, the quarell ends.*

Æacides, ſirname of Achilles being the grandchild of Æacus.

Another Argument.

Alpha, *the prayer of* Chryſes, *ſings:*
The Armies plague: the ſtrife of Kings.

ACHilles banefull wrath reſound, O Goddeſſe, that impoſd,
Infinite ſorrowes on the *Greekes*; and many braue ſoules loſd
From breaſts Heroique: ſent them farre, to that [a] inuiſible caue
That no light comforts: & their limbs, to dogs & vultures gaue.
To [b] all which, *Ioues will* gaue effect; [c] from whom, firſt ſtrife begunne,
Betwixt *Atrides*, king of men; and *Thetis* godlike Sonne.
What God gaue *Eris* their command, and op't that fighting veine?
Ioues, and *Latonas* Sonne; who fir'd, againſt the king of men,
For contumelie, ſhowne his Prieſt; infectious ſickneſſe ſent,
To plague the armie; and to death, by troopes, the ſouldiers went.
Occaſiond thus; *Chryſes* the Prieſt, came to the fleete, to buy
For preſents of vnualued price, his daughters libertie.
The golden ſcepter, and the crowne, of *Phœbus*, in his hands
Propoſing; and made ſuite to all, but moſt to the Commands
Of both th' *Atrides*, who moſt rulde. Great *Atreus* ſonnes (ſaid he)
And all ye wel-grieu'd Greekes; the Gods whoſe habitations be
In heauenly houſes, grace your powers, with *Priams* razed towne,

His propoſition and inuocation.

Atrides ſirname of Agamemnon, being ſon to Atreus. Eris the Goddes of contention. Narration.

Agamemnon & Menelaus called the Atrides being brothers, & both ſonnes to Atreus.

And

And grant ye happy conduct home: to winne which wisht renowne
Of *Ioue*, by honouring his sonne (farre-shooting *Phœbus*) daine
Chryses, the Priest of Apollo, to the Atrides, and other Greekes. For these fit presents to dissolue, the ransomeable chaine
Of my lou'd daughters seruitude. The Greekes entirely gaue
Glad [d] acclamations, for signe, that their desires would haue
The graue Priest reuerenc'd, and his gifts, of so much price embrac'd.
The Generall yet, bore no such mind, but viciously disgrac'd,
With violent termes, the Priest, and said: Doterd, auoid our fleete,
Agamemnons contumelious repulse of Chryses. Where lingring be not found by me, nor thy returning feete
Let euer visite vs againe, lest nor thy Godheads crowne,
Nor scepter saue thee. Her thou seekst, I still will hold mine owne,
Till age defloure her. In our court, at Argos (farre transferd
** See my bed made, it may be englisht: the word is ὑπηοῖον, which signifies cõtra stantem: as standing of one side, opposite to another on the other side which yet others translate capessentem, & adornantem; which, since it showes best to a reader, I follow.* From her lou'd countrie) she shall plie, her web, and see* prepard
(With all fit ornaments) my bed. Incense me then no more,
But, (if thou wilt be safe) be gone. This said, the sea-beate shore,
(Obeying his high will) the Priest, trod off with haste, and feare.
And walking silent, till he left, farre off his enemies eare;
The prayer of Chryses to Apollo. *Phœbus* (faire-haird *Latonas* sonne) he stird vp, with a vow,
To this sterne purpose: Heare, thou God, that bear'st the siluer bow,
That *Chrysa* guard'st, rulest Tenedos, with strong hand, and the [e] round
Of Cilla most diuine dost walke: O *Smintheus*, if crownd
With thankfull offerings thy rich Phane, I euer saw, or fir'd.
Fat thighs of oxen, and of goates, to thee: this grace desir'd
Vouchsafe to me: paines for my teares, let these rude Greekes repay,
Forc'd with thy arrowes. Thus he praid, and *Phœbus* heard him pray;
And vext at heart, downe from the tops, of steepe heauen stoopt; his bow
And quiuer couerd round; his hands, did on his shoulders throw;
And, of the angrie deitie, the arrowes as he mou'd
Ratl'd about him. Like the night, he rang'd the host, and rou'd
(Apart the fleete set:) terribly, with his hard-loosing hand
His siluer bow twang'd, and his shafts, did first, the Mules command,
Apollo sends the plague among the Greekes. And swift hounds: then the Greekes themselues, his deadly arrowes shot.
The fires of death went neuer out, nine daies his shafts flew hot
About the armie, and the tenth, *Achilles* cald a court
* *Iuno.* Of all the Greeks: heauens* white-arm'd Queene, (who euery where cut short
Beholding her lou'd Greeks by death) suggested it: and he
Achilles to Agamemnon. (All met in one) arose, and said: *Atrides*, Now I see
We must be wandering againe, flight must be still our stay,
(If flight can saue vs now) at once, sickneſse and battell lay
Such strong hand on vs. Let vs aske, some Prophet, Priest, or proue
Some dreame interpreter (for dreames, are often sent from *Ioue*)
Why *Phœbus* is so much incenst: If vnperformed vowes
He blames in vs; or Hecatombs; and if these knees he bowes
To death, may yeeld his graues no more; but offering all supply
Of sauours, burnt from lambes, and goates; auert his feruent eye,
And turne his temperate. Thus he sate; and then stood vp to them
Calchas the Prophet. *Chalcas*, sirnam'd *Thestorides*, of Augures, the supreme:
He knew things present, past, to come; and rulde the Equinpage,

Of

Of th'Argiue fleete to Ilion, for his Prophetique rage
Giuen by *Apollo*: who well seene, in th'ill they felt, proposd
This to *Achilles*: *Ioues* belou'd: would thy charge see disclosd,
The secret of *Apolles* wrath: then couenant, and take oth,
To my discouerie; that with words, and powrefull actions both,
Thy strength will guard the truth, in me; because I well conceiue
That he whose Empire gouerns all, whom all the Grecians giue,
Confirm'd obedience, will be mou'd; and then you know the state,
Of him that moues him. When a king, hath once markt for his hate,
A man inferior; though that day, his wrath seemes to digest
Th'offence he takes; yet euermore, he rakes vp in his brest,
Brands of quicke anger; till reuenge, hath quencht to his desire,
The fire reserued. Tell me then, if, whatsoeuer, ire
Suggests, in hurt of me, to him; thy valour will preuent?
Calchas to Achilles.
Achilles answerd; All thou know'st, speake, and be confident:
Achilles to Chalchas.
For by *Apollo*, *Ioues* belou'd (to whom, performing vowes,
O *Calchas*, for the state of Greece; thy spirit Prophetique showes
Skils that direct vs) not a man, of all these Grecians here,
(I liuing, and enioying the light, shot through this flowrie sphere)
Shall touch thee, with offensiue hands; though *Agamemnon* be
The man in question, that doth boast, the mightiest Emperie,
Of all our armie. Then tooke heart, the Prophet vnreprou'd,
And said: They are not vnpaid vowes; nor Hecatombs, that mou'd,
Calchas discouers to the Greekes the cause of their plague.
The God against vs: his offence, is for his Priest, empaird,
By *Agamemnon*; that refusd, the present he preferd,
And kept his daughter. This is cause, why heauens farre-darter darts,
These plagues amongst vs; and this still, will emptie in our hearts
His deathfull quiuer, vncontaind; till to her loued sire,
The blacke-eyd damsell be resign'd; no redemptorie hire,
Tooke for her freedome; not a gift; but all the ransome quit;
And she conuaide, with sacrifice; till her enfranchisd feete,
Treade Chrysa vnder: then the God (so pleasd) perhaps we may
Moue to remission. Thus he sate; and vp, the great in sway,
Heroique *Agamemnon* rose; eagerly bearing all:
His minds seate ouercast with fumes: an anger generall,
Fill'd all his faculties; his eyes, sparckl'd like kindling fire;
Which, sternly cast vpon the Priest, thus vented he, his ire;
Agamemnon inueighs, to Calchas
Prophet of ill? For neuer good, came from thee towards me;
Not to a words worth: euermore, thou tookst delight to be
Offensiue in thy Auguries; which thou continuest still;
Now casting thy prophetique gall, and vouching all our ill
(Shot from *Apollo*,) is impos'd; since I refusd the prise
Of faire *Chryseis* libertie; which would in no worth rise,
To my rate of her selfe; which moues, my vowes to haue her home;
Past *Clytemnestra* louing her; that grac't my nuptiall roome,
With her virginitie, and flowre. Nor aske her merits lesse,
For person, disposition, wit, and skill in housewiferies.
And yet, for all this, she shall go; if more conducible

That course be, then her holding here. I rather wish the weale
Of my lou'd armie, then the death. Prouide yet, instantly,
Supplie for her, that I alone, of all our royaltie,
Lose not my winnings: tis not fit, ye see all, I lose mine
Forc't by another: see as well, some other may resigne,
Achilles to Agamemnon. His Prise to me. To this, replied, the swift-foote God-like sonne
Of *Thetis*, thus: King of vs all, in all ambition;
Most couetous of all that breath; why should the great-soul'd Greekes
Supply thy lost prise, out of theirs? nor what thy auarice seekes,
Our common treasurie can find; so little it doth guard
Of what our rac'd towns, yeelded vs; of all which, most is shar'd,
And giuen our souldiers; which againe, to take into our hands
Were ignominious, and base. Now then, since God commands,
Part with thy most-lou'd prise to him: not any one of vs,
Exacts it of thee: yet we all, all losse thou sufferst thus,
Will treble; quadruple in gaine, when *Iupiter* bestowes
The sacke of well-wall'd Troy on vs; which by his word, he owes.
Agamemnon to Achilles. Do not deceiue your selfe with wit, (he answerd) God-like man;
Though your good name may colour it; tis not your swift foote can
Out runne me here; nor shall the glosse, set on it, with the God,
Perswade me to my wrong. Woulst thou, maintaine in sure abode
Thine owne ptise, and sleight me of mine? Resolue this: if our friends
(As fits in equitie, my worth) will right me with amends,
So rest it; otherwise my selfe, will enter personally
On thy prise; that of *Ithacus*, or *Aiax*, for supply;
Let him, on whom I enter, rage. But come we'le order these,
Hereafter, and in other place. Now put to sacred seas
Our blacke saile; in it rowers put, in it fit sacrifise;
And to these, I will make ascend, my so much enuied prise,
Bright-cheekt *Chryseis*. For conduct, of all which, we must chuse
A chiefe out of our counsellors; thy seruice we must vse,
Idomeneus; *Aiax*, thine, or thine, wise *Ithacus*;
Or thine, thou terriblest of men, thou sonne of *Peleus*;
Which fittest were, that thou mightst see, these holy acts performd,
For which thy cunning zeale so pleades; and he whose bow thus stormd
Achilles to Agamemnon. For our offences, may be calmd. *Achilles*, with a frowne,
Thus answerd: O thou impudent! of no good but thine owne,
Euer respectfull; but of that, with all craft, couetous;
With what heart can a man attempt, a seruice dangerous,
Or at thy voice be spirited, to flie vpon a foe,
Thy mind thus wretched? For my selfe, I was not iniur'd so,
By any Troian, that my powers, should bid them any blowes;
In nothing beare they blame of me. Phthia, whose bosome flowes
With corne and people, neuer felt, empaire of her increase,
By their inuasion: hils enow, and farre-resounding seas,
Powre out their shades, and deepes, betweene: but thee thou frontlesse man,
We follow, and thy triumphs make, with bonfires of our bane:
Thine, and thy brothers vengeance sought (thou dogs eyes) of this Troy

By

By our expoſd liues; whoſe deſerts, thou neither doſt employ,
With honour, nor with care. And now, thou threatſt to force from me,
The fruite of my ſweate, which the Greekes, gaue all; and though it be
(Compar'd with thy part, then ſnatcht vp) nothing: nor euer is,
At any ſackt towne: but of fight, (the fetcher in of this)
My hands haue moſt ſhare: in whoſe toyles, when I haue emptied me
Of all my forces; my amends, in liberalitie
(Though it be little) I accept, and turne pleaſd to my tent:
And yet that little, thou eſteemſt, too great a continent
In thy incontinent auarice. For Phthya therefore now
My courſe is; ſince tis better farre, then here endure, that thou
Shouldſt ſtill be rauiſhing my right, draw my whole treaſure drie;
And adde diſhonor. He replied: If thy heart ſerue thee, flie: *Agamemnon to Achilles.*
Stay not for my cauſe; others here, will aid, and honor me;
If not, yet *Ioue* I know, is ſure; that counſellor is he
That I depend on: as for thee, of all our *Ioue*-kept kings,
Thou ſtill art moſt my enemie: ſtrifes, battels, bloodie things,
Make thy blood feaſts ſtill. But if ſtrength, that theſe moods build vpon,
Flow in thy nerues; God gaue thee it; and ſo tis not thine owne,
But in his hands ſtill: what then lifts, thy pride in this, ſo hie?
Home with thy fleete, and Myrmidons; vſe there their Emperie,
Command not here: I weigh thee not, nor meane to magnifie
Thy rough hewne rages; but in ſtead, I thus farre threaten thee:
Since *Phœbus* needs will force from me, *Chryſeis*; ſhe ſhall go;
My ſhips, and friends, ſhall waft her home: but I will imitate ſo,
His pleaſure; that mine owne ſhall take, in perſon, from thy tent
Bright-cheekt *Briſeis*; and ſo tell, thy ſtrength how eminent
My powre is, being compar'd with thine: all other, making feare
To vaunt equalitie with me; or in this proud kind beare
Their beards againſt me. *Thetis* ſonne, at this ſtood vext; his heart *Achilles angrie with Agamemnon.*
Briſtled his boſome, and two waies, drew his diſcurſiue part;
If from his thigh, his ſharpe ſword drawne, he ſhould make roome about
Atrides, perſon ſlaughtring him; or ſit his anger out
And curb his ſpirit. While theſe thoughts, ſtrin'd in his bloud and mind,
And he his ſword drew: downe from heauen, *Athenia** ſtoopt, and ſhind * *Pallas.*
About his temples; being ſent, by th'Iuorie-wriſted queene
Saturnia; who, out of her heart, had euer louing bene,
And carefull for the good of both. She ſtood behind, and tooke
Achilles by the yellow curles; and onely gaue her looke
To him apparance: nota man, of all the reſt could ſee.
He, turning backe his eye; amaze, ſtrooke euerie facultie;
Yet ſtraight, he knew her, by her eyes; ſo terrible they were
Sparkling with ardor, and thus ſpake: Thou ſeed of *Iupiter*, *Achilles to Pallas.*
Why com'ſt thou? to behold his pride, that boſts our Emperie?
Then witneſſe, with it, my reuenge; and ſee that inſolence die,
That liues to wrong me. She replied, I come from heauen to ſee *Pallas to Achilles.*
Thy anger ſettled: if thy ſoule, will vſe her ſoueraignetie,
In fit reflection. I am ſent, from *Iuno*, whoſe affects,

Stand heartily inclind to both: Come, giue vs both reſpects,
And ceaſſe contention: draw no ſword; vſe words, and ſuch as may
Be bitter to his pride, but iuſt; for truſt in what I ſay,
A time ſhall come, when thrice the worth, of that he forceth now,
He ſhall propoſe for recompence, of theſe wrongs: therefore throw
Reines on thy paſſions, and ſerue vs. He anſwerd: Though my heart
Achilles Palladi, hoc eſt, rationi obſequitur. Burne in iuſt anger; yet my ſoule, muſt conquer th' angrie part,
And yeeld you conqueſt. Who ſubdues, his earthly part for heauen,
Heauen to his prayres ſubdues his wiſh. This ſaid, her charge was giuen,
Fit honor: in his ſiluer hilt, he held his able hand,
And forc't his broad ſword vp; and vp, to heauen did reaſcend
Minerua, who in *Ioues* high roofe, that beares the rough ſhield, tooke
Her place with other deities. She gone, againe forſooke,
Patience his paſſion; and no more, his ſilence could confine
Achilles againe in furie. His wrath, that this broad language gaue: Thou euer ſteep't in wine,
Dogs-face? with heart, but of a Hart? that nor in th'open eye
Of fight, dar'ſt thruſt into a preaſe; nor with our nobleſt, lie
In ſecret ambuſh. Theſe works ſeeme, too full of death for thee;
Tis ſafer farre, in th'open hoſt, to dare an iniurie,
To any croſſer of thy luſt. Thou ſubiect-eating king,
Baſe ſpirits thou gouernſt; or this wrong, had bene the laſt fowle thing
Thou euer author'dſt: yet I vow, and by a great oath ſweare,
Euen by this ſcepter; that as this, neuer againe ſhall beare
This ſimile Virgil directly tranſlates. Greene leaues, or branches, nor increaſe, with any growth, his ſiſe;
Nor did, ſince firſt it left the hils, and had his faculties
And ornaments bereft, with iron; which now to other end
Iudges of Greece beare; and their lawes, receiu'd from *Ioue*, defend;
(For which, my oath to thee is great.) So whenſoeuer need
Shall burne with thirſt of me, thy hoſt, no prayres ſhall euer breed
Affection in me, to their aid; though well deſerued woes
Afflict thee for them; when to death, man-ſlaughtring *Hector* throwes
Whole troopes of them; and thou torment'ſt, thy vext mind with conceit
Of thy rude rage now: and his wrong, that moſt deſeru'd the right
Of all thy armie. Thus he threw, his ſcepter gainſt the ground,
With golden ſtuds ſtucke; and tooke ſeate. *Atrides* breaſt was drownd
In riſing choler. Vp to both, ſweet-ſpoken *Neſtor* ſtood,
Neſtors age and eloquence. The cunning Pylian Orator; whoſe tongue powrd foorth a flood
Of more-then-hony-ſweet diſcourſe: two ages were increaſt
Of diuerſe-language'd men; all borne, in his time, and deceaſt
In ſacred Pylos, where he reignd, amongſt the third-ag'd men:
He (well ſeene in the world) aduiſd, and thus expreſt it then.
Neſtor to Achilles, and Agamemnon. O Gods, our Greeke earth will be drownd, in iuſt teares; rapefull Troy,
Her king, and all his ſonnes, will make, as iuſt a mocke, and ioy
Of theſe diſiunctions; if of you, that all our hoſt excell,
In counſell, and in skill of fight, they heare this: Come, repell
Theſe yong mens paſſions: y'are not both, (put both your yeares in one)
So old as I: I liu'd long ſince, and was companion
With men ſuperior to you both: who yet would euer heare,

My

My counſels with reſpect. My eyes, yet neuer witneſſe were, *Decorum ob ætate.*
Nor euer will be, of ſuch men, as then delighted them;
Perithous, *Exadius*, and god-like *Polypheme*;
Ceneus, and *Dryas*, prince of men; *Ægean Theſeus*.
A man, like heauens immortals formd; all, all moſt vigorous,
Of all men, that euen thoſe daies bred; moſt vigorous men, and fought
With beaſts moſt vigorous; mountain beaſts; (for mē in ſtrength were nought
Matcht with their forces) fought with them; and bravely fought them downe;
Yet euen with theſe men, I conuerſt, being cald to the renowne
Of their ſocieties, by their ſuites, from Pylos farre; to fight
In th'Aſian kingdome; and I fought, to a degree of might
That helpt euen their mights; againſt ſuch, as no man now would dare,
To meete in conflict; yet euen theſe, my counſels ſtill would heare,
And with obedience, crowne my words. Giue you ſuch palme to them;
Tis better, then to wreath your wraths. *Atrides!* giue not ſtreame
To all thy powre, nor force his priſe; but yeeld her ſtill his owne,
As all men elſe do. Nor do thou, encounter with thy crowne
(Great ſonne of *Peleus*) ſince no king, that euer *Ioue* allowd
Grace of a ſcepter, equals him. Suppoſe thy nerues endowd
With ſtrength ſuperior, and thy birth, a verie Goddeſſe gaue;
Yet he of force, is mightier; ſince, what his owne nerues haue
Is amplified, with iuſt command, of many other. King of men
Command thou then thy ſelfe; and I, with my prayres will obtaine,
Grace of *Achilles*, to ſubdue, his furie; whoſe parts are
Worth our intreatie; being chiefe checke, to all our ill in warre.

All this, good father (ſaid the king) is comely, and good right; *Agamemnon to Neſtor.*
But this man breakes all ſuch bounds; he, affects paſt all men height.
All would in his powre hold, all make, his ſubiects, giue to all
His hote will for their temperate law: all which he neuer ſhall
Perſwade at my hands. If the Gods, haue giuen him the great ſtile
Of ableſt ſouldier; made they that, his licence to reuile
Men with vile language? *Thetis* ſoone, preuented him, and ſaid: *Achilles to Agamemnon.*

Fearefull and vile I might be thought, if the exactions laid
By all meanes on me I ſhould beare. Others command to this,
Thou ſhalt, not me; or if thou doſt, farre my free ſpirit is
From ſeruing thy command. Beſide, this I affirme (affoord
Impreſſion of it in thy ſoule) I will not vſe my ſword
On thee, or any, for a wench: vniuſtly though thou tak'ſt
The thing thou gau'ſt; but all things elſe, that in my ſhip thou mak'ſt
Greedie ſuruey of, do not touch, without my leaue; or do
Adde that acts wrong to this; that theſe, may ſee that outrage too;
And then comes my part: then be ſure, thy bloud vpon my lance,
Shall flow in vengeance. Theſe high termes, theſe two at variance
Vſd to each other; left their ſeates, and after them aroſe *The Grecian councell diſſolued.*
The whole court. To his tents and ſhips, with friends and ſouldiers, goes
Angrie *Achilles*. *Atreus* ſonne, the ſwift ſhip lanchr, and put
Within it twentie choſen row'rs: within it likewiſe ſhut
The Hecatomb, t'appeaſe the God. Then cauſd to come abord

Faire cheekt *Chryſeis*. For the chiefe, he in whom *Pallas* pourd
Chriſeis ſent to her father. Her ſtore of counſels, (*Ithacus*) aboord went laſt, and then
The moiſt waies of the ſea they ſaild. And now the king of men
Bad all the hoaſt to ſacrifice. They ſacrific'd and, caſt
The offall of all to the deepes: the angrie God they grac't
With perfect Hecatombs; ſome buls, ſome goates along the ſhore
Of the vnfruitfull ſea, inflam'd. To heauen the thicke fumes bore
Enwrapped ſauours. Thus though all, the politique king made ſhew
Reſpects to heauen; yet he himſelfe, all that time did purſue
His owne affections. The late iarre, in which he thunderd threats
Againſt *Achilles*, ſtill he fed, and his affections heats
Thus vented to *Talthybius*, and graue *Eurybates*
Heralds, and miniſters of truſt, to all his meſſages.
Agamemnon to Talthybius and Eurybates his Heralds. Haſte to *Achilles* tent, where take, *Briſeis* hand, and bring
Her beauties to vs; if he faile, to yeeld her; ſay your king
Will come himſelfe with multitudes, that ſhall the horribler
Make both his preſence and your charge, that ſo he dares deferre.
This ſaid, he ſent them with a charge, of hard condition.
They went vnwillingly, and trod, the fruitleſſe ſeas ſhore: ſoone
They reacht the nauie and the tents, in which the quarter lay
Of all the Myrmidons, and found, the chiefe Chiefe in their ſway,
Set at his blacke barke in his tent. Nor was *Achilles* glad
To ſee their preſence; nor themſelues, in any glorie, had
Their meſſage; but with reuerence ſtood, and fear'd th'offended king,
Askt not the dame; nor ſpake a word. He yet, well knowing the thing
Achilles Princely receipt of the Heralds. That cauſd their coming; grac'd them thus: Heralds, ye men that beare
The meſſages of men and Gods; y'are welcome, come ye neare.
I nothing blame you, but your king; tis he, I know, doth ſend
You for *Briſeis*; ſhe is his. *Patroclus*? honourd friend,
Bring foorth the damſell; and theſe men, let leade her, to their Lord.
But, Heralds, be you witneſſes, before the moſt ador'd;
Before vs mortals, and before, your moſt vngentle king,
Of what I ſuffer: that if warre, euer hereafter bring
My aide in queſtion; to auert, any ſeuereſt bane,
It brings on others; I am ſcuſde, to keepe my aide in wane,
Since they mine honour. But your king, in tempting miſchiefe, raues;
Nor ſees at once, by preſent things, the future; how like waues,
Ills follow ils; iniuſtices, being neuer ſo ſecure
In preſent times; but after plagues, euen then, are ſeene as ſure.
Which yet he ſees not; and ſo ſooths, his preſent luſts; which checkt,
Would checke plagues future; and he might, in ſuccouring right, protect
Such as fight for his right at fleete; they ſtill in ſafetie fight,
Briſeis led to Agamemnon. That fight ſtill iuſtly. This ſpeech vſd, *Patroclus* did the rite
His friend commanded; and brought forth, *Briſeis* from her tent;
Gaue her the heralds, and away, to th'Achiue ſhips they went:
She ſad, and ſcarce for griefe, could go; her loue, all friends forſooke,
And wept for anger. To the ſhore, of th'old ſea, he betooke
Himſelfe alone; and caſting forth, vpon the purple ſea,

His

His wet eyes, and his hands to heauen, aduancing; this ſad plea,
Made to his mother: Mother, ſince, you brought me forth to breath, *Achilles to Thetis.*
So ſhort a life: *Olympius*, had good right to bequeath
My ſhort life, honor; yet that right, he doth in no degree:
But lets *Atrides* do me ſhame, and force that priſe from me
That all the Greekes gaue: this with teares, he vttерd, and ſhe heard;
Set with her old ſire, in his deepes; and inſtantly appeard,
Vp, from the gray ſea, like a cloud: ſate by his ſide, and ſaid; (laid
Why weepes my ſonne? what grieues thee? ſpeake; conceale not what hath *Thetis to Achilles.*
Such hard hand on thee: let both know. He (ſighing like a ſtorme)
Replied: Thou doſt know; why ſhould I, things knowne; againe informe? *Achilles to Thetis.*
We marcht to Thebs, the ſacred towne, of king *Eetion*,
Sackt it, and brought to fleete the ſpoile, which euerie valiant ſonne
Of Greece, indifferently ſhar'd. *Atrides* had for ſhare,
Faire-cheekt *Chryſeis*; after which, his prieſt, that ſhoots ſo farre,
Chryſes, the faire *Chryſeis* ſire, arriu'd at th'Achiue fleete,
With infinite ranſome; to redeeme, the deare impriſon'd feete,
Of his faire daughter. In his hands, he held *Apollos* crowne,
And golden ſcepter; making ſuite, to euerie Grecian ſonne,
But moſt, the ſonnes of *Atreus*, (the others orderers)
Yet they leaſt heard him; all the reſt, receiu'd with reuerend eares,
The motion: both the Prieſt, and gifts, gracing; and holding worth
His wiſht acceptance. *Atreus* ſonne, yet (vext) commanded forth
With rude termes, *Phœbus* reuerend Prieſt: who, angrie, made retreat,
And prayd to *Phœbus*; in whoſe grace, he ſtanding paſſing great,
Got his petition. The God, an ill ſhaft ſent abrode,
That tumbl'd downe the Greekes in heapes. The hoſt had no abode,
That was not viſited; we askt, a Propbet that well knew
The cauſe of all; and from his lips, *Apollos* prophecies flew;
Telling his anger. Firſt my ſelfe, exhorted to appeaſe
The angerd God; which *Atreus* ſonne, did at the heart diſpleaſe.
And vp he ſtood, vſde threats, performd. The blacke-eyd Greeks ſent home
Chryſeis to her ſire; and gaue, his God a Hecatome;
Then, for *Briſeis* to my tents, *Atrides* Heralds came,
And tooke her, that the Greekes gaue, all. If then thy powres can frame
Wreake for thy ſonne, affoord it; ſcale, Olympus, and implore
Ioue, (if by either word, or fact; thou euer didſt reſtore
Ioy to his greeu'd heart) now to helpe. I oft haue heard thee vant
In court of *Peleus*; that alone, thy hand was conuerſant,
In reſcue from a cruell ſpoile, the blacke-clowd-gathering *Ioue*; (moue
Whom other Godheads, would haue bound. (The powre whoſe pace doth
The round earth; heauens great Queene, and *Pallas*) to whoſe bands *Neptune, Iuno, and Pallas confederates in the binding of Iupiter.*
Thou cam'ſt with reſcue; bringing vp, him with the hundred hands,
To great Olympus; whom the Gods, call *Briareus*; men
Ægeon; who, his ſire ſurpaſt, and was as ſtrong againe; *The ſtilion of Briareus.*
And in that grace, ſat glad, by *Ioue*; th'immortals ſtood diſmaid
At his aſcenſion; and gaue, free paſſage to his aid.
Of all this, tell *Ioue*; kneele to him; embrace his knee, and pray

(If

(If Trois aide he will euer deigne) that now their forces may
Beate home the Greeks to fleete, and sea; embruing their retreat
In slaughter: their pains paying the wreake, of their proud Soueraigns heart:
And that farre-ruling king may know, from his poore souldiers harms,
His owne harme fals: his owne, and all, in mine; his best in arms.

Thetis to Achilles.

Her answer she powr'd out in teares: O me, my sonne (said she)
Why brought I vp, thy being at all; that brought thee forth to be
Sad subiect of so hard a fate? O would to heauen, that since,
Thy fate is little, and not long; thou mightst without offence,
And teares performe it. But to liue, thrall to so sterne a fate
As grants thee least life; and that least, so most vnfortunate,
Grieues me t'haue giuen thee any life. But what thou wisheſt now
(If *Ioue* will grant) ile vp, and aske. Olympus crownd with snow
Ile clime: but sit thou fast at fleete: renounce all warre, and feed
Thy heart with wrath, and hope of wreake: till which come, thou shalt need,

Iupiters feast with the Æthiops.

A little patience: *Iupiter*, went yesterday to feast
Amongst the blamelesse Æthiops, in th'Oceans deepned breast;
All Gods attending him: the twelfth, high heauen againe he sees,
And then his brasse-pau'd court Ile skale; cling to his powrefull knees,
And doubt not, but to winne thy wish. Thus made she her remoue,
And left wrath tyring on her sonne, for his enforced loue.

Nauigation to Chryſa.

Vlysses, with the Hecatomb, arriu'd at *Chryſas* shore:
And when, amids the hauens deepe mouth, they came to vse the oare,
They straite stroke saile, then rold them vp, and on the hatches threw.
The top mast, to the kelsine then, with haleyards downe they drew;
Then brought the ship to Port with oares, then forked anchor cast,
And gainst the violence of stormes, for drifting made her fast.
All come ashore, they all expos'd, the holy Hecatomb
To angrie *Phœbus*; and with it, *Chryſeis* welcomd home:
Whom, to her sire, wise *Ithacus*, that did at th'altar stand,
For honour, led; and (spoken thus) resignd her to his hand:

Vlysses to Chryſes.

Chryſes, the mightie king of men (great *Agamemnon*) sends
Thy lou'd seed, by my hands, to thine; and to thy God commends
A Hecatomb, which my charge is, to sacrifice, and seeke
Our much-sigh-mixt-woe, his recure, inuokt by euerie Greeke.
Thus he resignd her, and her sire, receiu'd her, highly ioyd.
About the well-built altar then, they orderly emploide
The sacred offring. Washt their hands, tooke salt cakes, and the Priest
(With hands held vp to heauen) thus praid: O thou that all things seest,

Chryſes prayer to Apollo for appeasing the plague.

Fautour of *Chryſa*, whose faire hand, doth guardfully dispose
Celestiall Cilla: gouerning, in all powre, Tenedos:
O heare thy Priest, and as thy hand, in free grace to my prayers
Shot feruent plague-shafts through the Greekes: now hearten their affaires,
With health renewd, and quite remoue, th'infection from their blood.
He praid; and to his prairs againe, the God propitious stood.

The ſacrifice.

All, after prayre, cast on salt cakes; drew backe, kild, flaid the beeues,
Cut out, and dubd with fat their thighes, faire dreſt with doubled leaues;
And on them, all the sweet-breads prickt. The Priest, with small sere wood

Did

Did ſacrifice; powr'd on red wine, by whom the yong men ſtood,
And turnd (in fiue ranks) ſpits; on which, (the legs enough) they eate *The banquet.*
The inwards; then in giggots cut, the other fit for meate;
And put to fire; which (roſted well) they drew; the labour done,
They ſeru'd the feaſt in; that fed all, to ſatisfaction.
Deſire of meate, and wine, thus quencht, the youths crownd cups of wine
Drunke off, and fild againe to all. That day was held diuine;
And ſpent in Pæans to the Sunne; who heard with pleaſed eare;
When whoſe bright chariot ſtoopt to ſea, and twilight hid the cleare; *The euening.*
All, ſoundly on their cables ſlept, euen till the night was worne:
And when the Lady of the light, the roſie fingerd morne *The morning.*
Roſe from the hils: all freſh aroſe, and to the campe retir'd.
Apollo with a fore-right wind, their ſwelling barke inſpir'd.
The top-maſt hoiſted; milke-white ſailes, on his round breaſt they put;
The Miſens ſtrooted with the gale; the ſhip her courſe did cut,
So ſwiftly, that the parted waues, againſt her ribs did rore,
Which coming to the campe, they drew, aloft the ſandie ſhore:
Where, laid on ſtocks, each ſouldier kept, his quarter, as before.
But *Peleus* ſonne, ſwift-foote *Achilles*, at his ſwift ſhips ſate,
Burning in wrath, nor euer came, to Councels of eſtate,
That make men honord: neuer trod, the fierce embattaild field,
But kept cloſe, and his lou'd heart pin'd: what fight and cries could yeeld,
Thirſting, at all parts, to the hoaſt. And now ſince firſt he told
His wrongs to *Thetis*: twelue faire mornes, their enſignes did vnfold.
And then the euerliuing Gods, mounted Olympus; *Ioue* *Iupiter and the other Gods from the Aethiops.*
Firſt in aſcenſion. *Thetis* then, remembred well to moue
Achilles motion: roſe from ſea, and by the mornes firſt light,
The great heauen, and Olympus climbd; where, in ſupremeſt height
Of all that many-headed hill, ſhe ſaw the farre-ſeene ſonne *Iupiter.*
Of *Saturne*, ſet from all the reſt, in his free ſeate alone:
Before whom (on her owne knees falne) the knees of *Iupiter*
Her left hand held, her right his chinne; and thus ſhe did preſet
Her ſonnes petition: Father *Ioue*, if euer I haue ſtood *Thetis prayer to Iupiter.*
Aidfull to thee in word or worke: with this implored good
Requite my aide: renowne my ſonne, ſince in ſo ſhort a race,
(Paſt brothers) thou confin'ſt his life: an inſolent diſgrace
Is done him by the king of men: he forc't from him, a priſe
Wonne with his ſword. But thou, *O Ioue*, that art moſt ſtrong, moſt wiſe,
Honour my ſonne, for my ſake; adde, ſtrength to the Troians ſide
By his ſides weakneſſe, in his want: and ſee Troy amplifide
In conqueſt, ſo much, and ſo long, till Greece may giue againe
The glorie reft him; and the more, illuſtrate the free raigne
Of his wrongd honour. *Ioue*, at this, late ſilent; not a word
In long ſpace paſt him: *Thetis* ſtill, hung on his knee; implor'd
The ſecond time, his helpe, and ſaid: Grant, or denie my ſuite,
Be free in what thou doeſt; I know, thou canſt not ſit thus mute,
For feare of any: ſpeake, denie, that ſo I may be ſure
Of all heauens Goddeſſes, tis I, that onely muſt endure

Diſhonor

Diſhonor by thee. *Iupiter*, the great cloud-gatherer, grieu'd
With thought of what a world of griefes, this ſuite askt, being atchieu'd;
Ioue to Thetis. Sweld, ſigh'd, and anſwerd: Works of death, thou vrgeſt; O at this
Iuno will ſtorme, and all my powers, inflame with contumelies.
Euer ſhe wrangles, charging me, in eare of all the Gods,
That I am partiall ſtill; that I, adde the diſpleaſing oddes
Of my aide to the Ilians. Be gone then, leſt ſhe ſee:
Leaue thy requeſt to my care: yet, that truſt may hearten thee
With thy deſires grant, and my powre, to giue it act, approue
How vaine her ſtrife is: to thy praire, my eminent head ſhall moue,
Which is the great ſigne of my will, with all th'immortall ſtates:
Irreuocable; neuer failes; neuer without the rates
Of all powers elſe: when my head bowes, all heads bow with it ſtill;
As their firſt mouer; and giues powre, to any worke I will.
He ſaid; and his blacke-ey-brows bent; aboue his deathleſſe head,
Th'Ambroſian curls flowed; great heauen ſhooke, and both were ſeuered,
Their counſels broken. To the depth, of *Neptunes* kingdome, diu'd,
Thetis; from heauens height: *Ioue* aroſe; and all the Gods receiu'd,
(All riſing from their thrones) their ſire; attending to his court;
None ſate, when he roſe; none delaid, the furniſhing his port,
Till he came neare: all met with him, and brought him to his throne.
Nor ſate great *Iuno* ignorant, when ſhe beheld, alone,
Old *Nereus* ſiluer-footed ſeed, with *Ioue*; that ſhe had brought
Counſels to heauen; and ſtraight her tongue, had teeth in it, that wrought
Iuno to Iupiter. This ſharpe inuectiue: Who was that, (thou craftieſt counſellor
Of all the Gods) that ſo apart, ſome ſecret did implore?
Euer apart from me, thou lou'ſt, to counſell and decree,
Things of more cloſe truſt then thou think'ſt, are fit t'impart to me:
What euer thou determin'ſt, I, muſt euer be denied
Iupiter to Iuno. The knowledge of it, by thy will. To her ſpeech, thus replied;
The Father, both of men, and Gods: Haue neuer hope to know,
My whole intentions; though my wife: it fits not, nor would ſhow,
Well to thine owne thoughts: but what fits, thy womans eare to heare;
Woman, nor man, nor God, ſhall know, before it grace thine eare.
Yet, what apart from men and Gods, I pleaſe to know; forbeare
T'examine, or enquire of that. She with the cowes faire eyes
Iunos replie. (Reſpected *Iuno*) this returnd: Auſtere king of the skies,
What haſt thou vttерd? when did I, before this time, enquire,
Or ſift thy counſels? paſſing cloſe, you are ſtill; your deſire,
Is ſeru'd with ſuch care, that I feare, you can ſcarce vouch the deed
That makes it publike; being ſeduc't, by this old ſea-Gods ſeed.
That could ſo early vſe her knees, embracing thine. I doubt,
The late act of thy bowed head, was for the working out,
Of ſome boone ſhe askt; that her ſonne, thy partiall hand would pleaſe
Ioue incenſt. With plaguing others. Wretch (ſaid he) thy ſubtle ielouſies,
Are ſtill exploring: my deſignes, can neuer ſcape thine eye;
Which yet thou neuer canſt preuent. Thy curioſitie
Makes thee leſſe car'd for, at my hands; and horrible the end

Shall

Shall make thy humor. If it be, what thy ſuſpects intend,
What then? tis my free will it ſhould: to which, let way be giuen,
With ſilence; curbe your tongue in time, leſt all the Gods in heauen
Too few be, and too weake to helpe, thy puniſht inſolence,
When my inacceſſible hands, ſhall fall on thee. The ſence
Of this high threatning, made her feare; and ſilent ſhe ſate downe,
Humbling her great heart. All the Gods, in court of *Ioue*, did frowne
At this offence giuen: amongſt whom, heauens famous Artizan,
Ephaiſtus, in his mothers care, this comely ſpeech began: *A name of Vulcan.*
Beleeue it, theſe words will breed wounds, beyond our powres to beare,
If thus for mortals ye fall out. Ye make a tumult here
That ſpoiles our banquet. Euermore, worſt matters put downe beſt.
But mother, though your ſelfe be wiſe, yet let your ſonne requeſt
His wiſdome audience. Giue good termes, to our lou'd father *Ioue*,
For feare he take offence againe; and our kind banquet proue
A wrathfull battell. If he will, the heauenly lightner can
Take you, and toſſe you from your throne; his power Olympian
Is ſo ſurpaſſing. Soften then, with gentle ſpeech his ſplene,
And drinke to him; I know his heart, will quickly downe againe.
This ſaid, ariſing from his throne, in his lou'd mothers hand *Vulcan ſits and giues the cup to Iuno.*
He put the double handeld cup, and ſaid: Come, do not ſtand
On theſe croſſe humors: ſuffer, beare, though your great boſome grieue,
And leſt blowes force you: all my aide, not able to relieue
Your hard condition; though theſe eyes, behold it, and this heart
Sorrow to thinke it; tis a taske, too dangerous to take part
Againſt *Olympius*. I my ſelfe, the proofe of this ſtill feele;
When other Gods would faine haue helpt, he tooke me by the heele
And hurld me out of heauen: all day, I was in falling downe, *The fall of Vulcan.*
At length in Lemnos I ſtrooke earth; the likewiſe falling Sunne,
And I, together ſet: my life, almoſt ſet too; yet there
The *Sinty* cheard, and tooke me vp. This did to laughter cheare
White-wriſted *Iuno*; who now tooke, the cup of him and ſmil'd.
The ſweete-peace-making-draught went round; and lame *Ephaiſtus* fild *Vulcan skinker to the Gods.*
Nectar, to all the other Gods. A laughter neuer left,
Shooke all the bleſſed deities, to ſee the lame ſo deft
At that cup ſeruice. All that day, euen till the Sunne went downe,
They banqueted, and had ſuch cheere, as did their wiſhes crowne.
Nor had they muſicke leſſe diuine, *Apollo* there did touch *Apollo touches his harpe at the banquet, and the Muſes ſing to it.*
His moſt ſweete harpe; to which, with voice, the Muſes pleaſd as much.
But when the Suns faire light was ſet, each Godhead to his houſe
Addreſt for ſleepe, where euerie one, with art moſt curious
(By heauens great both-foote halting God) a ſeuerall rooſe had built;
Euen he to ſleepe went, by whoſe hand, heauen is with lightning guilt.
(High *Ioue*) where he had vſd to reſt, when ſweet ſleepe ſeiſd his eyes:
By him the golden-thron'd Queene ſlept: the Queene of deities.

COMMENTARIVS.

Since I diſſent from all other Tranſlators, and Interpreters, that euer aſſaid expoſition of this miraculous Poeme, *eſpecially where the diuine rapture is moſt exempt from capacitie, in Grammarians meerely, and Grammaticall Criticks, and where the inward ſenſe or ſoule of the ſacred Muſe is onely within eye-ſhot of a Poeticall ſpirits inſpection, (leſt I be preiudiced with opinion, to diſſent of ignorance, or ſingularity) I am bound by this briefe Comment, to ſhew I vnderſtand how all other extants vnderſtand; my reaſons why I reiect them; and how I receiue my Author. In which labour, if where all others find diſcords and diſſonances, I proue him entirely harmonious and proportionate: if where they often alter, and ſtile his originall, I at all parts ſtand faſt, and obſerue it: if where they mixe their moſt pitiful caſtigations with his praiſes, I render him without touch, and beyond admiration: (though truth in her verie nakedneſſe ſits in ſo deepe a pit, that from* Gades *to* Aurora, *and* Ganges, *few eyes can ſound her:) I hope yet, thoſe few here, will ſo diſcouer and confirme her, that the date being out of her darkeneſſe in this morning of our* Homer; *he ſhall now gird his Temples with the Sunne, and be confeſt (againſt his good friend)* Nunquam dormitare. *But how all Tranſlators, Cenſors, or Interpretors, haue ſlept, and bene dead to his true vnderſtanding; I hope it will neither caſt ſhadow of arrogance in me to affirme, nor of difficultie in you to beleeue: if you pleaſe to ſuſpend cenſure, & diminution, till your impartiall conference of their paines and mine be admitted. For induction and preparatiue to which patience, and perſwaſion, trouble your ſelues but to know this: This neuer-enough-glorified Poet, (to vary & quicken his eternal* Poem) *hath inſpired his chiefe perſons with different ſpirits, moſt ingenious and inimitable characters; which not vnderſtood, how are their ſpeeches? being one by another, as cõueniently, and neceſſarily knowne, as the inſtrument by the ſound. If a Tranſlator or Interpreter of a ridiculous and cowardly deſcribed perſon (being deceiued in his character) ſo violates, and vitiates the originall, to make his ſpeech graue, and him valiant: can the negligence and numbneſſe of ſuch an Interpreter or Tranſlator, be leſſe then the ſleepe, and death, I am bold to ſprinckle vpon him? or could I do leſſe then affirme and enforce this, being ſo happily diſcouered? This therfore (in his due place) approued and explaned, let me hope my other aſſumpts will proue as conſpicuous.*

This firſt and ſecond booke, I haue wholly tranſlated againe; the ſeuenth, eighth, ninth, and tenth bookes, deferring ſtill imperfect, being all Engliſhed ſo long ſince; and my late hand (ouercome with labour) not yet reſted enough to refine them. Nor are the wealthie veines of this holy ground, ſo amply diſcouered in my firſt twelue labours, as my laſt; not hauing competent time, nor my profit in his myſteries being ſo ample, as when driuing through his thirteenth and laſt books, I drew the main depth, and ſaw the round coming of this ſiluer bow of our Phœbus; *the cleare ſcope and cõtexture of his worke; the full and moſt beautifull figures of his perſons. To thoſe laſt twelue then, I muſt reſerue you, for all the chiefe worth of my cleare diſcoueries. And in the meane ſpace, I intreate your acceptance of ſome few new touches in theſe firſt. Not perplexing you in firſt or laſt, with any thing handled in any other Interpreter, further then I muſt conſcionably make congreſſion with ſuch as haue diminiſht, mangled, and maimed, my moſt worthily moſt tendered Author.*

[a] Ἀΐδι προβλῆτι: ἀΐδος (*being compounded* ex à priuatiua: & εἶδω, video) *ſignifies*, locus tenebricoſus, *or* (*according to* Virgil) ſine luce domus; *and therefore* (*different from others*) *I ſo conuert it.*

[b] Κυανέοιν, ὀυνοσίη τε πάϊ. (δῶκε &c.) *is the vulgar reading, which I r[e]ade:* κυανέοιν

εἰς οὐνομάστην. (πᾶσι δ' ἐπὶ βέβληται βουλή) *because* πᾶσι *referd to* νωμήσειν, *&c. is redundant and idle; to the miseries of the Greekes by* Ioues *counsell, graue, and sententious.*

c Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα, *&c.* ex quo quidem primùm: Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα, *&c.* ex quo. *Here our common readers would haue* tempore *vnderstood; because* βουλή *(to which they thinke the Poet must otherwise haue reference) is the feminine gender. But* Homer *vnderstands* Ioue; *as in* τῷ, *verse* 273. *he expounds himselfe in these words:* —ἀλλὰ τοῦτ' Ζεὺς, *&c. which* Pindarus Thebanus *in his Epitome of these Iliads, rightly obserues, in these verses:*

Conficiebat enim ſummi ſententia Regis,
Ex quo contulerant diſcordi pectore pugnas
Sceptriger *Atrides*, & bello clarus *Achilles*.

d Ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοί, comprobarunt Græci, *all others turne it; but ſince,* Ἐυφημεῖν *ſignifies properly*, fauſta acclamatione do ſignificationem approbationis, *I therefore accordingly conuert it, becauſe the other intimates a comprobation of all the Greekes by word; which was not ſo, but onely by inarticulate acclamations, or ſhowtes.*

e Ἀμφιβεβηκὼς: ἀμφιβαίνω, *ſignifies properly* circumambulo, *and onely* metaphoricè, protego, *or* tueor, *as it is alwaies in this place tranſlated; which ſuffers alteration with me, ſince our vſuall phraſe of walking the round in townes of garriſon, for the defence of it, fits ſo well the propertie of the originall.*

f Πρὸ δ' ἧκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη. Præmiſerat enim Dea alba vlnis *Iuno? Why* Iuno *ſhould ſend* Pallas, *is a thing not noted by any: I therefore anſwer; Becauſe* Iuno *is Goddeſſe of ſtate. The allegory therfore in the* Proſopopœia *both of* Iuno *&* Pallas, *is, that* Achilles *for reſpect to the ſtate there preſent, the rather vſed that diſcretion and reſtraint of his anger. So in diuers other places, when ſtate is repreſented,* Iuno *procures it: as in the eighteenth booke, for the ſtate of* Patroclus *his fetching off,* Iuno *commands the Sunne to go downe before his time, &c.*

g Ὣς φάτο δακρυχέων: ſic dixit lachrimans, &c. *Theſe teares are called by our Cõmentors, vnworthie, and fitter for children, or women, then ſuch an Heroe as* Achilles: *and therefore* Plato *is cited in* 3. de Repub. *where he ſaith,* Ὁ'μῶς ἀρα, *&c.* Meritò igitur, clarorum virorum ploratus è medio tolleremus, &c. *To anſwer which, and iuſtifie the fitneſſe of teares generally (as they may be occaſioned) in the greateſt, and moſt renowmed men; (omitting examples of* Virgils Æneas, Alexander *the Great, &c.) I oppoſe againſt* Plato, *onely one preſident of great and moſt perfect humanitie, (to whom infinitely aboue all other, we muſt proſtrate our imitations) that ſhed teares, viz. our All-perfect and Almightie Sauiour, who wept for* Lazarus. *This then, leauing the fitneſſe of great mens teares generally, vtterly vnanſwerable: theſe particular teares of vnuented anger in* Achilles, *are in him moſt naturall: teares being the higheſt effects of greateſt and moſt fierie ſpirits; either when their abilities cannot performe to their wils, or that they are reſtrained of reuenge, being iniured, out of other conſiderations: as now the conſideration of the ſtate, and grauitie of the counſell, and publike good of the armie curbd* Achilles. *Who can denie, that there are teares of manlineſſe, and magnanimitie, as well as womaniſh and puſillanimous? So Diomed, wept for curſt heart, when* Apollo *ſtrooke his ſcourge from him, and hindered his horſe race: hauing bene warned by* Pallas *before not to reſiſt the Deities; and ſo his great ſpirits being curbed of reuenge, for the wrong he receiued then. So when not-enough-vented anger, was not to be expreſt enough by that teare-ſtarting affection in courageous and fierce men, our moſt accom-*

pliſht expreſſor, helpes the illuſtration in a Simile of his feruour, in moſt feruent-ſpirited fowles, reſembling the wrathfull fight of Sarpedon *and* Patroclus *to two Vultures, fighting, and crying on a rocke; which thus I haue afterwards Engliſhed, and here for example inſerted:*

Downe iumpt he from his chariot; downe leapt his foe as light:
And as on ſome far-ſeeing rocke, a caſt of Vultures fight,
Flie on each other, ſtrike, and truſſe; part, meete, and then ſticke by;
Tugge both with crooked beakes, and ſeres; crie, fight, and fight, and cry.
So fiercely fought theſe angrie kings, &c.

Wherein you ſee, that crying in theſe eagerlie fought fowles (which is like teares in angrie men) is ſo farre from ſoftneſſe or faintneſſe, that to the ſuperlatiue of hardineſſe and courage, it expreſſeth both. Nor muſt we be ſo groſſe to imagine, that Homer *made* Achilles, *or* Diomed *blubber, or ſob, &c. but in the verie point and ſting of their vnuented anger, ſhed a few violent and ſeething-ouer teares. What Aſſe-like impudence is it then, for any meerely vaineglorious, and ſelfe-louing puffe, that euerie where may reade theſe inimitable touches of our* Homers *maiſterie, any where to oppoſe his arrogant and ignorant caſtigations? when he ſhould rather (with his much better vnderſtander* Spondanus) *ſubmit where he ouerſees him faulty: and ſay thus:* Quia tu tamen hoc voluiſti, ſacroſanctæ tuæ authoritati, per me nihil detrahetur.

The end of the firſt Booke.

8 AP 58

THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

IOue *calls a viſion vp, from* Somnus *den;*
To bid Atrides, *muſter vp his men.*
The king (to Greekes diſſembling his deſire)
Perſwades them to their countrie to retire.
By Pallas *will,* Vlyſſes *ſtayes their flight;*
And wiſe old Neſtor, *heartens them to fight.*
They take their meate: which done, to armes they goe:
And march in good array, againſt the foe.
So thoſe of Troy, when Iris, *from the skie,*
Of Saturns *ſonne, performs the Ambaſſie.*

Another Argument.

Beta, *the dreame and Synod citet,*
And catalogues the nauall knights.

THe other Gods, and knights at armes, all night ſlept: onely *Ioue,* Sweet ſlumber ſeiſd not; he diſcourſt, how beſt he might approue His vow made for *Achilles* grace, and make the Grecians find His miſſe, in much death. Al waies caſt; this coũſel ſeru'd his mind With moſt allowance: to diſpatch, a harmefull dreame to greet The king of men; and gaue this charge: Go; to the Achiue fleet, (Pernicious dreame) and being arriu'd, in *Agamemnons* tent, Deliuer truly all this charge; command him to conuent His whole hoaſt arm'd, before theſe towres; for now Troys broad-waid towne He ſhall take in: the heauen-houſd Gods, are now indifferent growne, *Iunos* requeſt hath wonne them: Troy, now vnder imminent ils, At all parts labours. This charge heard, the viſion ſtraight fulfils; The ſhips reacht, and *Atrides* tent, in which he found him laid; Diuine ſleepe powrd about his powres. He ſtood aboue his head Like *Neſtor* (grac't, of old men, moſt) and this did intimate:
Sleepes the wiſe *Atreus*-tame-horſe ſonne? a counſellour of State, Muſt not, the whole night, ſpend in ſleepe; to whom the people are, For guard committed; and whoſe life, ſtands bound to ſo much care. Now heare me then, (*Ioues* meſſenger,) who, though farre off from thee, Is neare thee yet; in ruth, and care: and giues command by me, To arme thy whole hoaſt. Thy ſtrong hand, the broad-waid towne of Troy, Shall now take in: no more the Gods, diſſentiouſly imploy Their high-houſd powers: *Iunos* ſuite, hath wonne them all to her; And ill fates ouer-hang theſe towres, addreſt by *Iupiter.*

Iupiter careful in performing his vow to Thetis.

Iupiter calls vp a viſion.

The viſion to Agamemon.

Fixe in thy mind this; nor forget, to giue it action, when
Sweet ſleepe ſhall leaue thee. Thus he fled, and left the king of men
Agamemnon diſcourſeth of his viſion. Repeating, in diſcourſe, his dreame; and dreaming ſtill, awake,
Of powre, not readie yet for act. O foole, he thought to take
In that next day, old *Priams* towne; not knowing what affaires
Ioue had in purpoſe; who prepar'd, (by ſtrong fight) ſighes and teares
For Greekes, and Troians. The dreame gone, his voice ſtill murmured
About the kings eares: who ſate vp, put on him, in his bed,
His ſilken inner weed; faire, new, and then in haſt aroſe;
Caſt on his ample mantle, tied, to his ſoft feet faire ſhoes;
His ſiluer-hilted ſword he hung, about his ſhoulders, tooke
His fathers ſcepter, neuer ſtaind: which then abroad he ſhooke,
The morning. And went to fleete. And now great heauen, Goddeſſe *Aurora*, ſcall'd
To *Ioue*, and all Gods, bringing light. When *Agamemnon* call'd
His heralds, charging them aloud, to call to inſtant Court
The thicke-haird Greekes. The heralds call'd, the Greekes made quicke reſort:
The Councell chiefly he compoſd, of old great minded men,
At *Neſtors* ſhips, the Pylian king: all there aſſembled then,
Agamemnon. Thus *Atreus* ſonne begunne the Court: Heare friends, a dreame diuine,
Amids the calme night in my ſleepe, did through my ſhut eyes ſhine,
Within my fantaſie: his forme, did paſſing naturally
Reſemble *Neſtor*: ſuch attire, a ſtature iuſt as hie.
He ſtood aboue my head; and words, thus faſhiond, did relate.
Agamemnon tells his viſion. Sleepes the wiſe *Atreus*-tame-horſe ſonne? A counſellor of ſtate
Muſt not, the whole night ſpend in ſleepe; to whom the people are
For guard committed; and whoſe life, ſtands bound to ſo much care.
Now heare me then, (*Ioues* meſſenger,) who, though farre off from thee,
Is neare thee yet, in loue, and care: and giues command by me,
To arme thy whole hoaſt. Thy ſtrong hand, the broad-waid towne of Troy,
Shall now take in: no more the Gods, diſſentiouſly imploy
Their high-houſd powres: *Saturnias* ſuite, hath wonne them all to hers,
And ill fates ouer-hang theſe towres, addreſt by *Iupiter*.
Fixe in thy mind this. This expreſt, he tooke wing and away;
And ſweet ſleepe left me: let vs then, by all our meanes aſſay,
To arme our armie; I will firſt, (as farre as fits our right)
Trie their addictions, and command, with full-ſail'd ſhips our flight:
Which if they yeeld to, oppoſe you. He ſate; and vp aroſe
Neſtor, of ſandy Pylos, king: who, (willing to diſpoſe
Their counſell to the publicke good) propoſd this to the State:
Neſtor to the Greekes. Princes, and Counſellors of Greece? If any ſhould relate
This viſion, but the king himſelfe; it might be held a tale,
And moue the rather our retraite: but ſince our Generall
Affirmes he ſaw it, hold it true; and all our beſt meanes make
To arme our armie. This ſpeech vſde, he firſt the Councell brake;
The other ſcepter-bearing States, aroſe to, and obeyd
The peoples Rector. Being abroad, the earth was ouerlaid
With flockers to them, that came forth: as when, of frequent Bees
Simile. Swarmes riſe out of a hollow rocke, repairing the degrees

Of

Of their egreſſion endleſly; with euer riſing new,
From forth their ſweet neſt: as their ſtore, ſtill as it faded, grew,
And neuer would ceaſſe ſending forth, her cluſters to the ſpring
They ſtill crowd out ſo; this flocke here; that there, belabouring
The loaded flowres. So from the ſhips, and tents, the armies ſtore,
Troopt to theſe Princes, and the Court; along th'vnmeaſur'd ſhore:
Amongſt whom, *Ioues* Ambaſſadreſſe, (*Fame*) in her vertue ſhin'd, *Fame, Ioues ambaſſadreſſe.*
Exciting greedineſſe to heare. The rabble thus inclin'd,
Hurried together; vprore ſeiſd, the high Court; earth did grone
Beneath the ſetling multitude; tumult was there alone.
Thriſe three voiciferous heralds roſe, to checke the rout, and get
Eare to their *Ioue*-kept Gouernors; and inſtantly was ſet
That huge confuſion; euery man, ſet faſt, and clamor ceaſt:
Then ſtood diuine *Atrides* vp, and in his hand compreſt
His ſcepter, th'elaborate worke, of fierie *Mulciber*: *The ſcepter of Agamemnon.*
Who gaue it to *Saturnian Ioue*; *Ioue* to his meſſenger;
His meſſenger (*Argicides*,) to *Pelops*, skild in horſe;
Pelops, to *Atreus* chiefe of men; he dying, gaue it courſe
To Prince *Thyeſtes*, rich in heards; *Thyeſtes* to the hand
Of *Agamemnon* renderd it, and with it, the command
Of many Iles, and Argos, all. On this he leaning, ſaid:
O friends, great ſonnes of *Danaus*, ſeruants of *Mars*; *Ioue* laid *Agamemnon to the Greekes.*
A heauie curſe on me, to vow, and binde it with the bent
Of his high forehead; that (this Troy, of all her people ſpent)
I ſhould returne; yet now to mocke, our hopes, built on his vow:
And charge inglorioutly my flight; when ſuch an ouerthrow
Of braue friends, I haue authored. But to his mightieſt will
We muſt ſubmit vs; that hath raz'r, and will be razing ſtill,
Mens footſteps, from ſo many townes; becauſe his power is moſt,
He will deſtroy moſt. But how vile, ſuch, and ſo great an hoaſt,
Will ſhew to future times? that matcht, with leſſer numbers farre,
We flie, not putting on the crowne, of our ſo long-held warre?
Of which, there yet appeares no end. Yet ſhould our foes and we
Strike truce, and number both our powers; Troy taking all that be
Her arm'd inhabitants; and we, in tens ſhould all ſit downe
At our truce banquet: euerie ten, allow'd one of the towne
To fill his feaſt-cup; many tens, would their attendant want:
So much I muſt affirme, our power, exceeds th'inhabitant.
But their auxiliarie bands; thoſe brandiſhers of ſpeares,
(From many cities drawne) are they, that are our hinderers;
Not ſuffering well-raiſd Troy to fall. Nine yeares are ended now,
Since *Ioue* our conqueſt vow'd, and now, our veſſels rotten grow,
Our tackling failes, our wiues, yong ſonnes, ſit in their doores, and long
For our arriuall: yet the worke, that ſhould haue wreakt our wrong,
And made vs welcome, lies vnwrought: Come then, as I bid, all
Obey, and flie to our lou'd home; for now, nor euer ſhall
Our vtmoſt, take in broad-waid Troy. This ſaid, the multitude
Was all for home, and all men elſe, that what this would conclude

Had not diſcouerd. All the crowd, was ſhou'd about the ſhore;
Simile. In ſway, like rude, and raging waues, rowſd with the feruent blore (borne
Of th'Eaſt, and South winds; when they breake, from *Ioues* clouds, and are
On rough backs of th'Icarian ſeas: or like a field of corne
High'growne, that *Zephyrs* vehement guſts, bring eaſily vnderneath,
And make the ſtiffe-vp-briſtl'd eares, do homage to his breath:
For euen ſo eaſily, with the breath, *Atrides* vſde, was ſwaid
The violent multitude. To fleet, with ſhowts, and diſaraid,
All ruſht; and with a fogge of duſt, their rude feete, dimd the day;
Each cried to other, cleanſe our ſhips; come, lanch, aboord, away.
The clamor of the runners home, reacht heauen; and then paſt fate,
The Greekes had left Troy, had not then, the Goddeſſe of eſtate,
Iuno to Pallas. Thus ſpoke to *Pallas*: O foule ſhame, thou vntam'd ſeed of *Ioue*,
Shall thus the ſeas broad backe be charg'd, with theſe our friends remoue?
Thus leauing Argiue *Hellen* here? thus *Priam* grac't? thus Troy?
In whoſe fields, farre from their lou'd owne, (for *Hellens* ſake) the ioy,
And life of ſo much Grecian birth, is vaniſht? take thy way
T'our braſſe-arm'd people; ſpeake them faire, let not a man obey
The charge now giuen, nor lanch one ſhip. She ſaid, and *Pallas* did
As ſhe commanded: from the tops, of heauens ſteepe hill ſhe ſlid;
And ſtraight, the Greekes ſwift ſhips, ſhe reacht: *Vlyſſes*, (like to *Ioue*
In gifts of counſell) ſhe found out; who, to that baſe remoue,
Stird not a foote, nor toucht a ſhip; but grieu'd at heart to ſee
That fault in others. To him cloſe, the blue-eyd deitie
Made way, and ſaid: Thou wiſeſt Greeke, diuine *Laertes* ſonne,
Thus flie ye homewards, to your ſhips, ſhall all thus headlong runne?
Glorie to *Priam*, thus ye leaue; glorie to all his friends,
If thus ye leaue her here; for whom, ſo many violent ends
Haue cloſd your Greeke eyes? and ſo farre, from their ſo loued home?
Go to theſe people, vſe no ſtay; with faire termes ouercome
Their foule endeuour: not a man, a flying ſaile let hoice.
Thus ſpake ſhe, and *Vlyſſes* knew, twas *Pallas* by her voice:
Ranne to the runners; caſt from him, his mantle, which his man
And Herald, graue *Eurybates*, the Ithacenſian
That followd him, tooke vp. Himſelfe, to *Agamemnon* went;
His incorrupted ſcepter tooke; his ſcepter of deſcent;
And with it, went about the fleete. What Prince, or man of name,
He found flight-giuen; he would reſtraine, with words of gentleſt blame;
Vlyſſes temper in reſtraining the flight. Good ſir, it fits not you to flie, or fare as one afraid;
You ſhould not onely ſtay your ſelfe, but ſee the people ſtaid.
You know not clearely (though you heard, the kings words) yet his mind,
He onely tries mens ſpirits now; and whom his trials find
Apt to this courſe, he will chaſtiſe. Nor you, nor I, heard all
He ſpake in councell: nor durſt preaſſe, too neare our Generall,
Leſt we incenſt him to our hurt. The anger of a king
Is mightie; he is kept of *Ioue*, and from *Ioue* likewiſe ſpring
His honors; which, out of the loue, of wiſe *Ioue*, he enioyes.
Thus, he the beſt ſort vſd; the worſt, whoſe ſpirits brake out in noiſe,

He

He cudgeld with his ſcepter, chid, and ſaid: Stay wretch, be ſtill,
And heare thy betters; thou art baſe, and both in powre and skill
Poore and vnworthie; without name, in counſell, or in warre.
We muſt not all be kings: the rule, is moſt irregularre,
Where many rule; one Lord, one king, propoſe to thee; and he
To whom wiſe *Saturns* ſonne hath giuen, both law, and Emperie,
To rule the publicke, is that king. Thus, ruling, he reſtrain'd
The hoaſt from flight: and then, againe, the Councell was maintain'd
With ſuch a concourſe, that the ſhore, rung with the tumult made;
As when the farre-reſounding ſea, doth in his rage inuade
His ſandie confines; whoſe ſides grone, with his inuolued waue,
And make his owne breaſt eccho ſighes. All ſate, and audience gaue;
Therſites onely would ſpeake all. A moſt diſorderd ſtore
Of words, he fooliſhly powrd out; of which his mind held more
Then it could manage; any thing, with which he could procure
Laughter, he neuer could containe. He ſhould haue yet bene ſure
To touch no kings. T'oppoſe their ſtates, becomes not ieſters parts.
But he, the filthieſt fellow was, of all that had deſerts — *Therſites deſcription.*
In Troyes braue ſiege: he was ſquint-eyd, and lame of either foote:
So crooke-backt, that he had no breaſt: ſharpe headed, where did ſhoote
(Here and there ſperſt) thin moſſie haire. He moſt of all enuide
Vlyſſes and *Æacides*, whom ſtill his ſplene would chide; — *Achilles.*
Nor could the ſacred king himſelfe, auoid his ſaucie vaine,
Againſt whom, ſince he knew the Greekes, did vehement hates ſuſtaine
(Being angrie for *Achilles* wrong) he cride out; railing thus:
Atrides? why complainſt thou now? what wouldſt thou more of vs? — *Therſites to Agamemnon.*
Thy tents are full of braſſe, and dames; the choice of all are thine:
With whom, we muſt preſent thee firſt, when any townes reſigne
To our inuaſion. Wantſt thou then (beſides all this) more gold
From Troyes knights, to redeeme their ſonnes? whom, to be dearely ſold,
I, or ſome other Greeke, muſt take? or wouldſt thou yet againe,
Force from ſome other Lord, his priſe; to ſooth the luſts that raigne
In thy encroching appetite? it fits no Prince to be
A Prince of ill, and gouerne vs; or leade our progenie
By rape to ruine. O baſe Greekes, deſeruing infamie,
And ils eternall: Greekiſh girls, not Greekes ye are: Come, flie
Home with our ſhips; leaue this man here, to periſh with his preys,
And trie if we helpt him, or not: he wrong'd a man that weys
Farre more then he himſelfe in worth: he forc't from *Thetis* ſonne,
And keepes his priſe ſtill: nor think I, that mightie man hath wonne
The ſtile of wrathfull worthily; he's ſoft, he's too remiſſe,
Or elſe *Atrides*, his had bene, thy laſt of iniuries.
Thus he the peoples Paſtor chid; but ſtraight ſtood vp to him
Diuine *Vlyſſes*; who with lookes, exceeding graue, and grim, — *Vlyſſes to Therſites.*
This bitter checke gaue: Ceaſſe, vaine foole, to vent thy railing vaine
On kings thus, though it ſerue thee well: nor thinke thou canſt reſtraine,
With that thy railing faculție, their wils in leaſt degree,
For not a worſe, of all this hoaſt, came with our king then thee,

To

To Troys great ſiege: then do not take, into that mouth of thine,
The names of kings; much leſſe reuile, the dignities that ſhine
In their ſupreme ſtates; wreſting thus, this motion for our home
To ſooth thy cowardiſe; ſince our ſelues, yet know not what will come
Of theſe deſignments: if it be, our good, to ſtay, or go:
Nor is it that thou ſtandſt on; thou, reuil'ſt our Generall ſo,
Onely, becauſe he hath ſo much, not giuen by ſuch as thou,
But our Heroes. Therefore this, thy rude veine, makes me vow,
(Which ſhall be curiouſly obſeru'd) if euer I ſhall heare
This madneſſe from thy mouth againe, let not *Vlyſſes* beare
This head, nor be the father cald, of yong *Telemachus*;
If to thy nakedneſſe, I take, and ſtrip thee not, and thus
Whip thee to fleete from Councell; ſend, with ſharpe ſtripes, weeping hence,
This glory thou affect'ſt to raile. This ſaid, his inſolence
He ſetl'd with his ſcepter; ſtrooke, his backe and ſhoulders ſo,
That bloody wales roſe; he ſhrunke round; and from his eyes did flow
Moiſt teares, and looking filthily, he ſate, feard, ſmarted; dried
His blubberd cheekes; and all the preaſſe, (though grieu'd to be denied,
Their wiſht retrait for home) yet laught, delightſomely, and ſpake
Either to other: O ye Gods, how infinitely take
Vlyſſes vertues in our good? author of Counſels, great
In ordering armies: how moſt well, this act became his heate
To beate from Councell this rude foole? I thinke his ſawcie ſpirit
Hereafter will not let his tongue, abuſe the ſoueraigne merit,
Exempt from ſuch baſe tongues as his. Thus ſpake the people: then
The citie-razer, *Ithacus*, ſtood vp to ſpeake againe,
Holding his Scepter. Cloſe to him, gray-eyd *Minerua* ſtood;
And like a herald, ſilence cauſd, that all the Achiue brood
(From firſt to laſt) might heare and know, the counſell: when (inclind
To all their good) *Vlyſſes* ſaid: *Atrides*, now I find,
Vlyſſes to Agamemnon and the people.
Theſe men would render thee the ſhame, of all men; nor would pay,
Their owne vowes to thee, when they tooke, their free and honord way,
From Argos hither; that till Troy, were by their braue hands rac't,
They would not turne home; yet like babes, and widowes, now they haſt
To that baſe refuge. Tis a ſpite, to ſee men melted ſo
In womaniſh changes. Though tis true, that if a man do go
Onely a moneth to ſea, and leaue, his wife farre off, and he
Tortur'd with winters ſtormes, and toſt, with a tumultuous ſea,
Growes heauy, and would home; vs then, to whom the thrice three yeare
Hath fild his reuoluble orbe, ſince our arriuall here,
I blame not, to wiſh home, much more: yet all this time to ſtay
(Out of our iudgements) for our end; and now to take our way
Without it, were abſurd and vile. Suſtaine then friends, abide,
The time ſet to our obiect: trie, if *Calchas* prophecied
True of the time or not. We know, ye all can witneſſe well
(Whom theſe late death-conferring-fates, haue faild to ſend to hell)
That when in Aulis, all our fleet, aſſembl'd with a freight
Of ils to Ilion, and her friends: beneath the faire growne height

A Platane bore, about a fount, whence chriſtall water flow'd,
And neare our holy altar, we, vpon the Gods beſtow'd
Accompliſht Hecatombs; and there, appear'd a huge portent,
A Dragon with a bloody skale, horride to ſight, and ſent
To light by great *Olympius*; which crawling from beneath
The Altar, to the Platane climbd; and ruthleſſe craſht to death
A Sparrowes yong, in number eight, that in a top-bow lay
Hid vnder leaues: the dam the ninth, that houerd euery way,
Mourning her lou'd birth; till at length, the Serpent watching her,
Her wing caught, and deuourd her too. This dragon, *Iupiter*
(That brought him forth) turnd to a ſtone; and [b] made a powrefull meane
To ſtirre our zeales vp, that admir'd, when of a fact ſo cleane
Of all ill as our ſacrifice, ſo fearefull an oſtent
Should be the iſſue. *Calchas* then, thus prophecied the euent;
Why are ye dumbe ſtrooke, faire-haird Greekes? wiſe *Ioue* is he hath ſhowne
This ſtrange oſtent to vs. Twas late, and paſſing lately done,
But that grace it foregoes to vs, for ſuffering all the ſtate
Of his apparence, (being ſo ſlow) nor time ſhall end, nor fate.
As theſe eight Sparrowes, and the dam, (that made the ninth) were eate
By this ſterne Serpent; ſo nine yeares, we are t'endure the heate
Of rauenous warre, and in the tenth, take in this broad-waid towne.
Thus he interpreted this ſigne; and all things haue their crowne
As he interpreted, till now. The reſt then, to ſucceed,
Beleeue as certaine: ſtay we all, till that moſt glorious deed
Of taking this rich towne, our hands, are honord with. This ſaid,
The Greekes gaue an vnmeaſur'd ſhout; which backe the ſhips repaid
With terrible ecchoes, in applauſe, of that perſwaſion
Diuine *Vlyſſes* vſd; which yet, held no compariſon
With *Neſtors* next ſpeech, which was this: O ſhamefull thing! ye talke
Like children all, that know not warre. In what aires region walke
Our oathes, and couenants? Now I ſee, the fit reſpects of men
Are vaniſht quite; our right hands giuen, our faiths, our counſels vaine;
Our ſacrifice with wine; all fled, in that prophaned flame
We made to bind all: for thus ſtill, we vaine perſwaſions frame,
And ſtriue to worke our end with words; not ioyning ſtratagemes
And hands together; though thus long, the powre of our extremes
Hath vrg'd vs to them. *Atreus* ſonne? firme as at firſt howre ſtand:
Make good thy purpoſe; talke no more, in counſels, but command
In actiue field. Let two or three, that by themſelues aduiſe,
Faint in their crowning; they are ſuch, as are not truly wiſe.
They will for Argos, ere they know, if that which *Ioue* hath ſaid
Be falſe or true. I tell them all, that high *Ioue* bowd his head
As firſt we went aboord our fleet, for ſigne we ſhould confer
Theſe Troians, their due fate and death; almightie *Iupiter*,
All that day darting forth his flames, in an vnmeaſur'd light,
On our right hands; let therefore none, once dreame of coward flight,
Till (for his owne) ſome wife of Troy, he ſleepes withall; the rape
Of *Hellen* wreaking; and our ſighes, enforc't for her eſcape.

Neſtor to the Greeks.

If

If any yet dare dote on home, let his diſhonor'd haſt
His blacke, and well-built barke but touch, that (as he firſt diſgrac't
His countries ſpirit) fate, and death, may firſt his ſpirit let go.
But be thou wiſe (king) do not truſt, thy ſelfe, but others. Know
I will not vſe an abiect word: ſee all thy men arraid
In tribes and nations; that tribes, tribes; nations may nations aid:
Which doing, thou ſhalt know, what chiefs, what ſouldiers play the men;
And what the cowards: for they all, will fight in ſeuerall then,
(Eaſie for note.) And then ſhalt thou, if thou deſtroiſt not Troy,
Know if the prophecies defect, or men thou doſt employ
In their approu'd arts, want in warre: or lacke of that braue heate
Fit for the ventrous ſpirits of Greece, was cauſe to thy defeate.

Agamemnon to Neſtor. To this the king of men replied; O father, all the ſonnes
Of Greece thou conquerſt, in the ſtrife, of conſultations.
I would to *Ioue*, *Athenia*, and *Phœbus*, I could make
(Of all) but ten ſuch Counſellers; then inſtantly would ſhake
Kings *Priams* citie; by our hands, laid hold on, and laid waſt.
But *Ioue* hath orderd I ſhould grieue, and to that end hath caſt
My life into debates, paſt end. My ſelfe, and *Thetis* ſonne,
(Like girles) in words fought for a girle, and I th'offence begunne:
But if we euer talke as friends, Troys thus deferred fall
Shall neuer vexe vs more one houre. Come then, to victles all,
That ſtrong *Mars*, all may bring to field; each man his lances ſteele
See ſharpned well; his ſhield well lin'd, his horſes meated well,
His chariot carefully made ſtrong; that theſe affaires of death,
We all day may hold fiercely out: no man muſt reſt, or breath.
The boſomes of our targatiers, muſt all be ſteept in ſweate.
The lanciers arme, muſt fall diſſolu'd; our chariot horſe with heate,
Muſt ſeeme to melt. But if I find, one ſouldier take the chaſe,
Or ſtirre from fight, or fight not ſtill, fixt in his enemies face;
Or hid a ſhipboord: all the world, for force, nor price, ſhall ſaue
His hated life; but fowles, and dogs, be his abhorred graue.

Simile. He ſaid, and ſuch a murmure roſe, as on a loftie ſhore
The waues make, when the Southwind comes, and tumbles them before
Againſt a rocke, growne neare the ſtrand, which diuerſly beſet
Is neuer free; but here and there, with varied vprores beat.
All roſe then, ruſhing to the fleete, perfum'd their tents, and eate:
Each offring to th'immortall Gods, and praying to ſcape th'heate
Of warre and death. The king of men, an Oxe of fiue yeares ſpring
T'almightie *Ioue* ſlue: call'd the Peeres, firſt *Neſtor*, then the king
Idomeneus: after them, th'*Aiaces*, and the ſonne
Diomed. Of *Tydeus*; *Ithacus* the ſixth, in counſell Paragon
To *Ioue* himſelfe. All theſe he bad, but [c] at-a-martiall-crie.
Good *Menelaus*, ſince he ſaw, his brother buſily
Employd at that time, would not ſtand, on inuitation,
[d] But of himſelfe came. All about, the offring ouerthrowne
Stood round, tooke ſalt-cakes, and the king, himſelfe thus praid for all:
O *Ioue*, moſt great, moſt glorious, that in that ſtarrie hall,

Sitſt

Sit'ſt drawing darke clouds vp to aire: let not the Sunne go downe,
Darkneſſe ſupplying it; till my hands, the Pallace, and the towne
Of *Priam* ouerthrow, and burne; the armes on *Hectors* breſt
Diuiding; ſpoiling with my ſword, thouſands (in intereſt
Of his bad quarrell) laid by him, in duſt, and eating earth.
He pray'd, *Ioue* heard him not, but made, more plentifull the birth
Of his ſad toiles; yet tooke his gifts. Prayres paſt, cakes on they threw:
The Oxe then (to the altar drawne,) they kill'd, and from him drew
His hide: then cut him vp; his thighes (in two hewne) dubd with fat,
Prickt on the ſweet-breads; and with wood, leaueleſſe, and kindl'd at
Appoſed fire, they burne the thighes; which done, the inwards tlit,
They broild on coales, and eate. The reſt, in giggots cut, they ſpit,
Roaſt cunningly, draw, ſit, and feaſt: nought lackt to leaue alaid
Each temperate appetite; which ſeru'd, *Neſtor* began and ſaid:
Atrides, moſt grac't king of men, now no more words allow, *Neſtor to Agamemnon.*
Nor more deferre the deed *Ioue* vowes. Let heralds ſummon now
The braſen-coted Greekes; and vs, range euerie where the hoſt,
To ſtirre a ſtrong warre quickly vp. This ſpeech no ſillable loſt;
The high-voic't heralds, inſtantly, he charg'd to call to armes
The curld-head Greeks; they call'd; the Greeks, ſtraight anſwerd their alarmes.
The *Ioue*-kept kings, about the king, all gatherd, with their aide
Rang'd all in tribes and nations. With them the gray-eyd maide
Great *Ægis* (*Ioues* bright ſhield) ſuſtain'd, that can be neuer old;
Neuer corrupted, fring'd about, with ſerpents forg'd of gold,
As many as ſuffiſde to make, an hundred fringes, worth
A hunderd oxen, euerie ſnake, all ſprawling, all ſet forth
With wondrous ſpirit. Through the hoſt, with this the Goddeſſe ranne
In furie, caſting round her eyes; and furniſht euerie man
With ſtrength; exciting all to armes, and fight inceſſant. None
Now lik't their lou'd homes like the warres. And as a fire vpon
A huge wood, on the heights of hils, that farre off hurles his light:
So the diuine braſſe ſhin'd on theſe, thus thruſting on for fight;
Their ſplendor through the aire reacht heauen: and as about the flood
Caiſter, in an Aſian meade, flockes of the airie brood,
(Cranes, Geeſe, or long-neckt Swans) here, there, proud of their pinions flie,
And in their fals lay out ſuch throats, that with their ſpiritfull crie
The meddow ſhrikes againe: ſo here, theſe many nation'd men,
Flow'd ouer the Scamandrian field; from tents, and ſhips; the din
Was dreadfull, that the feete of men, and horſe, beate out of earth.
And in the floriſhing meade they ſtood, thicke as the odorous birth
Of flowres, or leaues bred in the ſpring; or thicke as ſwarmes of flies
Throng then to ſhip-coates; when each ſwarme, his erring wing applies
To milke deawd on the milke maids pailes: all eagerly diſpoſd,
To giue to ruine th'Ilians. And as in rude heapes cloſd
Though huge Goate-heards are at their food, the Goate-heards eaſly yet,
Sort into ſundry heards; ſo here, the Chiefes in battell ſet,
Here tribes, here nations, ordring all. Amongſt whom ſhin'd the king,
With eyes, like lightning-louing *Ioue*; his forehead anſwering.

In breaſt like *Neptune*; *Mars* in waſte: and as a goodly Bull
Moſt eminent of all a heard, moſt ſtrong, moſt maſterfull;
So *Agamemnon*, *Ioue* that day, made ouerheighten clere,
That heauen-bright armie; and preferd, to all th'Heroes there.

Inuocation. Now tell me *Muſes*, you that dwell, in heauenly roofes (for you
Are Goddeſſes; are preſent here, are wiſe, and all things know;
We onely truſt the voyce of fame, know nothing:) who they were
That here were captains of the Greekes? Commanding Princes here,
The multitude exceed my ſong; though fitted to my choice
Ten tongues were, hardned pallats ten, a breaſt of braſſe, a voyce
Infract, and trumplike: that great worke, vnleſſe the ſeed of *Ioue*
(The deathleſſe *Muſes*) vndertake, maintaines a pitch aboue
All mortall powers. The Princes then, and nauie that did bring
Thoſe ſo inenarrable troopes; and all their ſoyles, I ſing.

The Catalogue of the Grecian *ſhips and Captaines.*

The Bœotian captaines. PEneleus, and *Leitus*, all that Bœotia bred,
Arceſilaus, *Clonius*, and *Prothoænor*, led;
Th'inhabitants of *Hyria*, and ſtonie *Aulida*;
Schæne, *Schole*, the hilly *Eteon*, and holy *Theſpia*;
Of *Græa*, and great *Mycaleſſe*, that hath the ample plaine;
The places in Bœotia. Of *Harma*, and Ileſius, and all that did remaine,
In *Eriſh*, and in *Eleon*; in *Hylen*, *Peteona*,
In faire *Ocalea*, and the towne, well builded, *Medeona*;
Capas, *Eutreſis*, *Thisbe* that, for Pigeons doth ſurpaſſe;
Of *Coroneia*, *Harliart*; that hath ſuch ſtore of graſſe.
All thoſe that in *Platea* dwelt, that *Gliſſa* did poſſeſſe;
And *Hypothebs*, whoſe wel-built wals, are rare and fellowleſſe;
In rich *Oncheſtus* famous wood, to watrie *Neptune* vow'd;
And *Arne*, where the vine-trees are, with vigorous bunches bow'd:
With them that dwelt in *Mydea*, and *Niſſa* moſt diuine.
All thoſe whom vtmoſt *Anthedon*, did wealthily confine.
From all theſe coaſts in generall, full fiftie ſaile were ſent,
The nauie of the Bœotians fiftie. And ſixſcore ſtrong, *Bœotian* youths, in euerie burthen went.
But thoſe who in *Aſpledon* dwelt, and *Mynian Orchomen*;
Aſcalaphus and Ialmenus, ſonnes of Mars. God *Mars* his ſonnes did leade (*Aſcalaphus*, and *Ialmen.*)
Who in *Azidon Aſtors* houſe, did of *Aſtioche* come;
The baſhfull Maide, as ſhe went vp, into the higher roome,
The warre-god ſecretly compreſt: in ſafe conduct of theſe,
Their nauie 30. Did thirtie hollow-bottom'd barkes, diuide the wauie ſeas.
The Phocenſian captains Schedius and Epiſtrophus. Braue *Schedius* and *Epiſtrophus*, the Phocean captaines were,
Naubolida, *Iphitus* ſonnes, all-proofe gainſt any feare;
With them the Cyparisians went, and bold Pythonians,
Men of religious *Chryſas* ſoyle, and fat *Daulidians:*
Panopæans, *Anemores*, and fierce *Hyampoliſts:*
And thoſe that dwell where *Cephiſus*, caſts vp his ſilken miſts.

The

The men that faire *Lylea* held, neare the *Cephisian* spring,
All which did fortie sable barkes, to that designement bring. *Their fleet 40.*
About th'entoyld *Phocensian* fleete, had these their saile assignde:
And neare to the siniſter wing, the arm'd Bœotians shinde.
Aiax the lesse, *Oileus* sonne, the Locrians led to warre, *Aiax Oileus, captaines of the Locrians.*
Not like to *Aiax Telamon*, but lesser man by farre.
Little he was, and euer wore, a breastplate made of linne;
But for the manage of his lance, he generall praise did winne.
The dwellers of *Caliarus*, of *Bessa*, *Opoen*; *The townes of the Locrians.*
The youths of *Cynus*, *Scarphis*, and, *Angias*, louely men;
Of *Tarphis*, and of *Thronius*, neare flood *Boagrius* fall;
Twise twentie martiall barkes of these, lesse *Aiax* saild withall. *Their nauie 40.*
Who neare *Eubœas* blessed soile, their habitations had,
Strength-breathing *Abants*, who their seats, in sweet *Eubœa* made: *Eubœans and their townes.*
The *Astiœans* rich in grapes, the men of *Chalcida*;
The *Cerinths*, bordring on the sea, of rich *Eretria*;
Of *Dyons* highly-seated towne; *Chariſtus*, and of *Styre*;
All these the Duke *Alphenor* led, a flame of *Mars* his fire; *Alphenor their Commander.*
Surnam'd *Chalcodontiades*, the mightie *Abants* guide;
Swift men of foot, whose broad-set backes, their trailing haire did hide,
Well seene in fight, and soone could pierce, with farre extended darts
The breast plates of their enemies, and reach their deerest hearts.
Fortie blacke men of warre did saile, in this *Alphenors* charge. *Their fleet 40.*
The souldiers that in *Athens* dwelt, a citie builded large, *The Athenians.*
The people of *Erisithius*, whom *Ioue*-sprung *Pallas* fed:
And plentious-feeding *Tellus* brought, out of her flowrie bed:
Him, *Pallas* plac't in her rich Fane, and euerie ended yeare,
Of Buls and Lambes, th'*Athenian* youths, please him with offrings there.
Mightie *Menestheus*, *Peteus* sonne, had their deuided care: *Menesthaus their Chiefe.*
For horsemen and for targatiers, none could with him compare:
Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend:
But *Nestor* (for he elder was) with him did sole contend:
With him came fiftie sable saile. And out of *Salamine* *Nauis Attica 50.*
Great *Aiax* brought twelue saile, that with, th'Athenians did combine.
Who did in fruitfull *Argos* dwell; or strong *Hyrintha* keepe: *The Salamines ioined with the.*
Hermion, or in *Asinen*, whose bosome is so deepe; *Their leader Aiax Telamonius.*
Trœzena, *Elion*, *Epida re*, where *Bacchus* crownes his head; *Ships 12.*
Egina, and *Mazetas* soyle, did follow *Diomed*. *The Argiues Diomed their captaine with Sthenelus and Eurialus.*
And *Sthenelus*, the deare lou'd sonne, of famous *Capaneus*:
Together with *Eurialus*, heire of *Mecistæus*,
The king of *Taleonides*; past whom, in deeds of warre,
The famous souldier *Diomed*, of all was held by farre;
Fourescore blacke ships did follow these. The men faire *Mycene* held: *Their fleet 80. saile.*
The wealthy *Corinth*, *Cleon* that, for beautious sight exceld: *The Mycenæans Their townes.*
Arethiræa louely seate, and in *Ornias* plaine,
And *Sicyona*, where at first, did king *Adrastus* raigne:
High seated *Gonoessas* towers, and *Hyperisius*;
That dwelt in fruitfull *Pellenen*, and in diuine *Ægius*:

With all the ſea-ſide borderers, and wide *Helices* friends;
Agamemnon captaine. Ships 100. To *Agamemnon* euerie towne, her natiue birth commends,
In double fiftie ſable barks: with him a world of men
Moſt ſtrong and full of valure went: and he in triumph then
Put on his moſt reſplendent armes, ſince he did ouerſhine
The whole heroique hoſt of *Greece*, in power of that deſigne.
The Lacedæmonians and their townes. Who did in *Lacedæmons* rule, th'vnmeaſur'd concaue hold:
High *Phares*, *Spartas*, *Meſſes* towers, for doues ſo much extold;
Bryſeias and *Augias* grounds; ſtrong *Laa*, *Oetylon*;
Amyclas, *Helos* harbor-towne, that *Neptune* beats vpon:
Menelaus captaine. Ships 60. All theſe did *Menelaus* leade, (his brother that in cries
Of warre was famous) ſixtie ſhips, conuaid theſe enemies,
To Troy in chiefe; becauſe their king, was chiefly iniur'd there,
In *Hellens* rape; and did his beſt, to make them buy it deare.
The Pylians and their townes. Who dwelt in *Pylos* ſandie ſoyle, and *Arene* the faire;
In *Thryon*, neare *Alphæus* flood, and *Aepy* full of aire:
In *Cyparisſeus*, *Amphygen*, and little *Ptelcon*;
The towne where all the Iliots dwelt, and famous *Doreon*;
Where all the Muſes (oppoſite, in ſtrife of Poeſie,
Thamyris depriued of ſight and Poeſie by the Muſes. To ancient *Thamyris* of *Thrace*) did vſe him cruelly;
He coming from *Eurytus* court, the wiſe *Oechalian* king:
Becauſe he proudly durſt affirme, he could more ſweetly ſing,
Then that Pyerean race of *Ioue*; who (angrie with his vant)
Bereft his eye-ſight, and his ſong, that did the eare enchant;
And of his skill to touch his Harpe, diſfurniſhed his hand:
Neſtor captaine. Ships 90. All theſe in ninetie hollow keeles, graue *Neſtor* did command.
The Arcadians and their towns. The richly bleſt inhabitants of the Arcadian land
Below *Cyllenes* mount, that by, *Epyrus* tombe did ſtand;
Where dwell the bold neare-fighting men; who did in *Pheneus* liue:
And *Orchomen*, where flockes of ſheepe, the ſhepheards cluſtering driue:
In *Rypé* and in *Stratié*, the faire Mantinean towne;
And ſtrong *Eniſpe*, that for height, is euer weather-blowne;
Tegea, and in *Stimphalus*; *Parrhaſia* ſtrongly wall'd;
Agapenor their leader. Ships 60. All theſe *Alcæus* ſonne, to field (king *Agapenor*) call'd;
In ſixtie barks he brought them on, and euerie barke well mand,
With fierce *Arcadians*, skild to vſe, the vtmoſt of a band.
King *Agamemnon* on theſe men, did well-built ſhips beſtow,
To paſſe the gulfie purple ſea, that did no ſea rites know.
The Epians and their townes. They who in *Hermin*, *Buphraſis*, and *Elis* did remaine,
What *Olens* Cliffes, *Aliſius*, and *Myrſin* did containe;
Ships 40. Were led to warre by twiſe two Dukes, and each ten ſhips did bring,
Which many venterous *Epyans*, did ſerue for burthening.
Beneath *Alphimacus* his charge, and valiant *Talphius*,
Captaines Alphimachus, Talphius, Diores Polixenus. Sonne of *Euritus Actor*, one; the other *Cteatus*;
Diores Amarincides, the other did imploy;
The fourth diuine *Polixenus*, *Agaſthenis* his ioy:
Dulichians. The king of faire *Angeiades*, who from *Dulichius* came,
And from *Euchinaus* ſweet Iles, which hold their holy frame

By

By ample *Elis* region, *Meges Phelides* led:
Whom Duke *Phyleus*, *Ioues* belou'd, begat, and whilome fled
To large *Dulychius* for the wrath, that fir'd his fathers breast.
Twise twentie ships with Ebon sailes, were in his charge addrest.
The war-like men of *Cephale*, and those of *Ithaca*,
Wooddy *Nerytus*, and the men, of wet *Crocilia*:
Sharpe *Ægilipha*, *Samos* Ile, *Zacynthus*, sea-enclosd;
Epyrus, and the men that hold, the Continent opposd;
All these did wise *Vlysses* leade, in counsell Peere to *Ioue*:
Twelue ships he brought, which in their course, vermilion sternes did moue.
Thoas, *Andremons* wel-spoke sonne, did guide th'Etolians well;
Those that in *Pleuron*, *Olenon*, and strong *Pylene* dwell:
Great *Calcis* that by sea-side stands, and stony *Calydon*;
For now no more of *Oeneus* sonnes, suruiu'd; they all were gone:
No more his royall selfe did liue, no more his noble sonne,
The golden Meleager; now, their glasses all were run.
All things were left to him in charge, the Ætolians Chiefe he was,
And fortie ships to Troian warres, the seas with him did passe.
The royall souldier *Idomen*, did leade the Cretans stout:
The men of *Gnossus*, and the towne, *Cortima*, wall'd about.
Of *Lictus* and *Myletus* towres, of white *Lycastus* state,
Of *Phestus* and of *Rhistias*, the cities fortunate:
And all, the rest inhabiting, the hundred townes of *Crete*;
Whom warre-like *Idomen* did leade, copartner in the fleete,
With kil-man *Merion*; eightie ships, with them did Troy inuade.
Tlepolemus Heraclides, right strong and bigly made,
Brought nine tall ships of warre from *Rhodes*, which hautie *Rhodians* mand,
Who dwelt in three disseuer'd parts, of that most pleasant land;
Which *Lyndus* and *Ialissus* were, and bright *Camyrus*, cald:
Tlepolemus commanded these, in battell vnappald:
Whom faire *Astioche* brought forth, by force of *Hercules*;
Led out of *Ephyr* with his hand, from riuer *Sellees*;
When many townes of princely youths, he leueld with the ground.
Tlepolem (in his fathers house, for building much renownd,
Brought vp to head-strong state of youth) his mothers brother slue,
The flowre of armes, *Lycymnius*, that somewhat aged grew:
Then straight he gathred him a fleete, assembling bands of men,
And fled by sea, to shun the threats, that were denounced then,
By other sonnes and nephewes of, th'Alciden fortitude.
He in his exile came to *Rhodes*, driuen in with tempests rude:
The Rhodians were distinct in tribes, and great with *Ioue* did stand,
The king of men and Gods, who gaue, much treasure to their land.
Nireus, out of *Symas* hauen, three wel-built barkes did bring;
Nireus faire *Aglaias* sonne, and *Charopes* the king:
Nireus was the fairest man, that to faire *Ilion* came,
Of all the Greekes, saue *Peleus* sonne; who past for generall frame.
But weake this was, not fit for warre, and therefore few did guide.
Who did in *Cassus*, *Nisyrus*, and *Crapathus* abide,

Meges captaine.
Ships 40.
The Cephaleans and their townes.
Vlysses captaine.
Ships 12.
The Ætolians their captaines and townes.
Thoas captaine.
Ships 40.
The Cretans, their townes and Captaines.
Idomenus.
A hundred cities in Crete.
Ships 80.
Tlepolemus Commander of the Rhodians.
Ships 9.
Townes.
The Symeans.
Nireus their Chiefe, fairest of all the Greekes but Achilles.
Ships 3.

The Calydonians, and other Ilanders. In *Co*, *Euripilus* his towne, and in *Calydnas* ſoyles,
Their Chiefe Phydippus and Antiphus. *Phydippus* and bold *Antiphus*, did guide to Troian toyles;
Ships 30. The ſonnes of crowned *Theſſalus*, deriu'd from *Hercules*,
Who went with thirtie hollow ſhips, well ordred to the ſeas.
The Pelaſgians Theſſal. Myrmidons. Now will I ſing the ſackfull troopes, Pelaſgian *Argos* held,
That in deepe *Alus*, *Alopé*, and ſoft *Trechina* dweld;
In *Pthya* and in *Hellade*, where liue the louely dames,
The *Myrmidons*, *Helenians*, and *Achiues*, robd of Fames:
Achilles their Captaine. All which the great *Æacides*, in fiftie ſhips did leade.
Ships 50. For, theſe forgat warres horride voice, becauſe they lackt their head,
That would haue brought them brauely foorth; but now at fleete did lie,
That wind-like vſer of his feet, faire *Thetis* progenie;
Wroth for bright-cheekt *Bryſeis* loſſe; whom from *Lyrneſſus* ſpoiles,
(His owne exploit) he brought away, as trophee of his toiles,
When that towne was depopulate; he ſunke the Theban towres;
Myneta, and *Epiſtrophus*, he ſent to *Plutoes* bowres,
Who came of king *Euenus* race, great *Helepiades:*
Yet now he idely liues enrag'd, but ſoone muſt leaue his eaſe.
Philacei, and their townes. Of thoſe that dwelt in *Phylace*, and flowrie *Pyrraſon*
The wood of *Ceres*, and the ſoyle, that ſheepe are fed vpon,
Iſen and *Antron*, built by ſea, and *Pteleus* full of graſſe,
Proteſilaus captaine. *Proteſilaus* while he liu'd, the worthie captaine was:
Whom now the ſable earth detaines: his teare-torne faced ſpouſe
He wofull left in *Philace*, and his halfe finiſht houſe:
A fatall Dardane firſt his life, of all the Greekes, bereft,
As he was leaping from his ſhip; yet were his men vnleft
Without a Chiefe; for though they wiſht, to haue no other man,
But good *Proteſilay* their guide; *Podarces* yet began
To gouerne them, *Iphitis* ſonne, the ſonne of *Philacus*,
Moſt rich in ſheepe, and brother to, ſhort-liu'd *Proteſilaus*:
Of yonger birth, leſſe, and leſſe ſtrong; yet ſeru'd he to direct
The companies, that ſtill did more, their ancient Duke affect.
Ships. 40. Twiſe twentie Iettie ſailes with him, the ſwelling ſtreame did take.
The Pheretians and their towns. But thoſe that did in *Pheres* dwell, at the Bæbreian lake,
In *Bebe*, and in *Glaphira*, *Iaolcus* builded faire:
Eumelus captaine. In thriſe ſixe ſhips to *Pergamus:* did through the ſeas repaire,
Ships 11. With old *Admetes* tender ſonne, *Eumelus*, whom he bred,
Of *Alceſt Pelius* faireſt child, of all his femall ſeed.
The Methonians and their borderers. The ſouldiers that before the ſiege, *Methones* vales did hold:
Thaumacia, flowrie *Meliba*, and *Oliſon* the cold,
Their chiefe, Philoctetes, left maimed at Lemnos. Duke *Philoctetes* gouerned, in darts of fineſt ſleight:
Seuen veſſels in his charge conuaid, their honorable freight;
By fiftie rowers in a barke, moſt expext in the bow:
But he in ſacred *Lemnos* lay, brought miſerably low,
By torment of an vlcer growne, with *Hydras* poyſon'd bloud:
Whoſe ſting was ſuch, *Greece* left him there, in moſt impatient moode:
Medon Oyleus baſe ſonne, captaine in Philoct. place. Yet thought they on him at his ſhip, and chuſde to leade his men,
Medon, *Oyleus* baſtard ſonne, brought forth to him by *Rhen.*

From

From *Thricce*, bleake Ithomens cliffes, and hapleſſe *Oechaly*:
Eurites citie rul'd by him, in wilfull tyranny,
In charge of *Eſculapius* ſonnes, phyſition highly praiſd:
Machaon, *Podalirius*, were thirtie veſſels raiſd:
Who neare *Hiperias* fountaine dwelt, and in *Ormenius*:
The ſnowy tops of *Titanmus*, and in *Afterius*:
Euemons ſonne *Euripilus*, did leade into the field:
Whoſe townes did ſortie blacke-ſaild ſhips, to that encounter yeeld.
Who *Gyrton*, and *Argiſſa* held, *Orthen* and *Elons* ſeate,
And chalkie *Olooſſine*, were led by *Polypete*;
The iſſue of *Perithous*, the ſonne of *Iupiter*.
Him the *Athenian Theſeus* friend, *Hypodamy* did beare;
When he the briſtled ſauages: did giue *Ramnuſia*,
And draue them out of *Pelius*, as farre as *Ethica*.
He came not ſingle, but with him, *Leonteus*, *Corons* ſonne,
An arme of *Mars*; and *Corons* life, *Ceneus* ſeed begunne.
Twiſe twentie ſhips, attended theſe. *Cuneus* next did bring,
From *Cyphus*, twentie ſaile and two, the *Enians* following;
And fierce *Perabi*, that about, *Dodones* frozen mold,
Did plant their houſes, and the men, that did the medowes hold,
Which *Titoreſius* deckes with flowers, and his ſweet current leades,
Into the bright *Peneius*, that hath the ſiluer heads.
Yet with his admirable ſtreame, doth not his waues commixe;
But glides aloft on it like oyle: for tis the ſloud of Stix,
By which th'immortall Gods do ſweare. *Teuthredons* honor'd birth
Prothous led the *Magnets* forth, who neare the ſhadie earth,
Of *Pelius*, and *Peneion*, dwelt; forth reuengefull ſaile
Did follow him; theſe were the Dukes, and Princes of auaile,
That came from Greece: but now the man, that ouerſhin'd them all;
Sing Muſe: and their moſt famous Steeds, to my recitall call,
That both th'*Atrides* followed; faire *Pheretiedes*,
The braueſt mares, did bring by much; *Eumelius* manag'd theſe:
Swift of their feete as birds of wings; both of one haire did ſhine,
Both of an age, both of a height, as meaſur'd by a line:
Whom ſiluer-bow'd *Apollo* bred, in the *Pierean* meade;
Both ſlicke and daintie, yet were both, in warre of wondrous dread.
Great *Aiax Telamon* for ſtrength, paſt all the Peeres of warre,
While vext *Achilles* was away: but he ſurpaſt him farre.
The horſe that bore that faultleſſe man, were likewiſe paſt compare:
Yet lay he at the crookt-ſtern'd ſhips, and furie was his fare,
For *Atreus* ſonnes vngracious deed: his men yet pleaſd their hearts,
With throwing of the holed ſtone; with hurling of their darts,
And ſhooting fairely on the ſhore. Their horſe at chariots fed,
On greateſt parſly, and on ſedge, that in the fens is bred.
His Princes tents their chariots held, that richly couerd were.
His Princes, amorous of their Chiefe, walkt ſtorming here and there,
About the hoſt, and ſcorn'd to fight: their breaths, as they did paſſe,
Before them flew, as if a fire, fed on the trembling graſſe.

The Thriccians, Ithomenians, and Oechalians, whoſe captaines were Podalirius and Machaon. Ships 30.
The Ormenians, with their borderers. Their captaine Euripilus. Ships 40.
Argiſſa, with their borderers. Menepolemus their chiefe, and Leonteus. Ships 40.
The Cyphians, Enians, Perabians. Their chiefe Guneus. Ships 22.
The Magnets. Prothous their chiefe. Ships 40.
Eumelius had the beſt mares of the armie.
Aiax Telamonius the ſtrongeſt Greeke next Achilles.
Achilles the beſt horſe.

Earth vnder-gron'd their high raiſd feet, as when offended *Ioue*,
In *Arime*, *Tipheus*, with ratling thunder droue,
Beneath the earth: in *Arime*, men ſay the graue is ſtill,
Where thunder tomb'd *Typheus*, and is a monſtrous hill.
And as that thunder made earth grone, ſo gron'd it as they paſt,
They trode with ſuch hard-ſet-downe ſteps, and ſo exceeding faſt.
To Troy the rainbow-girded dame, right heauie newes relates,
Iris to the Troians, from Ioue. From *Ioue* (as all to Councell drew, in *Priams* Pallace gates)
Reſembling *Priams* ſonne in voice, *Polytes* ſwift of feet:
In truſt whereof (as Sentinell, to ſee when from the fleet,
The Grecians ſallied) he was ſet, vpon the loftie brow
Of aged *Eſietes* tombe, and this did *Iris* ſhow;
Iris to Priam. O *Priam* thou art alwaies pleaſd, with indiſcreet aduiſe:
And fram'ſt thy life to times of peace, when ſuch a warre doth riſe
As threats ineuitable ſpoyle; I neuer did behold
Such and ſo mightie troupes of men, who trample on the mold,
In number like *Autumnus* leaues, or like the marine ſand:
All ready round about the walles, to vſe a ruining hand.
Hector? I therefore charge thee moſt, this charge to vndertake:
A multitude remaine in *Troy*, will fight for *Priams* ſake,
Of other lands and languages; let euerie leader then
Bring forth, well arm'd into the field, his ſeuerall bands of men.
Strong *Hector* knew, a deitie, gaue charge to this aſſay:
Diſmiſt the Councell ſtraight; like waues, cluſters to armes do ſway:
The ports are all wide open ſet: out ruſht the troopes in ſwarmes,
Both horſe and foote, the citie rung, with ſuddaine cryed alarmes.
Batieia tumulus A Columne ſtands without the towne, that high his head doth raiſe,
A little diſtant, in a plaine, trod downe with diuers waies:
Which men do *Batieia* call, but the immortals name
Myrinnes famous ſepulcher, the wondrous actiue dame.
Here were th' *Auxiliarie* bands, that came in *Troyes* defence,
Diſtinguiſht vnder ſeuerall guides, of ſpeciall excellence.
The Duke of all the Troian power, great helme-deckt *Hector* was:
Hector Generall of the Troians. Which ſtood of many mightie men, well skild in darts of braſſe:
The catalogue of other captaines. *Æneas* of commixed ſeed (a goddeſſe with a man,
Dardans, and Æneas their captaine. *Anchiſes*, with the Queene of loue:) the troopes Dardanian,
Led to the field; his louely Sire, in *Idas* lower ſhade,
Begat him of ſweet *Cypridis*; he ſolely was not made
Chiefe leader of the Dardan powers: *Antenors* valiant ſonnes,
Archilocus. Acamas. *Archilochus*, and *Acamas*, were ioyn'd companions.
Who in *Zelia* dwelt, beneath, the ſacred foote of *Ide*,
That drinke of blacke *Æſepus* ſtreame, and wealth made full of pride;
The Aphnij. Pandarus their leader. (The *Aphnij*) *Lycaons* ſonne, whom *Phœbus* gaue his bow,
(Prince *Pandarus*) did leade to field. Who *Adreſtinus* owe,
(*Apeſus* citie, *Pitai*, and mount *Tereies*)
Adreſtians. Their Chiefe Adreſtus and Amphius. *Adreſtus*, and ſtout *Amphius* led; who did their Sire diſpleaſe,
(*Merops Percoſius*) that exceld, all Troy in heauenly skill,
Of futures-ſearching propheſie: for much againſt his will,

His

His ſonnes were agents in thoſe armes: whom ſince they diſobeyd,
The Fates, in letting ſlip their threds, their haſtie values ſtaid.
Who in *Percotes*, *Practius*, *Arisbe* did abide,
Who *Seſtus* and *Abidus* bred, *Hyrtacides* did guide:
Prince *Aſius Hyrtacides*, that through great *Selees* force,
Brought from *Arisba* to that fight, the great and fierie horſe.
Pyleus, and *Hypothous*, the ſtout Pelaſgians led,
Of them *Lariſſas* fruitfull ſoyle, before had nouriſhed:
Theſe were Pelaſgian *Pithus* ſonnes, ſonne of *Teutamidas*.
The Thracian guides were *Pyrous*, and valiant *Acamas*.
Of all that the impetuous flood, of *Helleſpont* encloſd,
Euphemus, the Ciconian troopes, in his command diſpoſd;
Who from *Trezenius Ceades*, right nobly did deſcend.
Pyrechmes did the Peons rule, that crooked bowes do bend.
From *Axius* out of *Amidon*, he had them in command:
From *Axius*, whoſe moſt beautious ſtreame, ſtill ouerflowes the land.
Pylemen with the well arm'd heart, the Paphlagonians led,
From *Enes*, where the race of mules, fit for the plough is bred:
The men that broad *Cytorus* bounds, and *Seſamus* enfold,
About *Parthenius* loſtie floud, in houſes much extold;
From *Cromna* and *Ægialus*, the men that armes did beare,
And *Eurithymus* ſituate high, *Pylemens* ſoldiers were.
Epiſtrophus and *Dius* did, the Halizonians guide,
Far-fetcht from *Alybe*, where firſt, the ſiluer mines were tride.
Chronius, and Augur *Eunomus*, the Myſians did command,
Who could not with his auguries, the ſtrength of death withſtand:
But ſuffred it beneath the ſtroke, of great *Æacides*,
In *Xanthus*; where he made more ſoules, diue to the Stygian ſeas.
Phorcys and faire *Aſcanius*, the Phrygians brought to warre;
Well train'd for battell, and were come, out of *Aſcania* farre.
With *Methles*, and with *Antiphus* (*Pylemens* ſonnes) did fight,
The men of *Mezon*, whom the fenne, *Gygæa* brought to light.
And thoſe Mæonians that beneath, the mountaine *Tmolus* ſprong;
The rude vnletterd *Cariba*, that barbarous were of tongue,
Did vnder *Nauſtes* colours march, and young *Amphimachus*,
(*Nomyons* famous ſonnes) to whom, the mountaine *Phthirorus*,
That with the famous wood is crown'd; *Miletus*, *Micales*,
That hath ſo many loftie markes, for men that loue the ſeas;
The crooked armes *Meander* bow'd, with his ſo ſnakie flood,
Reſign'd for conduct the choice youth, of all their martiall brood.
The foole *Amphimachus*, to field, brought gold to be his wracke;
Proude-girlelike that doth euer beare, her dowre vpon her backe;
Which wiſe *Achilles* markt; ſlue him, and tooke his gold in ſtriſe,
At *Xanthus* floud; ſo little death, did feare his golden life.
Sarpedon led the Lycians, and *Glaucus* vnreprou'd,
From *Lycia* and the gulfie flood, of *Xanthus* farre remou'd.

Perœſians, Seſtians, Abidens, Arisbaians, led by Aſius.

The Pelaſgians. Their chiefe, Hypothous and Pyleus.

The Thracians. Their chiefe Pyrous & Acamas. Euphemus Capt. of the Ciconians, Pyrechmes Commander of the Peons.

Pylemē captain of the Paphlagonians.

Halizonians, their captaine Epiſtrophus and Dius.
The Myſians. Eunomus and Chronius.

The Phrygians. Their Chiefes Phorcis and Aſcanius.

The Mæonians. Antiphus and Methles captaines.
The Caribes and Mileſians led by Amphimachus and Nauſtes.

The Lycians whoſe Commanders were Sarpedon & Glaucus.

COMMENTARIVS.

a Hos ibitur, &c. Sicut examina prodeunt apum frequentium, &c. *In this* Simile,

mile, Virgil (*vsing the like in imitation*) *is preferd to* Homer; *with what reason I pray you see. Their ends are different*: Homer *intending to expresse the infinite multitude of souldiers euerie where dispersing*; Virgil, *the diligence of builders.* Virgils Simile *is thus.* 1. Æneid.

Qualis apes æstate noua, per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor; cum gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus; aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant; & dulci distendunt Nectare cellas;
Aut onera accipiunt venientum; aut agmine facto;
Ignauum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent:
Feruet opus; redolent thymo fragrantia mella.

Now compare this with Homers, *but in my translation*; *and iudge if to both their ends, there be any such betterneſse in* Virgils: *but that the reuerence of the scholler, due to the maister (euen in these his maligners) might well haue containd their lame censures of the Poeticall furie; from these vnmannerlie and hatefull comparisons. Especially, since* Virgil *hath nothing of his owne, but onely elocution; his inuention, matter, and forme, being all* Homers: *which laid by a man; that which he addeth, is onelie the worke of a woman, to netifie and polish. Nor do I, alas, but the formost ranke of the most ancient and best learned that euer were, come to the field for* Homer; *hiding all other Poets vnder his ensigne: hate not me then, but them; to whom, before my booke I referre you. But much the rather I insist on the former* Simile; *for the word* ἴλαδον, cateruatim, *or* confertim, *which is noted by* Spondanus *to containe all the* ἀπόδοσις, *reddition, or application of the comparison; and is nothing so. For though it be all the reddition* Homer *expresseth; yet he intends two speciall parts in the application more; which he leaues to his iudicial readers vnderstanding, as he doth in all his other* Similes: *since a man may peruially (or as he passeth) discerne all that is to be vnderstood. And here, besides the throngs of souldiers, expreſt in the swarmes of Bees; he intimates the infinite number in those throngs or companies, issuing from fleete so ceaselesly, that there appeared almost no end of their issue: and thirdly, the euerie where dispersing themselues. But* Spondanus *would excuse* Homer, *for expressing no more of his application; with affirming it impossible; that the thing compared, and the comparison, should answer in all parts; and therefore alledges the vulgar vnderstanding of a* Simile, *which is as grosse as it is vulgar; that a similitude must* vno pede semper claudicare. *His reason for it as absurd as the rest: which is this,* si ea inter se omnino respõderent, falleret illud axioma, nullum simile est idem; *as though the generall application of the compared, and the comparison, would make them any thing more the same, or all one; more then the swarmes of Bees, and the throng of souldiers are all one, or the same; for answering most aptly. But that a* Simile *must needs halt of one foote still; showeth how lame vulgar tradition is, especially in her censure of* Poesie. *For who at first sight, will not conceiue it absurd to make a* Simile; *which serues to the illustration and ornament of a* Poeme; *lame of a foote, and idle? The incredible violence suffered by* Homer *in all the rest of his most inimitable* Similes, *being expreſt in his place, will abundantly proue the stupiditie of this tradition: and how iniuriously short his interpreters must needs come of him, in his streight and deepe places; when in his open and faire passages, they halt and hang backe so.*

[b] τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν Θεὸς, &c. hunc quidem clarũ (*or* illustrem) fecit Deus; *as it is by all translated; wherein I note the strange abuse (as I apprehend it) of the word*

ἀρί-

ἀριζηλος; *beginning here, & continuing whereſoeuer it is found in theſe Iliads. It is by the tranſition of* Z *into* Δ *in deriuation, according to the Doricke: for which cauſe our Interpreters will needs haue* Homer *intend* ἀριδηλος, *which is* clarus *or* illuſtris, *when he himſelfe ſaith,* ἀριζηλος; *which is a compound of* ἀρι, *which is* valde, *and* ζηλος, *and ſignifies,* quem valde æmulamur, *or* valde æmulandus, *according to* Scap. *But becauſe* ζηλος *is moſt authentically expounded,* impetus mentis ad cultum diuinum, *that expoſition I follow in this place, and expound* τον μεν αριζηλον βηκεν θεος; hunc quidem magnum impulſum ad cultum diuinum fecit Deus; *becauſe he turned ſo ſodainly and miraculouſly the Dragon to a ſtone. To make it* ἀριδηλον, *and ſay,* clarum, *or* illuſtrem fecit Deus; qui oſtendit, *or* oſtenderat, *(which followes in the verſe) and ſaith thus much in our tongue: God that ſhewed this, made it cleare; is verie little more, then God that ſhewed this, ſhewed it. One way it obſerues the word (betwixt which, and the other, you ſee what great difference) and is faire, full, graue; the other alters the originall, and is vglie, emptie, idle.*

c Αυτηματος δ' ὁ ἠλθε βοην αγαθος Μενελαος, *&c,* Spontanens autem ei venit, voce bonus *Menelaus; and ſome ſay* bello ſtrenuus *Menelaus: which is farre eſtranged from the mind of our* Homer, βοη *ſignifying* vociferatio, *or* clamor, *though ſome will haue it* pugna, ex conſequenti; *becauſe fights are often made with clamor. But* in bello ſtrenuus, *(vnleſſe it be ironically taken) is here ſtraind beyond ſufferance, & is to be expounded* vociferatione bonus *Menelaus: which agreeth with that part of his character in the next booke, that telleth his maner of vtterance or voice: which is* μαλα λιγεως, valde ſtridulè, *or* arguto cum ſtridore; λιγεως *being commonly and moſt properlie taken in the worſe part, and ſignifieth ſhrillie, or noiſefullie, ſqueaking: howſoeuer in the vulgar conuerſion it is in that place moſt groſſelie abuſed. To the conſideration whereof, being of much importance, I referre you in his place. And in the meane time ſhew you, that in this firſt and next verſe,* Homer *(ſpeaking ſcoptically) breakes open the fountaine of his ridiculous humor following: neuer by anie interpreter vnderſtood, or touched at, being yet the moſt ingenious conceited perſon that any man can ſhew in any heroicall* Poeme, *or in any Comicke Poet. And that you may ſomething perceiue him before you reade to him in his ſeuerall places: I will, as I can, in haſte, giue you him here together, as* Homer *at all parts preſents him: viz. ſimple, wel-meaning, ſtanding ſtill affectedlie on telling truth, ſmall, and ſhrill voiced (not ſweet, or eloquent, as ſome moſt againſt the haire would haue him) ſhort ſpoken, after his countrie the Laconicall manner: yet ſpeaking thicke and faſt, induſtrious in the field, and willing to be emploied. And (being* mollis Bellator *himſelfe) ſet ſtill to call to euerie hard ſeruice, the hardieſt. Euen by the wit of* Aiax, *plaid vpon, about whom he would ſtill be diligent: and what he wanted of the martiall furie and facultie himſelfe, that he would be bold to ſupplie out of* Aiax: Aiax *and he, to any for blowes:* Antilochus *and he for wit: (* Antilochus *old* Neſtors *ſonne, a moſt ingenious, valiant, and excellentlie formed perſon.)*

Sometimes valiant, or daring, (as what coward is not) ſometimes falling vpon ſentence, and good matter in his ſpeeches (as what meaneſt capacitie doth not?) Nor vſeth our moſt inimitable Imitator of nature, this croſſe and deformed mixture of his parts, more to colour and auoid too broad a taxation of ſo eminent a perſon; then to follow the true life of nature, being often, or alwaies, expreſt ſo diſparent in her creatures. And therefore the decorum that ſome poore Criticks haue ſtood vpon; to make fooles alwaies fooliſh, cowards at all times cowardly, &c. is farre from the variant order of nature, whoſe principles being contrary, her productions muſt needes con-

taine

taine the like oppoſition.

But now to the firſt; αυτοματος δ' οι ἦλθε, *&c.* Spontaneus autem ei venit, &c. *about which, a paſſing great peece of worke is pickt out by our greateſt Philoſophers, touching the vnbidden coming of* Menelaus *to ſupper or Counſell, which ſome commend; others condemne in him: but the reaſon why he ſtaid not the inuitement, rendered immediatly by* Homer, *none of thẽ will vnderſtand, viz.* Η' δει ϗ κατα θυμον, *&c.* ſciebat enim in animo quantum frater laborabat: *of which verſe his interpreters crie out for the expunction, onely becauſe it was neuer entered in their apprehenſion; which I more then admire (for the eaſineſſe of it) ſo freely offering it ſelfe to their entertainment; and yet vſing the hoofe of* Pegaſus, *onely with a touch breaking open (as aboueſaid) the fountaine of his humor. For thus I expound it, (laying all againe together, to make it plaine enough for you,)* Agamemnon *inuiting all the chiefe Commanders to ſupper, left out his brother; but he, ſeeing how much his brother was troubled about the dreame, and buſied, would not ſtand vpon inuitement, but came of himſelfe. And this being ſpoken* Scopticé, *or by way of irriſion, argueth what manner of man he made of him.* Ineptus enim (*as it is affirmed in* Plutarch, 1. Symp. *and ſecond queſtion*) fuit *Menelaus*, & locum dedit prouerbio, qui ad conſilium dandum acceſſiſſet, non vocatus: *And to this place he had reference, becauſe a Counſell of warre was to be held at this ſupper. And here (I ſay)* Homer *opened the veine of his ſimplicitie, not ſo much in his going vnbidden to ſupper, and Counſell, as in the reaſon for it ironically rendered; that he knew his brother was buſie, &c. And yet that addition, without which the very ſence of our Poet is not ſafe, our interpreters would haue raced.*

The end of the ſecond Booke.

8 AP 58

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

PAris (*betwixt the Hoasts*) *to single fight*
(Of all the Greekes) dares the most hardie knight:
King Menelaus, *doth accept his braue,*
Conditioning that he againe should haue
Faire Helena, *with all she brought to Troy,*
If he subdu'd; else Paris *should enioy*
Her, and her wealth, in peace. Conqueſt doth grant
Her deare wreath to the Grecian combattant;
But Venus, *to her champions life doth yeeld*
Safe reſcue, and conueyes him from the field,
Into his chamber; and for Hellen *ſends;*
Whom much, her lowers foule diſgrace offends;
Yet Venus, *for him ſtill makes good her charmes,*
And ends the ſecond combat in his armes.

Another Argument.

Ganima, *the ſingle fight doth ſing*
Twixt Paris, *and the* Spartan *king.*

WHen euery leaſt Commanders will, beſt ſouldiers had obaide,
And both the hoſts were rang'd for fight, the Troians would haue (fraid
The Greeks with noiſes; crying out, in coming rudely on:
At all parts like the Cranes that fill, with harſh confuſion, *The Troians compared to Cranes.*
Of brutiſh clanges, all the aire: and in ridiculous warre,
(Eſchuing the vnſufferd ſtormes, ſhot from the winters ſtarre)
Viſite the Ocean; and conferre, the Pygmei ſouldiers death.
The Greeks charg'd ſilent, and like men, beſtow'd their thriftie breath *The ſilent aſſalt of the Greekes.*
In ſtrength of far-reſounding blowes; ſtill entertaining care
Of eithers reſcue, when their ſtrength, did their engagements dare.
And as vpon a hils ſteepe tops, the Southwind powres a cloud
To ſhepheards thankleſſe; but by theeues, that loue the night, allowd;
A darkneſſe letting downe, that blinds, a ſtones caſt off men eyes:
Such darkneſſe from the Greeks ſwift feet, (made all of duſt) did riſe.
But ere ſterne conflict mixt both ſtrengths, faire *Paris* ſtept before
The Troian hoſt; athwart his backe, a Panthers hide he wore,
A crooked bow, and ſword, and ſhooke, two brazen-headed darts;
With which (well arm'd) his tongue prouok't, the beſt of Grecian hearts
To ſtand with him in ſingle fight. Whom, when the man wrong'd moſt
Of all the Greekes, ſo glorioufly, ſaw ſtalke before the hoſt;

As when a Lion is reioyc't (with hunger halfe forlorne)
That finds ſome ſweet prey; (as a Hart, whoſe grace lies in his horne,
Or Syluane Goate) which he deuours, though neuer ſo purſu'd
With dogs and men; ſo *Spartas* king, exulted, when he view'd
The faire-fac'd *Paris* ſo expoſde, to his ſo thirſted wreake,
Whereof his good cauſe made him ſure. The Grecian front did breake,
And forth he ruſht, at all parts arm'd: leapt from his chariot,
And royally prepar'd for charge. Which ſeene, cold terror ſhot
Paris flieth at ſight of Menelaus. Simile. The heart of *Paris*, who retir'd, as headlong from the king,
As in him, he had ſhund his death: and as a hilly ſpring,
Preſents a ſerpent to a man, full vnderneath his feete,
Her blew necke (ſwolne with poiſon) raiſd, and her ſting out, to greet
His heedleſſe entrie: ſodainely, his walke he altereth;
Starts backe amaz'd, is ſhooke with feare, and lookes as pale as death:
So *Menelaus*, *Paris* ſcar'd: ſo that diuine fac't foe,
Shrunke in his beauties. Which beheld, by *Hector*, he let go
Hector to Paris. This bitter checke at him. Accurſt, made but in beauties ſkorne;
Impoſtor, womans man! O heauen, that thou hadſt neare bene borne,
Or (being ſo manleſſe) neuer liu'd, to beare mans nobleſt ſtate,
The nuptiall honor; which I wiſh, becauſe it were a fate
Much better for thee, then this ſhame; this ſpectacle doth make
A man a monſter: Harke how lowd, the Greekes laugh, who did take
Thy faire forme, for a continent, of parts as faire; a rape
Thou mad'ſt of Nature, like their Queene. No ſoule; an emptie ſhape
Takes vp thy being: yet, how ſpight, to euerie ſhade of good,
Fils it with ill? for as thou art, thou couldſt collect a brood
Of others like thee: and farre hence, fetch ill enough to vs;
Euen to thy father: all theſe friends; make thoſe foes mocke them thus,
In thee: for whoſe ridiculous ſake, ſo ſeriouſly they lay,
All Greece, and Fate vpon their necks: O wretch! not dare to ſtay
Weake *Menelaus*? But twas well: for in him, thou hadſt tried
What ſtrength, loſt beautie can infuſe; and with the more griefe died,
To feele thou robdſt a worthier man; to wrong a ſouldiers right.
Your Harps ſweet touch, curld lockes, fine ſhape, and gifts ſo exquiſite,
Giuen thee by *Venus*, would haue done, your fine Dames little good,
When bloud and duſt had ruffled them; and had as little ſtood
Thy ſelfe in ſtead; but what thy care, of all theſe in thee flies,
We ſhould inflict on thee our ſelues: infectious cowardiſe
(In thee) hath terrified our hoſt; for which, thou well deſeru'ſt
A coate of Tomb-ſtone, not of ſteele: in which, for forme thou ſeru'ſt.
Paris to Hector. To this thus *Paris* ſpake, (for forme, that might inhabit heauen)
Hector! Becauſe thy ſharpe reproofe, is out of iuſtice giuen,
I take it well: but though thy heart (inur'd to theſe affrights
Cuts through them, as an axe through Oke; that, more vſd, more excites
The workmans facultie: whoſe art, can make the edge go farre;
Yet I (leſſe practiſd, then thy ſelfe, in theſe extremes of warre)
May well be pardond, though leſſe bold; in theſe, your worth exceeds;
In others, mine: Nor is my mind, of leſſe force to the deeds

Re-

Requir'd in warre; becauſe my forme, more flowes in gifts of peace.
Reproach not therefore the kind gifts, of golden *Cypriden*;
All heau'ns gifts haue their worthie price; as little to be ſcorn'd,
As to be wonne with ſtrength, wealth, ſtate; with which, to be adorn'd,
Some man would change, ſtate, wealth, or ſtrength. But if your martiall heart
Wiſh me to make my challenge good, and hold it ſuch a part
Of ſhame to giue it ouer thus; cauſe all the reſt to reſt;
And twixt both hoſts, let *Spartan* king, and me performe our beſt,
For *Hellen*, and the wealth ſhe brought: and he that ouercomes,
Or proues ſuperiour any way, in all your equall doomes,
Let him enioy her vtmoſt wealth, keepe her, or take her home;
The reſt ſtrike leagues of endleſſe date, and heartie friends become;
You dwelling ſafe in gleby Troy, the Greekes retire their force,
T'Achaia, that breeds faireſt Dames: and Argos, faireſt horſe.
He ſaid, and his amendsfull words, did *Hector* highly pleaſe;
Who ruſht betwixt the fighting hoaſts, and made the Troians ceaſe,
By holding vp, in midſt, his lance: the Grecians noted not
The ſignall he for parle vſde, but at him fiercely ſhot;
Hurld ſtones, and ſtill were leuelling darts. At laſt, the king of men
(Great *Agamemnon*) cried alowd: Argiues? for ſhame containe:
Youths of Achaia? ſhoot no more; the faire-helm'd *Hector* ſhowes
As he deſir'd to treate with vs. This ſaid, all ceaſt from blowes;
And *Hector* ſpake to both the hoſts: Troians? and hardie Greekes?
Heare now, what he that ſtird theſe warres, for their ceſſation ſeekes:
He bids vs all, and you diſarme, that he alone may fight
With *Menelaus*, for vs all; for *Hellen* and her right,
With all the dowre ſhe brought to Troy; and he that wins the day,
Or is, in all the art of armes, ſuperiour any way;
The Queene, and all her ſorts of wealth, let him at will enioy;
The reſt ſtrike truce; and let loue ſeale, firme leagues twixt Greece and Troy.
The Greeke hoſt wondred at this Braue: ſilence flew euery where;
At laſt, ſpake *Spartan* warlike king: Now alſo giue me eare,
Whom griefe giues moſt cauſe of replie; I now haue hope to free
The Greekes and Troians of all ils, they haue ſuſtaind for me
And *Alexander*, that was cauſe, I ſtretcht my ſplene ſo farre.
Of both then, which is neareſt fate, let his death end the warre:
The reſt immediatly retire, and greet all homes in peace.
Go then (to bleſſe your champion, and giue his powers ſucceſſe)
Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sunne, (the Gods on whom ye call)
Two lambes, a blacke one and a white: a femall, and a male;
And we, another for our ſelues, will fetch, and kill to *Ioue*;
To ſigne which rites, bring *Priams* force; becauſe we well approue,
His ſonnes perfidious, enuious, (and out of practiſd bane
To faith, when ſhe beleeues in them) *Ioues* high truce may prophane,
All yong mens hearts, are ſtill vnſtaid: but in thoſe wel-weigh'd deeds
An old man will conſent to paſſe, things paſt, and what ſucceeds
He lookes into; that he may know, how beſt to make his way
Through both the fortunes of a fact: and will the worſt obay.

Agamemnon reſtraines the fight againſt Hector.

Hector to the Greekes and Troians.

Menelaus to both the armies.

(This granted,) A delightfull hope, both Greekes and Troians fed,
Of long'd-for reſt, from thoſe long toyles, their tedious warre had bred.
Their horſes then in ranke they ſet, drawne from their chariots round;
Deſcend themſelues, tooke off their armes, and plac't them on the ground,
Neare one another; for the ſpace, twixt both the hoſts was ſmall.
Hector ſendeth for Priam. *Hector* two heralds ſent to Troy, that they from thence might call
King *Priam*; and to bring the lambes, to rate the truce they ſwore.
But *Agamemnon* to the fleet, *Talthibius* ſent before,
To fetch their lambe; who nothing ſlackt, the royall charge was giuen.
Iris to Hellen. [a] *Iris* the raine-bow then came downe, Ambaſſadreſſe from heauen,
To white-arm'd *Hellen*; ſhe aſſum'd, at euery part, the grace
Of *Hellens* laſt loues ſiſters ſhape; who had the higheſt place
In *Hellens* loue; and had to name, *Laodice*; moſt faire
Of all the daughters *Priam* had: and made the nuptiall paire,
With *Helicaon*; royall ſproute, of old *Antenors* ſeed;
She found Queene *Hellena* at home, at worke about a weed,
Wou'n for her ſelfe: it ſhin'd like fire; was rich, and full of ſiſe;
The worke of both ſides being alike, in which ſhe did compriſe
The many labors, warlike Troy, and braſſe-arm'd Greece endur'd,
For her faire ſake, by cruell *Mars*, and his ſterne friends procur'd.
Iris came in in ioyfull haſte, and ſaid: O come with me,
(Lou'd Nymph) and an admired ſight, of Greekes and Troians ſee;
Who firſt on one another brought, a warre ſo full of teares,
(Euen thirſtie of contentious warre) now euerie man forbeares,
And friendly by each other ſits, each leaning on his ſhield;
Their long and ſhining lances pitcht, faſt by them in the field.
Paris, and *Spartas* king alone, muſt take vp all the ſtrife;
And he that conquers, onely call, faire *Hellena* his wife.
Thus ſpake the thouſand colour'd Dame: and to her mind commends
Hellens deſire to ſee her firſt huſband & friends. The ioy to ſee her firſt eſpouſd, her natiue tow'rs, and friends;
Which ſtir'd a ſweet deſire in her, to ſerue the which, ſhe hi'd:
Shadowed her graces with white veiles, and (though ſhe tooke a pride
To ſet her thoughts at gaze, and ſee, in her cleare beauties flood
What choice of glorie ſwum to her, yet tender womanhood)
Seaſon'd with teares, her ioyes to ſee, more ioyes the more offences:
And that perfection could not flow, from earthly excellence.
Thus went ſhe forth, and tooke with her, her women moſt of name,
Æthra, *Pittheus* louely birth: and *Clymene*, whom fame
Hath, for her faire eyes, memoriſd. They reacht the Scæan towrs,
Where *Priam* ſat to ſee the fight, with all his Counſellours,
Panthous, *Lampus*, *Clitius*, and ſtout *Hycetaon*,
Thimates, wiſe *Antenor*, and profound *Vcalegon*:
Old men, and their weake veterance, moſt aptly compared to Graſhoppers and their ſinging. All graue old men, and ſouldiers, they had bene, but for age
Now left the warres; yet Counſellors, they were exceeding ſage.
And, as in well-growne woods, on trees, cold ſpinie Graſhoppers
Sit chirping, and ſend voices out, that ſcarce can pierce our eares,
[b] For ſoftneſſe, and their weake faint ſounds: So (talking on the towre)
Theſe Seniors of the people ſate: who when they ſaw the powre

Of

Of beauty, in the Queene ascend; even those cold-spirited Peeres;
Those wise, and almost withered men, found this heate in their yeeres;
That they were forc't (though whispering to say) what man can blame
The Greekes and Trojans to endure, for so admir'd a Dame,
So many miseries, and so long? In her sweet countenance shine
Lookes like the Goddesses: and yet (though never so divine)
Before we boast, unjustly still, of her enforced prise,
And justly suffer for her sake, with all our progenies,
Labour and ruine, let her goe: the profit of our land,
Must passe the beauty. Thus, though these could beare so fit a hand
On their affections; yet when all their gravest powers were usde,
They could not chuse but welcome her, and rather they accusde
The gods then beauty; for thus spake the most fam'd King of Troy;
Come, loved daughter, sit by me, and take the worthy joy
Of thy first husbands sight; old friends, and Princes neare allyed:
And name me some of these brave Greekes, so manly beautified.
Come: doe not thinke I lay the warres, endur'd by us, on thee,
The gods have sent them, and the teares, in which they swumme to me,
Sit then, and name this goodly Greeke, so tall, and broadly spred,
Who then the rest, that stand by him, is higher by the head;
The bravest man I ever saw, and most maiesticall;
His onely presence makes me thinke him King amongst them all.

Hellens beautie moves even the eldest.

Priam calls Hellen to informe him of the Greek Princes.

The fairest of her sexe replyed; Most reverend father in law:
Most lov'd, most fear'd, would some ill death had seisd me, when I saw
The first meane, why I wrong'd you thus, that I had never lost
The sight of these my ancient friends, of him that lov'd me most,
Of my sole daughter, brothers both, with all those kindely mates,
Of one soyle, one age borne with me, though under different fates,
But these boones envious starres deny; the memory of these,
In sorrow pines those beauties now, that then did too much please;
Nor satisfie they your demand, to which I thus reply:
That's *Agamemnon*, (*Atreus* sonne) the great in Empire;
A King, whom double royaltie doth crowne, being great and good;
And one that was my brother in law, when I contain'd my bloud,
And was more worthy, if at all, I might be said to be,
My Being, being lost so soone, in all that honour'd me?

Hellen to Priam

The good old King admir'd, and said: O *Atreus* blessed sonne!
Borne under joyfull destinies, that hast the Empire wonne
Of such a world of Grecian youths, as I discover here;
I once marcht into Phrygia, that many vines doth beare,
Where many Phrygians I beheld, well skild in use of horse,
That of the two men, like two gods, were the commanded force,
(*Otreus*, and great *Migdonius*) who on Sangarius sands,
Set downe their tents, with whom my selfe (for my assistant bands)
Was numbred as a man in chiefe: the cause of warre was then,
Th'Amazon dames, that in their facts, affected to be men.
In all, there was a mighty powre, which yet did never rise,
To equall these Achaian youths, that have the sable eyes;

Priams admiration of Agamemnon.

Then (ſeeing *Vlyſſes* next) he ſaid, Lov'd daughter, what is he,
That lower then great *Atreus* ſonne, ſeemes by the head to me?
Yet in his ſhoulders, and big breaſt, preſents a broader ſhow,
His armor lyes upon the earth: he up and downe doth go,
To ſee his ſoulders keepe their rankes, and ready have their armes,
If, in this truce, they ſhould be tried by any falſe alarmes:
Much like a well growne Bel-weather, or feltred Ram he ſhewes,
That walkes before a wealthy flocke of faire white-fleeced Ewes.
High *Iove*, and Ledas faireſt ſeed, to *Priam* thus replies:
Vlyſſes deſcribed This is the old *Laertes* ſonne, *Vlyſſes* cald the wiſe;
Who, though unfruitfull *Ithaca*, was made his nurſing ſeate,
Yet knowes he every ſort of ſleight: and is in counſels great.
The wiſe *Antenor* anſwerd her, tis true, renowned Dame;
Antenor to Helen by way of digreſſion. For, ſome times paſt, wiſe *Ithacus*, to Troy a Legate came
With *Menelaus*, for your cauſe: to whom I gave receit,
As gueſts, and welcom'd to my houſe, with all the love I might.
I learn'd the wiſedomes of their ſoules, and humors of their bloud:
For when the Troian Councell met, and theſe together ſtood,
By height of his broad ſhoulders had *Atrides* eminence,
Yet ſet, *Vlyſſes* did exceed, and bred more reverence.
And when their counſels and their words, they wove in one, the ſpeech
Of *Atreus* ſonne was paſſing loud, ſmall, faſt, yet did not reach
To much; being naturally borne Laconicall: nor would
His humour lye for any thing, or was (like th'other) old.
But when the prudent *Ithacus*, did to his counſels riſe,
He ſtood a little ſtill, and fixt upon the earth his eyes;
His ſcepter moving neither way, but held it formally,
Like one that vainely doth affect. Of wrathfull qualitie,
And franticke (raſhly iudging him) you would have ſaid he was,
But when out of his ample breaſt, he gave his great voyce paſſe,
Vlyſſes wiſedome amirably illuſtrated by ſimiſitude. And words that flew about our eares, like drifts of winters ſnow;
None thenceforth might contend with him, though nought admird for ſhow.
The third man, aged *Priam* markt, was *Aiax Telamon*:
Of whom he askt, What Lord is that ſo large of limme and bone,
So raiſd in height, that to his breaſt, I ſee there reacheth none?
To him the Goddeſſe of her ſexe, the large veild *Hellen* ſaid;
Aiax Telamon the Grecian bulwarke. That Lord is *Aiax Telamon*, a Bulwarke in their aide:
Idomenus King of Crete. On th'other ſide ſtands *Idomen*, in Crete of moſt command,
And round about his royall ſides, his Cretane Captaines ſtand.
Oft hath the warlike Spartan King, given hoſpitable due
To him within our Lacene court, and all his retinue.
And now the other Achive Dukes, I generally diſcerne,
All which I know, and all their names, could make thee quickly learne.
Two Princes of the people yet, I no where can behold;
Caſtor and Pollux brothers to Helen. *Caſtor*, the skilfull Knight on horſe, and *Pollux* uncontrold,
For all ſtand-fights, and force of hand; both at a burthen bred,
My naturall brothers: either here, they have not followed,
From lovely Sparta; or (arriv'd within the ſea-borne fleet)

(In

(In feare of infamie for me) in broad field ſhame to meet.
Nor ſo; for holy *Tellus* wombe, incloſd thoſe worthy men,
In *Sparta*, their beloued ſoyle. The voicefull heralds then,
The firme agreement of the Gods, through all the citie ring:
Two lambs, and ſpirit-refreſhing wine (the fruit of earth) they bring,
Within a Goates-kin bortle cloſd; *Idæus* alſo brought
A maſſie glittering boll, and cups, that all of gold were wrought:
Which bearing to the king they cride; Sonne of *Laomedon*,
Riſe; for the wel-rode Peeres of Troy, and braſſe-arm'd Greekes in one,
Send to thee, to deſcend to field, that they firme vowes may make;
For, *Paris* and the *Spartan* king, muſt fight for *Hellens* ſake,
With long arm'd lances; and the man, that proues victorious,
The woman and the wealth ſhe brought, ſhall follow to his houſe;
The reſt knit friendſhip, and firme leagues; we ſafe in Troy ſhall dwell;
In Argos and Achaia they, that do in dames excell.
He ſaid, and *Priams* aged ioints, with chilled feare did ſhake;
Yet inſtantly he bad his men, his chariot readie make.
Which ſoone they did, and he aſcends: he takes the reines, and guide,
Antenor cals; who inſtantly, mounts to his royall ſide;
And through the Scæan ports, to field, the ſwift-foote horſe they driue.
And when at them of Troy and Greece, the aged Lords arriue,
From horſe, on Troyes well feeding ſoyle, twixt both the hoſts they go.
When ſtraight vp roſe the king of men, vp roſe *Vlyſſes* to;
The heralds in their richeſt cotes, repeate (as was the guiſe)
The true vowes of the Gods; term'd theirs, ſince made before their eyes.
Then in a cup of gold they mixe, the wine that each ſide brings;
And next, powre water on the hands, of both the kings of kings.
Which done, *Atrides* drew his knife, that euermore he put
Within the large ſheath of his ſword: with which, away he cut
The wooll from both fronts of the lambs, which (as a rite in vſe
Of execration to their heads, that brake the plighted truce)
The heralds of both hoſts did giue, the Peeres of both. And then
With hands and voice aduanc't to heauen, thus prayd the king of men:
O *Ioue*, that *Ida* doſt protect, and haſt the titles wonne,
Moſt glorious, moſt inuincible; And thou all-ſeeing Sunne;
All-hearing, all-recomforting; floods? earth? and powers beneath?
That all the periuries of men, chaſtiſe euen after death;
Be witneſſe, and ſee perform'd, the heartie vowes we make;
If *Alexander* ſhall the life, of *Menelaus* take,
He ſhall from henceforth *Hellena*, with all her wealth retaine;
And we will to our houſhold Gods, hoyſe ſaile, and home againe.
If by my honourd brothers hand, be *Alexander* ſlaine,
The Troians then, ſhall his forc't Queene, with all her wealth reſtore,
And pay conuenient fine to vs, and ours for euermore.
If *Priam*, and his ſonnes denie, to pay this, thus agreed,
When *Alexander* ſhall be ſlaine; for that perfidious deed,
And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearely they repay
By death and ruine, the amends, that falſhood keepes away.

The heralds prepare for the compact.

Idæus to Priamus.

Agamemnons himſelfs prayer.

The contract is confirmed.

This ſaid, the throtes of both the lambs, cut with his royall knife;
He laid them panting on the earth, till (quite depriu'd of life)
The ſteele had robd them of their ſtrength. Then golden cups they crownd,
With wine out of a ciſterne drawne: which powr'd vpon the ground,
They fell vpon their humble knees, to all the deities,
And thus pray'd one of both the hoſts, that might do ſacrifice;

Now one prates whoſe office was to do ſacrifice.

O *Iupiter*, moſt high, moſt great, and all the deathleſſe powers;
Who firſt ſhall dare to violate, the late ſworne oaths of ours,
So let the bloods and braines of them, and all they ſhall produce,
Flow on the ſtaind face of the earth; as now, this ſacred iuice:
And let their wiues with baſtardie, brand all their future race.
Thus praid they: but with wiſht effects, their prayrs *Ioue* did not grace.

Priam to both hoſts.

When *Priam* ſaid; Lords of both hoaſts! I can no longer ſtay,
To ſee my lou'd ſonne trie his life; and ſo muſt take my way
To winde-expoſed Ilion. *Ioue* yet and heauens high States,
Know onely, which of theſe muſt now, pay tribute to the Fates.

Priam and Antenor returne to Troy.

Thus putting in his coach the lambs, he mounts, and reines his horſe;
Antenor to him; and to Troy, both take their ſpeedie courſe.

Hector and Vlyſſes meaſure the ground for the combat.

Then *Hector* (*Priams* Martiall ſonne) ſtept forth, and met the ground,
(With wiſe *Vlyſſes*) where the blowes, of combat muſt reſound.
Which done, into a helme they put, two lots, to let them know,
Which of the combattants ſhould firſt, his braſſe-pil'd iaueline throw.
When, all the people ſtanding by, with hands held vp to heauen,
Pray'd *Ioue*, the conqueſt might not be, by force or fortune giuen;
But that the man, who was in right, the author of moſt wrong,
Might feele his iuſtice; and no more, theſe tedious warres prolong;
But ſinking to the houſe of death, leaue them (as long before)
Linkt faſt in leagues of amitie, that might diſſolue no more.

Hector ſhakes the helme, and Paris draws the lot to hurle firſt.

Then *Hector* ſhooke the helme that held, the equall doomes of chance;
Look't backe, and drew; and *Paris* firſt, had lot to hurle his lance.
The ſouldiers all ſat downe enrank't, each by his armes and horſe,
That then lay downe, and cool'd their hooſes. And now th'allotted courſe
Bids faire-haird *Helens* husband arme: who firſt makes faſt his greaues,

He armes.

With ſiluer buckles to his legs: then on his breaſt receiues
The curets that *Lycaon* wore, (his brother) but made fit
For his faire bodie: next, his ſword, he tooke, and faſtned it
(All damaskt) vnderneath his arme: his ſhield then, graue and great,
His ſhoulders wore: and on his head, his glorious helme he ſet;
Topt with a plume of horſes haire, that horribly did dance,
And ſeem'd to threaten as he mou'd. At laſt he takes his lance,
Exceeding big, and full of weight; which he, with eaſe could vſe.

Menelaus arms

In like ſort, Spartas warlike king, himſelfe with armes indues.
Thus arm'd at either armie both, they both ſtood brauely in,
Poſſeſſing both hoſts with amaze: they came ſo chin to chin;
And with ſuch horrible aſpects, each other did ſalute.
A faire large field was made for them: where wraths (for hugeneſſe) mute
And mutuall, made them mutually, at either ſhake their darts,

The combat.

Before they threw: then *Paris* firſt, with his long iaueline parts;

It

It ſmote *Atrides* orbie Targe: but ranne not through the braſſe
For in it (arming well the ſhield) the head reflected was.
Then did the ſecond combattant, applie him to his ſpeare:
Which ere he threw, he thus beſought, almightie *Iupiter*:
O *Ioue*! vouchſafe me now reuenge, and that my enemie, *Menelaus prayeth to Ioue.*
(For doing wrong ſo vndeſeru'd) may pay deſeruedly
The paines he forfeited; and let, theſe hands inflict thoſe paines,
By conquering, I, by conquering dead, him on whom life complaines:
That any now, or any one, of all the brood of men
To liue hereafter, may with feare, from all offence abſtaine,
(Much more from all ſuch foule offence) to him that was his hoſt,
And entertain'd him, as the man, whom he affected moſt.
This ſaid, he ſhooke, and threw his lance; which ſtrooke through *Paris* ſhield
And with the ſtrength he gaue to it, it made the curets yeeld;
His coate of Maile, his breaſt and all: and draue his intrailes in,
In that low region, where the guts, in three ſmall parts begin:
Yet he, in bowing of his breaſt, preuented ſable death.
This taint he follow'd with his ſword, drawne from a ſiluer ſheath:
Which (lifting high) he ſtrooke his helme, full where his plume did ſtand, *Menelaus ſword breaketh.*
On which, it peece-meale brake, and fell, from his vnhappie hand.
At which, he ſighing ſtood, and ſtar'd, vpon the ample skie,
And ſaid, O *Ioue*, there is no God, giuen more illiberally *Menelaus at Iupiter.*
To thoſe that ſerue thee, then thy ſelfe; why haue I pray'd in vaine?
I hop't my hand ſhould haue reueng'd, the wrongs I ſtill ſuſtaine
On him that did them; and ſtill dares, their foule defence purſue;
And now my lance hath miſt his end, my ſword in ſhiuers flew,
And he ſcapes all. With this againe, he ruſht vpon his gueſt,
And caught him by the horſe-haire plume, that dangl'd on his creſt;
With thought, to drag him to the Greekes; which he had ſurely done,
And ſo (beſides the victorie) had wondrous glorie wonne;
(Becauſe the needle-painted lace, with which his helme was tied
Beneath his chin, and ſo about, his daintie throte implyed,
Had ſtrangl'd him:) but that in time, the *Cyprian* ſeed of *Ioue*,
Did breake the ſtring, with which was lin'd, that which the needle woue;
And was the tough thong of a Steere, and ſo the victors palme
Was (for ſo full a man at armes) onely an emptie helme.
That then he ſwong about his head, and caſt among his friends;
Who ſcrambled, and took't vp with ſhouts. Againe then he intends,
To force the life blood of his foe, and ranne on him amaine,
With ſhaken iaueline; when the Queene, that louers loues, againe
Attended; and now rauiſht him, from that encounter quite, *Venus rapture of Paris from Menelaus. This place Virgil imitateth.*
With eaſe, and wondrous ſodainly; for ſhe (a Goddeſſe) might.
She hid him in a cloud of gold, and neuer made him knowne,
Till in his chamber, (freſh and ſweet) ſhe gently ſet him downe;
And went for *Hellen*, whom ſhe found, in Scaras vtmoſt height;
To which, whole ſwarmes of citie Dames, had climb'd to ſee the fight.
To giue her errand good ſucceſſe; ſhe tooke on her the ſhape, *Venus like Geras to Helen.*
Of beldame *Geras*, who was brought, by *Helen* in her rape,

From

From Lacedæmon, and had truſt, in all her ſecrets ſtill;
Being old, and had (of all her maids) the maine bent of her will;
And ſpun for her, her fineſt wooll; like her, loues Empreſſe came,
Puld *Hellen* by the heauenly veile, and ſoftly ſaid: Madame?
My Lord cals for you, you muſt needs, make all your kind haſte home;
He's in your chamber, ſtayes, and longs; ſits by your bed; pray come,
Tis richly made, and ſweet; but he, more ſweet; and lookes ſo cleate,
So freſh, and mouingly attir'd: that (ſeeing) you would ſweare,
He came not from the duſtie fight, but from a courtly dance,
Or would to dancing. This ſhe made, a charme for dalliance;
Whoſe vertue *Hellen* felt, and knew (by her ſo radiant eyes,
White necke, and moſt enticing breaſts) the deified diſguiſe.

Hellen chideth Venus.

At which amaz'd, ſhe anſwerd her: vnhappie Deitie?
Why lou'ſt thou ſtill in theſe deceipts, to wrap my phantaſie?
Or whether yet (of all the townes, giuen to their luſt beſide,
In Phrygia, or Mæonia) com'ſt thou to be my guide?
If there (of diuers languag'd men) thou haſt (as here in Troy)
Some other friend, to be my ſhame? ſince here thy lateſt ioy,
By *Menelaus* now ſubdu'd; by him, ſhall I be borne
Home to his Court; and end my life, in triumphs of his ſcorne.
And to this end, would thy deceits, my wanton life allure.
Hence, go thy ſelfe to *Priams* ſonne, and all the wayes abiure
Of Gods, or Godlike minded Dames, nor euer turne againe
Thy earth-affecting feet to heauen: but for his ſake, ſuſtaine
Toiles here: guard, grace him endleſly: till he requite thy grace,
By giuing thee my place with him: or take his ſeruants place,
If all diſhonourable wayes, your fauours ſeeke to ſerue
His neuer-pleaſd incontinence: I better will deſerue,
Then ſerue his dotage now: what ſhame, were it for me to feed
This luſt in him? all honour'd Dames, would hate me for the deed;
He leaues a womans loue ſo ſham'd, and ſhowes ſo baſe a mind;
To feele, nor my ſhame, nor his owne; griefes of a greater kind
Wound me, then ſuch as can admit, ſuch kind delights ſo ſoone.

Venus terrifies Hellen.

The Goddeſſe (angrie, that paſt ſhame, her meere will was not done)
Replied: Incenſe me not you wretch, leſt (once incenſt) I leaue
Thy curſt life to as ſtrange a hate, as yet it may receiue
A loue from me; and leſt I ſpread, through both hoſts ſuch deſpite,
For thoſe plagues they haue felt for thee, that both abiure thee quite.
And (ſetting thee in midſt of both) turne all their wraths on thee,
And dart thee dead: that ſuch a death, may wreake thy wrong of me.
This ſtrooke the faire Dame with ſuch feare, it tooke her ſpeech away;
And (ſhadowed in her ſnowy veile) ſhe durſt not but obay:
And yet (to ſhun the ſhame ſhe fear'd) ſhe vaniſht vndeſcride
Of all the Troian Ladies there; for *Venus* was her guide.

Hellen followeth Venus from the port.

Arriu'd at home; her women both, fell to their worke in haſt;
When ſhe that was of all her ſexe, the moſt diuinely grac't,
Aſcended to a higher roome, though much againſt her will,
Where louely *Alexander* was, being led by *Venus* ſtill.

The

The laughter-louing Dame diſcern'd, her mou'd mind, by her grace:
And (for her mirth ſake) ſet a ſtoole, full before *Paris* face;
Where ſhe would needs haue *Hellen* ſit: who (though ſhe durſt not chuſe
But ſit, yet) lookt away for all, the Goddeſſe powre could vſe;
And vſd her tongue too, and to chide, whom *Venus* ſooth'd ſo much;
And chid too, in this bitter kind; And was thy cowardiſe ſuch,
(So conquerd) to be ſeene aliue? O, would to God thy life
Had periſht by his worthy hand, to whom I firſt was wife.
Before this, thou wouldſt glorifie, thy valour, and thy lance;
And, paſt my firſt Loues, boaſt them farre: Go once more, and aduance
Thy braues againſt his ſingle power: this foile might fall by chance.
Poore conquerd man; twas ſuch a chance, as I would not aduiſe,
Thy valour ſhould prouoke againe: ſhun him thou moſt vnwiſe;
Leſt next, thy ſpirit ſent to hell, thy bodie be his priſe.
He anſwerd; Pray thee woman ceaſſe, to chide and grieue me thus:
Diſgraces will not euer laſt; looke on their end; on vs
Will other Gods, at other times, let fall the victors wreath,
As on him *Pallas* put it now. Shall our loue ſinke beneath
The hate of fortune? In loues fire, let all hates vaniſh: Come,
Loue neuer ſo inflam'd my heart; no not, when (bringing home
Thy beauties ſo delicious priſe) on Cranaes bleſt ſhore
I long'd for, and enioyd thee firſt. With this, he went before
She after, to the odorous bed. While theſe to pleaſure yeeld,
Perplext *Atrides*, ſauage-like, ran vp and downe the field,
And euery thickeſt troope of Troy, and of their farre-cald aid,
Searcht for his foe; who could not be, by any eye betraid;
Nor out of friendſhip (out of doubt) did they conceale his ſight;
All hated him ſo like their deaths, and ow'd him ſuch deſpight.
At laſt thus ſpake the king of men: Heare me, ye men of Troy,
Ye Dardans and the reſt, whoſe powers, you in their aides employ;
The conqueſt on my brothers part, ye all diſcerne is cleare:
Do you then Argiue *Hellena*, with all her treaſure here
Reſtore to vs, and pay the mulct, that by your vowes is due,
Yeeld vs an honourd recompence: and all that ſhould accrue,
To our poſterities, confirme; that when you render it,
Our acts here may be memoriſd. This all Greekes elſe thought fit.

Venus mirth with Hellen.

Hellens bitter reproofe of Paris.

Paris to Hellen.

Menelaus ſeeketh for Paris through the troopes

Agamemnon to both the armies.

COMMENTARIVS.

[a] Ἶρις δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένην, &c. Iris autem Helene, &c. *Elegantly, and moſt aptly (ſaith* Spondanus) *is* Hellen *called by* Homer, *to the ſpectacle of this ſingle fight: as being the chiefe perſon in cauſe of all the action. The chiefe end of whoſe coming yet, enuiouſly and moſt vainly* Scaligers Criticus *taxeth. Which was her relation to* Priam, *of the perſons he noted there: ieſting (with his French wit) at this Greeke Father, & fount of all wit; for making* Priam *to ſeek now of their names and knowledges, when nine yeares together they had lien there before. A great peece of neceſſitie to make him therefore know them before, when there was no ſuch vrgent occaſion before, to bring* Priam *to note them? nor ſo calme a conuenience, in their ordered and quiet diſtinction? But let his criticiſme in this be weighed with his other faults found in our mai-*

maister: as, for making lightning in winter before snow or raine; which the most ignorant vpland peasant could teach him out of his obseruations. For which yet, his Criticus *hath the proiect impudence to taxe* Homer. *Most falsly repeating his words too: saying,* Vbi ningit, *when he saith,* πυχνὰ δ' ἔπολλεν ὄμβρον, *&c.* Parans, *or* struens, vel multum imbrem, immensamue grandinem, vel niuem: *preparing, or going about those moist impressions in the aire, not in present act with them. From this immediatly and most rabidly he ranges to* Vlysses *reprehension, for killing the woers with his bow, in the* Odysses. *Then to his late vomite againe in the* Iliads *the verie next word, and enuieth* Achilles *horse for speaking, (because himselfe would haue all the tong) when, in sacred writ,* Balaams *Asse could haue taught him, the like hath bene heard of. Yet now to the* Odysses *againe with a breath, and challengeth* Vlysses *ship for suffering* Neptune *to turne it to a rocke. Here is strange laying out, for a maister so curiously methodicall. Not with what Graces, with what Muses, we may aske he was inspired: but with what Harpyes? what Furies? putting the* putidum mendacium *vpon* Homer. Putidus, ineptus, frigidus, puerilis, *(being termes fitter for a scold or a bawd, then a man softened by learning) he belcheth against him, whom all the world hath reuerenced, and admired, as the fountaine of all wit, wisdome, and learning. What touch is it to me then, to beare spots of deprauations, when my great maister is thus muddily dawb'd with it? But who euer saw true learning, wisdome, or wit, vouchsafe mansion in any proud, vaineglorious, and braggartly spirit, when their chiefe act and end is, to abandon and abhorre it? Language, reading, habite of speaking, or writing in other learning, I grant in this reuiler great and abundant: but in this* Poesie, *redundant, I affirme him, and rammish. To conclude, I will vse the same words of him, that he of* Erasmus (in calce Epinomidos) *which are these (as I conuert it): Great was his name, but had bene futurely greater, would himselfe haue bene lesse: where now, bold with the greatnesse of his wit, he hath vndertaken the more, with much lesse exactnesse; and so his confidence set on by the renowne of his name, hath driuen him headlong, &c.*

[b] Ὅτε λιγὺ βοσκῶσιν ἰοῦσι. Vocem suauem emittunt; *saith the Interpreter (intending the Grashoppers, to whom he compareth the old Counsellors) but it is here to be expounded,* vocem teneram, *not* suauem: (λιγὺς *in this place signifying* tener) *for Grashoppers sing not sweetly, but harshly and faintly: wherein the weake and tender voices of the old Counsellors is to admiration expresst. The Simile* Spondanus *highly commends, as most apt and expressiue: but his application in one part doth abuse it, in the other right it: and that is, to make the old men resemble Grashoppers for their cold, and bloodlesse spinenesse,* Tython *being for age turned to a Grashopper. But where they were graue and wise Counsellors, to make them garrulous, as Grashoppers are stridulous; that application holdeth not in these old men, though some old men are so. These being* Ἐσθλοὶ ἀγορηταὶ, boni, & periti concionatores; *the word* Ἐσθλὸς *signifying* frugi *also, which is temperate or full of al moderation, and so farre from intimating any touch of garrulitie. Nor was the conceit of our Poet by* Spondanus *or any other, vnderstood in this* Simile.

[c] Ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγορᾶτο, succinctè concionabatur *Menelaus, he spake succinctly, or compendiously, say his interpreters; which is vtterly otherwise, in the voice* ἐπιτροχάδην, *signifying* velociter, *properly,* modo eorum qui currunt; *he spake fast, or thicke.*

[d] πολλὰ μὲν, *&c. few words yet, he vsed,* ἀλλὰ μάλα λιγέως, sed valde acutè: *they expound it; when it is* valde stridulè, *shrilly, smally, or alowd;* λιγέως *(as I haue noted*

ted before) being properly taken in the worse part: and accordingly expounded, maketh euen with his simple character at all parts, his vtterance being noisefull, small, or squeaking: an excellent pipe for a foole. Nor is the voice or manner of vtterance in a man, the least key that discouereth his wisedome or folly. And therefore worth the noting is that of Vlysses in the second booke: that he knew Pallas by her voice: ὅτι μοι τοι λυμφθόε, quoniam non garrulus, or loquax; being borne naturally Laconical, which agreeth not the lesse with his fast or thicke speaking: for a man may haste that kind of vtterance, and yet few words.

c Οὐδ' ἀφαμαρτοεπης: neque in verbis peccans; say the Commentors, as though a foole were perfectly spoken: when the word here hath another sence, and our Homer a farre other meaning, the words being thus to be expounded: neque mendax erat, he would not lie by any meanes; for that affectedly he stands vpon hereafter. But to make a foole non peccans verbis, will make a man nothing wonder at any peccancie or absurditie, in men of meere language.

You see then, to how extreme a difference and contrarietie the word and sence lie subiect: and that without first finding the true figures of persons in this kind presented, it is impossible for the best linguist liuing to expresse an Author trulie, especially any Greeke author; the language being so differently significant: which not iudicially fitted with the exposition, that the place (and coherence with other places) requireth, what a motley, and confused man a translator may present? As now they do all, of Menelaus, who, where soeuer he is called ἀμύμονος, is there vntrulie translated bellicosus; but cui Mars est charus, because he might loue the warre, and yet be no good warriour: as many loue many exercises at which they will neuer be good: and Homer gaue it to him for another of his peculiar Epithets, as a vainglorious affectation in him, rather then a solid affection.

And here haste makes me giue end to these new Annotations, deferring the like in the next nine bookes for more breath and encouragement. Since time (that hath euer oppresst me) will not otherwise let me come to the last twelue, in which the first free light of my Author, entred and emboldened me. Where so manie rich discoueries importune my poore expression, that I feare rather to betraie them to the world, then expresse them to their price. But how soeuer enuy and preiudice stand spirting their poison through the eyes of my Readers, this shall appeare to all competent apprehensions, I haue followed the Originall with authenticall expositions (according to the proper signification of the word in his place, though I differ therein vtterly from others:) I haue rendred all things of importance, with answerable life and height to my Authour, (though with some periphrasis, without which no man can worthilie translate anie worthie Poet.) And since the translation it selfe, and my notes, (being impartially conferred) amplie approoue this, I will still be confident in the worth of my paines, how idlely and vnworthily soeuer I be censured. And thus, to the last twelue Books (leauing other horrible errors in his other Interpreters vnmoued) with those free feet that entred me, I haste, sure of nothing but my labour.

8 AP 58

The end of the third Booke.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

The Argvment.

THe Gods in Counſell, at the laſt decree,
That famous Ilion, *ſhall expugned be.*
And, that their owne continued faults may proue,
The reaſons that haue ſo incenſed Ioue.
Minerua *ſeekes with more offences done,*
Againſt the lately inur'd Atreus *ſonne,*
(A ground that cleareſt would make ſene their ſinne)
To haue the Lycian Pandarus *beginne.*
He (gainſt the Truce with ſacred couenants bound)
Giues Menelaus, *a diſhonour'd wound,*
Machaon *heales him.* Agamemnon *then,*
To mortall warre incenſeth all his men:
The battels ioyne, and in the heate of fight,
Cold death ſhuts many eyes in endleſſe night.

Another Argument.

In Delta, *is the Gods Aſſiſe,*
The Truce is broke, warres freſhly riſe.

The Gods in Counſel at Ioues Court. Hebe fils Nectar

VIthin the faire-pau'd Court of *Ioue*, he and the Gods conferd,
About the ſad euents of Troy; amongſt whom miniſterd,
Bleſt *Hebe*, Nectar. As they ſate, and did Troyes towres behold;
They drank, and pledg'd each other round, in full crownd cups of gold.
The mirth, at whoſe feaſt, was begun, by great *Saturnides*,
In vrging a begun diſlike, amongſt the Goddeſſes.
But chiefly, in his ſolemne Queene, whoſe ſplene he was diſpoſd
To tempt yet further; knowing well, what anger it incloſd.
And how wiues angers ſhould be vſd. On which, (thus pleaſd) he playd:
Two Goddeſſes there are, that ſtill, giue *Menelaus* ayd:
Ioues mirth with his wife & daughter Pallas
And one that *Paris* loues. The two, that ſit from vs ſo farre,
(Which Argiue *Iuno* is, and ſhe, that rules in deeds of warre
No doubt are pleaſd, to ſee how well, the late-ſeene-fight did frame.
And (yet vpon the aduerſe part) the laughter-louing Dame,
Made her powre good too, for her friend. For though he were ſo neare,
The ſtroke of death, in th'others hopes, ſhe tooke him from them cleare;
The conqueſt yet, is queſtionleſſe, the martiall Spartan kings;
We muſt conſult then, what euents, ſhall crowne theſe future things.
If warres, and combats, we ſhall ſtill, with euen ſucceſſes ſtrike;
Or (as impartiall) friendſhip plant, on both parts. If ye like

The

The laſt, and that it will as well, delight, as meerely pleaſe
Your happie Deities: ſtill let ſtand, old *Priams* towne in peace;
And let the Lacedæmon king, againe his Queene enioy.
As *Pallas* and heauens Queene ſat cloſe, complotting ill to Troy;
With ſilent murmures they receiu'd, this ill-lik't choice from *Ioue*,
Gainſt whom was *Pallas* much incenſt, becauſe the Queene of Loue,
Could not without his leaue relieue, in that late point of death,
The ſonne of *Priam*, whom ſhe loath'd; her wrath yet fought beneath
Her ſupreme wiſedome, and was curb'd: but *Iuno* needs muſt eaſe
Her great heart, with her readie tongue, and ſaid: What words are theſe *Iuno angry with Iupiter.*
(Auſtere, and too much *Saturns* ſonne?) why wouldſt thou render ſtill
My labours idle? and the ſweat, of my induſtrious will,
Diſhonor with ſo little power? My chariot horſe are tir'd,
With poſting to and fro, for Greece: and bringing banes deſir'd,
To people-muſtring *Priamus*, and his perfidious ſonnes:
Yet thou protect'ſt, and ioynſt with them, whom each iuſt Deitie ſhuns.
Go on, but euer go reſolu'd, all other Gods haue vow'd
To croſſe thy partiall courſe for Troy, in all that makes it proud.
At this, the cloud-compelling *Ioue*, a farre fetcht ſight let flie: *Iupiter to Iuno.*
And ſaid, Thou Furie, what offence, of ſuch impietie,
Hath *Priam* or his ſonnes done thee? that with ſo high a hate
Thou ſhouldſt thus ceaſleſly deſire, to raze, and ruinate
So well a builded towne as Troy? I thinke (hadſt thou the powre)
Thou wouldſt the ports and farre-ſtretcht wals, flie ouer, and deuoure
Old *Priam*, and his iſſue quicke: and make all Troy thy feaſt;
And then at length I hope, thy wrath, and tired ſpleene would reſt:
To which, run on thy chariot, that nought be found in me,
Of iuſt cauſe to our future iarres. In this yet ſtrengthen thee,
And fixe it in thy memorie faſt; that, if I entertaine
As peremptorie a deſire, to leuell with the plaine,
A citie, where thy loued liue; ſtand not betwixt my ire,
And what it aimes at; but giue way, when thou haſt thy deſire,
Which now I grant thee willingly, although againſt my will.
For not beneath the ample Sunne, and heauens ſtarre-bearing hill, *Troy moſt loued of Iupiter, of all other cities.*
There is a towne of earthly men, ſo honour'd in my mind,
As ſacred Troy, nor of earths kings, as *Priam* and his kind,
Who neuer let my altars lacke, rich feaſt of offrings ſlaine,
And their ſweet ſauours: for which grace, I honor them againe.
Drad *Iuno*, with the Cowes faire eyes, replyed; Three townes there are *Three cities deare to Iuno.*
Of great and eminent reſpect, both in my loue and care,
Mycena, with the brode high waies, and Argos rich in horſe;
And Sparta: all which three deſtroy, when thou enui'ſt their force;
I will not aid them, nor maligne, thy free and ſoueraigne will:
For if I ſhould be enuious, and ſet againſt their ill,
I know my enuie were in vaine, ſince thou art mightier farre:
But we muſt giue each other leaue, and winke at eithers warre.
I likewiſe, muſt haue powre to crowne, my workes with wiſhed end; *Her deadly hate to Troy.*
Becauſe I am a Deitie, and did from thence deſcend,

Whence thou thy ſelfe, and th'elder borne, wiſe *Saturne* was our Sire;
And thus there is a two-fold cauſe, that pleads for my deſire;
Being ſiſter, and am cald thy wife: And more, ſince thy command
Rules all Gods elſe; I claime therein, a like ſuperiour hand.
All wrath before then, now remit, and mutually combine
In eithers Empire; I, thy rule, and thou illuſtrate mine.
So will the other Gods agree: and we ſhall all be ſtrong.
And firſt, (for this late plot) with ſpeed, let *Pallas* go among
The Troians; and ſome one of them, entice to breake the truce,
By offering in ſome treacherous wound, the honourd Greekes abuſe.
The Father both of men and Gods, agreed, and *Pallas* ſent,
Iupiter to Pallas With theſe wing'd words, to both the hoſts; Make all haſte, and inuent
Some meane, by which the men of Troy, againſt the truce agreed,
May ſtirre the glorious Greekes to armes, with ſome inglorious deed.
Thus charg'd he her with haſte, that did, before, in haſt abound;
Pallas fals from heauen like a Comet. Who caſt her ſelfe from all the heights, with which ſteepe heauen is crownd:
And as *Ioue*, brandiſhing a ſtarre (which men a Comet call)
Hurls out his curled haire abrode, that from his brand exhals
A thouſand ſparkes; to fleets at ſea, and euerie mightie hoſt,
(Of all preſages and ill haps, a ſigne miſtruſted moſt:)
So *Pallas* fell twixt both the Camps, and ſodainly was loſt;
When through the breaſts of all that ſaw, ſhe ſtrooke a ſtrong amaze,
With viewing, in her whole deſcent, her bright and ominous blaze.
When ſtraight, one to another turn'd, and ſaid; Now thundring *Ioue*
(Great Arbiter of peace, and armes) will either ſtabliſh loue
Amongſt our nations: or renue, ſuch warre, as neuer was.
Thus either armie did preſage, when *Pallas* made her paſſe
Amongſt the multitude of Troy; who now put on the grace
Of braue *Laodocus*; the flowre, of old *Antenors* race;
And ſought for Lycian *Pandarus*; a man, that being bred
Out of a faithleſſe familie, ſhe thought, was fit to ſhed
The blood of any innocent, and breake the couenant ſworne.
He was *Lycaons* ſonne, whom *Ioue*, into a Wolfe did turne
For ſacrificing of a child; and yet in armes renownd,
As one that was inculpable: him *Pallas*, ſtanding, found,
And round about him, his ſtrong troopes, that bore the ſhadie ſhields.
He brought them from Æſæpus flood, let through the Lycian fields:
Pallas to Pandarus, perſwading him to breake the truce Whom, ſtanding neare, ſhe whiſpred thus: *Lycaons* warlike ſonne?
Shall I deſpaire at thy kind hands, to haue a fauour done?
Nor dar'ſt thou let an arrow flie, vpon the Spartan king?
It would be ſuch a grace to Troy, and ſuch a glorious thing,
That euerie man would giue his gift; but *Alexanders* hand
Would loade thee with them, if he could, diſcouer from his ſtand,
His foes pride ſtrooke downe with thy ſhaft; and he himſelfe aſcend
The flaming heape of funerall: Come, ſhoote him (princely friend.)
But firſt inuoke the God of light, that in thy land was borne,
And is in archers art the beſt, that euer ſheafe hath worne;
To whom a hundred firſt ew'd lambes, vow thou in holy fire,

When

When safe to sacred Zelias towres, thy zealous steps retire.
With this, the mad-gift-greedie man, *Minerua* did perswade;
Who instantly drew forth a bow, most admirably made
Of th'antler of a iumping Goate, bred in a steepe vp land;
Which Archerlike (as long before, he tooke his hidden stand;
The Euicke, skipping from a rocke) into the breast he smote;
And headlong feld him from his cliffe. The forehead of the Gote,
Held out a wondrous goodly palme, that sixteene branches brought:
Of all which, (ioynd) an vsefull bow, a skilfull Bowyer wrought;
(Which pickt and polisht,) both the ends, he hid with hornes of gold.
And this bow (bent) he close laid downe, and bad his souldiers hold
Their shields before him; lest the Greekes (discerning him) should rise
In tumults, ere the Spartan king, could be his arrowes prise.
Meane space, with all his care he chusd, and from his quiuer drew
An arrow, fetherd best for flight; and yet, that neuer flew;
Strong headed, and most apt to pierce; then tooke he vp his bow,
And nockt his shaft; the ground whence all, their future griefe did grow.
When (praying to his God the Sunne, that was in Lycia bred,
And king of Archers; promising, that he the blood would shed
Of full an hundred first fallen lambes, all offred to his name,
When to Zelias sacred wals, from rescu'd Troy he came)
He tooke his arrow by the nocke, and to his bended breast,
The Oxy sinew close he drew, euen till the pile did rest,
Vpon the bosome of the bow: and as that sauage prise,
His strength constraind into an Orb; (as if the wind did rise)
The coming of it made a noise; the sinew forged string
Did giue a mightie twang; and forth, the eager shaft did sing,
(Affecting speedinesse of flight) amongst the Achiue throng:
Nor were the blessed heauenly powres, vnmindfull of thy wrong,
O *Menelaus*; but in chiefe, *Ioues* seed the Pillager,
Stood close before, and slackt the force, the arrow did confer;
With as much care, and little hurt, As doth a mother vse,
And keepe off from her babe, when sleepe, doth through his powers diffuse
His golden humor; and th'assaults, of rude and busie flies
She still checks with her carefull hand: for so the shaft she plies,
That on the buttons made of gold, which made his girdle fast,
And where his curets double were, the fall of it she plac't.
And thus much proofe she put it to: the buckle made of gold;
The belt it fastned, brauely wrought; his curets double fold;
And last, the charmed plate he wore, which helpt him more then all;
And gainst all darts, and shafts bestowd, was to his life a wall.
So (through all these) the vpper skin, the head did onely race,
Yet foorth the blood flow'd, which did much, his royall person grace;
And shew'd vpon his Iuorie skin, as doth a purple dye,
Laid (by a Dame of Caira, or louely Maeony)
On Iuorie; wrought in ornaments, to decke the cheeks of horse;
Which in her mariage roome must lie; whose beauties haue such force,
That they are wisht of many knights; but are such precious things,

The description of Pandarus his bow.

Virgil vseth these verses. Pandarus draught and shoote.

Menelaus hurt.

Simile.

That they are kept for horſe that draw, the chariots of kings;
Which horſe (ſo deckt) the chariotere, eſteemes a grace to him:
Like theſe (in grace) the blood vpon, thy ſolid thighes did ſwim,
O *Menelaus*, downe thy calues, and ankles to the ground;
For nothing decks a ſouldier ſo, as doth an honour'd wound.
Yet (fearing he had far'd much worſe) the haire ſtood vp on end
On *Agamemnon*, when he ſaw, ſo much blacke blood deſcend.
And ſtifned with the like diſmay, was *Menelaus* to:
But (ſeeing th'arrowes ſtale without,) and that the head did go
No further then it might be ſeene, he cald his ſpirits againe:
Which *Agamemnon* marking not, (but thinking he was ſlaine)
He grip't his brother by the hand, and ſigh't as he would breake:
Which ſigh the whole hoſt tooke from him, who thus at laſt did ſpeake:

Agamemnons complaint and feare of his brothers hurt.

O deareſt brother, is't for this? That thy death muſt be wrought,
Wrought I this truce? For this haſt thou, the ſingle combat fought
For all the armie of the Greekes? For this, hath *Ilion* ſworne,
And trod all faith beneath their feet? Yet all this hath not worne
The right we challeng'd, out of force; this cannot render vaine
Our ſtricken right hands; ſacred wine; nor all our offrings ſlaine.
For though *Olympius* be not quicke, in making good our ill,
He will be ſure, as he is ſlow; and ſharplier proue his will.
Their owne hands ſhall be miniſters, of thoſe plagues they deſpiſe:
Which ſhall their wiues and children reach, and all their progenies.
For both in mind, and ſoule, I know, that there ſhall come a day,
When Ilion, *Priam*, all his powre, ſhall quite be worne away;
When heauen-inhabiting *Ione* ſhall ſhake, his fierie ſhield at all,
For this one miſchiefe. This I know, the world cannot recall.
But, be all this; all my griefe ſtill, for thee will be the ſame,
(Deare brother:) if thy life muſt here, put out his royall flame;
I ſhall to ſandie Argos turne, with infamie, my face;
And all the Greekes will call for home: old *Priam* and his race
Will flame in glorie; *Helena*, vntoucht, be ſtill their pray;
And thy bones in our enemies earth, our curſed fates ſhall lay;
Thy Sepulcher be troden downe; the pride of Troy deſire,
(Inſulting on it:) Thus, ô thus, let *Agamemnons* ire,
In all his acts, be expiate; as now he carries home
His idle armie, emptie ſhips; and leaues here ouercome
Good *Menelaus*. When this Braue, breakes in their hated breath;
Then let the broade earth ſwallow me, and take me quicke to death.

Menelaus to Agamemnon.

Nor ſhall this euer chance (ſaid he,) and therefore be of cheare;
Leſt all the armie (led by you,) your paſſions put in feare.
The arrow fell in no ſuch place, as death could enter at;
My girdle, curets doubled here, and my moſt truſted plate,
Obiected all twixt me and death; the ſhaft ſcarce piercing one.

Agamemnon to Menelaus.

Good brother (ſaid the king) I wiſh, it were no further gone;
For then our beſt in medicines skild, ſhall ope and ſearch the wound;
Applying balmes to eaſe thy paines, and ſoone reſtore thee ſound.
This ſaid, diuine *Talthybius*, he cald, and bad him haſte

Machaon

Machaon (*Æsculapius* sonne, who most of men was grac't
With Physicks soueraigne remedies) to come and lend his hand
To *Menelaus*; shot by one, well skild in the command
Of bow and arrowes; one of Troy, or of the Lycian aid;
Who much hath glorified our foe, and vs as much dismaid.
He heard, and hasted instantly; and cast his eyes about
The thickest squadrons of the Greekes, to find *Machaon* out.
He found him standing guarded well, with well-arm'd men of Thrace;
With whom he quickly ioynd, and said; Man of *Apolles* race!
Haste; for the king of men commands, to see a wound impresst,
In *Menelaus* (great in armes) by one instructed best
In th'art of archerie; of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,
That them with much renowne adornes; vs with dishonor brands.
Machaon much was mou'd with this, who with the herald flew
From troope to troope, alongst the host; and soone they came in view
Of hurt *Atrides*; circled round, with all the Grecian kings;
Who all gaue way; and straight he drawes, the shaft: which forth he brings
Without the forkes; the girdle then, plate, curets, off he pluckes,
And viewes the wound; when first from it, the clotterd blood he sucks;
Then medicines wondrously composd, the skilfull Leech applyed,
Which louing *Chyron* taught his Sire; he from his Sire had tryed.
While these were thus employd to ease, the *Atreus* martialist,
The Troians arm'd, and charg'd the Greekes; the Greekes arme and resist.
Then not asleepe, nor maz'd with feare, nor shifting off the blowes,
You could behold the king of men; but in full speed he goes
To set a glorious fight on foote: and he examples this,
With toyling (like the worst) on foote; who therefore did dismisse
His brasse-arm'd chariot, and his steeds, with *Ptolemaus* sonne,
(Sonne of *Pyraides*) their guide, the good *Eurymedon*;
Yet (said the king) attend with them, lest wearinesse should seise
My limbs, surcharg'd with ordering troopes, so thicke and vast as these.
Eurymedon then rein'd his horse, that trotted neighing by;
The king a foot-man, and so scowres, the squadrons orderly.
Those of his swiftly-mounted Greekes, that in their armes were fit,
Those he put on, with chearfull words, and bad them not remit
The least sparke of their forward spirits, because the Troians durst
Take these abhord aduantages; but let them do their worst:
For they might be assur'd that *Ioue*, would patronise no lies;
And that, who with the breach of truce, would hurt their enemies,
With vultures should be torne themselues; that they should raze their towne;
Their wiues, and children at their breasts, led vassals to their owne.
But such as he beheld hang off, from that increasing fight;
Such would he bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite;
Base Argiues, blush ye not to stand, as made for Buts to darts?
Why are ye thus discomfited, like Hinds that haue no harts?
Who wearied with a long-run field, are instantly embost,
Stand still, and in their beastly breasts, is all their courage lost:
And so stand you strooke with amaze, nor dare to strike a stroke.

Agamemnon sends Talthybius for Machaon

Talthybius to Machaon.

Machaon draws the arrow.

The Troians renew the fight.

Agamemnon marshals his armie.

Agamemnon to the Greekes.

Agamemnon to the negligent souldiers.

Would ye the foe ſhould nearer yet, your daſtard ſplenes prouoke?
Euen where on Neptunes fomie ſhore, our nauies lie in fight?
To ſee if *Ioue* will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?
Thus he (commanding) rang'd the hoſt; and (paſſing many a band)
He came to the Cretenſian troopes, where all did armed ſtand,
About the martiall *Idomen*; who brauely ſtood before,
In vantguard of his troopes, and matcht, for ſtrength a ſauage Bore.
Meriones (his chariotere) the Rereguard bringing on:
Which ſeene to *Atreus* ſonne, to him, it was a ſight alone;
And *Idomens* confirmed mind, with theſe kind words he ſeekes;

Agamemnon to Idomen.

O *Idomen*! I euer lou'd, thy ſelfe paſt all the Greekes;
In warre, or any worke of peace; at table, euery where;
For when the beſt of Greece beſides, mixe euer, at our cheere,
My good old ardent wine, with ſmall; and our inferiour mates
Drinke euen that mixt wine meaſur'd too; thou drinkſt without thoſe rates
Our old wine, neate; and euermore, thy boll ſtands full like mine;
To drinke, ſtill when, and what thou wilt. Then rowſe that heart of thine;
And whatſoeuer heretofore, thou haſt aſſum'd to be,
This day be greater. To the king, in this ſort, anſwerd he;

Idomen to Agamemnon.

Atrides, what I euer ſeem'd, the ſame, at euerie part,
This day ſhall ſhew me at the full; and I will fit thy hart.
But thou ſhouldſt rather cheare the reſt, and tell them they in right
Of all good warre, muſt offer blowes, and ſhould begin the fight.
(Since Troy firſt brake the holy truce) and not endure theſe braues,
To take wrong firſt, and then be dar'd, to the reuenge it craues.
Aſſuring them that Troy, in fate, muſt haue the worſe at laſt;
Since firſt, and gainſt a truce, they hurt; where they ſhould haue embrac't.
This comfort, and aduice did fit, *Atrides* heart indeed,
Who ſtill through new raiſd ſwarmes of men, held his laborious ſpeed:
And came where both th' *Aiaces* ſtood; whom like the laſt he found,
Arm'd, caskt, and readie for the fight. Behind them, hid the ground,
A cloud of foot, that ſeem'd to ſmoke. And as a Goteheard ſpies,

How the troopes of Aiax ſtood.

On ſome hils top, out of the Sea, a rainie vapour riſe,
Driuen by the breath of Zephyrus, which (though farre off he reſt)
Comes on as blacke as pitch, and brings, a tempeſt in his breaſt;
Whereat, he frighted, driues his heards, apace, into a den:
So (darkning earth, with darts and ſhields) ſhew'd theſe with all their men.
This ſight, with like ioy fir'd the king, who thus let forth the flame,

Agamemnon to the Aiaces.

In crying out to both the Dukes: O you of equall name,
I muſt not cheare; nay, I diſclaime, all my command of you,
Your ſelues command with ſuch free minds, and make your ſouldiers ſhew,
As you, nor I led, but themſelues. O would our father *Ioue*,
Minerua, and the God of light, would all our bodies moue
With ſuch braue ſpirits as breathe in you: then *Priams* loftie towne
Should ſoone be taken by our hands, for euer ouerthrowne.
Then held he on to other troopes, and *Neſtor*, next beheld,

Neſtors art in ordering his ſouldiers.

(The ſubtle Pylian Orator) range vp and downe the field,
Embattelling his men at armes, and ſtirring all to blowes;

Points

Points euerie legion out his Chiefe, and euery Chiefe he ſhowes
The formes, and diſcipline of warre: yet his Commanders were
All expert, and renowmed men: Great *Pelagon* was there;
Alaſtor: manly *Chromius*; and *Hemon*, worth a Throne;
And *Byas*, that could armies leade: with theſe he firſt put on,
His horſe troopes, with their chariots: his foote (of which he chuſde
Many, the beſt and ableſt men, and which he euer vſde,
As rampire to his generall powre) he in the Rere diſpoſd.
The ſlouthfull, and the leaſt of ſpirit, he in the midſt incloſd;
That ſuch as wanted noble wils, baſe need might force to ſtand.
His horſe troopes (that the Vantgard had) he ſtrictly did command
To ride their horſes temperatly; to keepe their rankes, and ſhun
Confuſion; leſt their horſemanſhip, and courage made them run
(Too much preſum'd on) much too farre: and (charging ſo alone)
Engage themſelues, in th'enemies ſtrength; where many fight with one.
Who his owne chariot leaues to range; let him not freely go,
But ſtraight vnhorſe him with a lance: for tis much better ſo.
And with this diſcipline (ſaid he) this forme, theſe minds, this truſt;
Our Anceſtors haue, walles, and townes, laid leuell with the duſt.
Thus prompt, and long inur'd to armes, this old man did exhort;
And this *Atrides* likewiſe tooke, in wondrous chearefull ſort:
Agamemnon to Neſtor.
And ſaid, O Father! would to heauen, that as thy mind remaines
In wonted vigor; ſo thy knees, could vndergo our paines.
But age, that all men ouercomes, hath made his priſe on thee;
Yet ſtill I wiſh, that ſome young man, growne old in mind, might be
Put in proportion with thy yeares; and thy mind (young in age)
Be fitly anſwerd with his youth; that ſtill where conflicts rage,
And young men vſd to thruſt for fame, thy braue exampling hand,
Might double our young Grecian ſpirits, and grace our whole Command.
The old knight anſwer'd: I my ſelfe, could wiſh (O *Atreus* ſonne)
Neſtor to Agamemnon.
I were as young, as when I ſlue, braue *Ereuthalion*;
But Gods, at all times, giue not all, their gifts to mortall men.
If then I had the ſtrength of youth, I miſt the Counſels then,
That yeares now giue me; and now yeares, want that maine ſtrength of youth;
Yet ſtill my mind retaines her ſtrength, (as you now ſaid the ſooth)
And would be, where that ſtrength is vſd, affoording counſels ſage,
To ſtirre youths minds vp; tis the grace, and office of our age;
Let yonger ſinewes, Men ſprong vp, whole ages after me,
And ſuch as haue ſtrength, vſe it; and, as ſtrong in honour be.
The king (all this while comforted) arriu'd next, where he found,
Well-rode *Meneſtheus* (*Peteus* ſonne) ſtand ſtill, inuirond round,
With his well-train'd Athenian troopes: and next to him he ſpide
The wiſe *Vlyſſes*, deedleſſe too, and all his bands beſide,
Of ſtrong Cephalians; for as yet, th'alarme had not bene heard
In all their quarters, Greece, and Troy, were then ſo newly ſtird,
And then firſt mou'd (as they conceiu'd) and they ſo lookt about
To ſee both hoaſts giue proofe of that, they yet had cauſe to doubt.
Atrides (ſeeing them ſtand ſo ſtill) and ſpend their eyes at gaze;

Began

Began to chide; And why (ſaid he) diſſolu'd thus, in a maze,
Agamemnon to Vlyſſes and Menæſthem. Thou ſonne of *Peteus*, *Ioue*-nurſt king; and thou in wicked ſleight,
A cunning ſouldier, ſtand ye off? Expect ye that the fight
Should be by other men begun? tis fit the formoſt band
Should ſhew you there; you firſt ſhould front, who firſt lifts vp his hand.
Firſt you can heare, when I inuite, the Princes to a feaſt,
When firſt, moſt friendly, and at will, ye eate and drinke the beſt;
Yet in the fight, moſt willingly, ten troopes ye can behold
Take place before ye. *Ithacus*, at this his browes did fold,
Vlyſſes to Agamemnon. And ſaid, How hath thy violent tongue, broke through thy ſet of teeth?
To ſay that we are ſlacke in fight? and to the field of death
Looke others ſhould enforce our way? when we were buſied then,
(Euen when thou ſpak'ſt) againſt the foe, to cheare and leade our men.
But thy eyes ſhall be witneſſes (if it content thy will;
And that (as thou pretendſt) theſe cares, do ſo affect thee ſtill)
The father of *Telemachus* (whom I eſteeme ſo deare,
And to whom, as a Legacie, Ile leaue my deeds done here)
Euen with the formoſt band of Troy, hath his encounter dar'd;
And therefore are thy ſpeeches vaine, and had bene better ſpar'd.
He ſmiling, ſince he ſaw him mou'd, recald his words, and ſaid;
Agamemnon to Vlyſſes. Moſt generous *Laertes* ſonne, moſt wiſe of all our aid;
I neither do accuſe thy worth, more then thy ſelfe may hold
Fit (that inferiours thinke not much (being ſlacke) to be controld;)
Nor take I on me thy command: for well I know thy mind
Knowes how ſweet gentle counſels are; and that thou ſtandſt enclind
As I my ſelfe, for all our good. On then: if now we ſpake
What hath diſpleaſd, another time, we full amends will make:
And Gods grant that thy vertue here, may proue ſo free, and braue,
That my reproofes may ſtill be vaine, and thy deſeruings graue.
Thus parted they, and forth he went, when he did leaning find
Againſt his chariot, neare his horſe, him with the mightie mind,
Great *Diomedes* (*Tydeus* ſonne) and *Sthenelus*, the ſeed
Of *Capaneius*; whom the king, ſeeing likewiſe out of deed,
Thus cried he out on *Diomed*: O me! in what a feare
Agamemnon chideth Diomed. The wiſe great warriour, *Tydeus* ſonne, ſtands gazing euerie where,
For others to begin the fight? It was not *Tydeus* vſe
To be ſo danted; whom his ſpirit, would euermore produce,
Before the formoſt of his friends, in theſe affaires of fright,
As they report that haue beheld, him labour in a fight.
For me, I neuer knew the man, nor in his preſence came:
But excellent aboue the reſt, he was in generall fame.
The hiſtorie of Tydeus. And one renowm'd exploit of his, I am aſſur'd is true,
He came to the Mycenian Court, without armes, and did ſue,
At Godlike *Polinices* hands, to haue ſome worthie aid,
To their deſignes, that gainſt the wals, of ſacred Thebes were laid.
He was great *Polinices* gueſt, and nobly entertaind:
And of the kind Mycenian ſtate, what he requeſted gaind,
In meere conſent: but when they ſhould, the ſame in act approue,

(By ſome ſiniſter prodigies, held out to them by *Ioue*,)
They were diſcourag'd; thence he went, and ſafely had his paſſe
Backe to Æſopus flood, renowm'd, for Bulruſhes and graſſe;
Yet, once more, their Ambaſſadour, the Grecian Peeres addreſſe,
Lord *Tydeus* to *Eteocles*: to whom being giuen acceſſe,
He found him feaſting with a crew, of Cadmians in his hall;
Amongſt whom, though an enemie, and onely one to all;
To all yet, he his challenge made, at euerie Martiall feate;
And eaſly foild all, ſince with him, *Minerua* was ſo great.
The ranke-rode Cadmians (much incenſt, with their ſo foule diſgrace)
Lodg'd ambuſcados for their foe, in ſome well choſen place,
By which he was to make returne. Twiſe fiue and twentie men,
And two of them, great captaines too, the ambuſh did containe.
The names of thoſe two men of rule, were *Maon*, *Hæmons* ſonne,
And *Lycophontes*, Keepe-field cald, the heire of *Autophon*,
By all men honord like the Gods: yet theſe and all their friends,
Were ſent to hell by *Tydeus* hand, and had vntimely ends.
He truſting to the aid of Gods, reueald by Auguries;
Obeying which, one Chiefe he ſau'd, and did his life apply,
To be the heauie meſſenger, of all the others deaths;
And that ſad meſſage (with his life) to *Maon* he bequeaths;
So braue a knight was *Tydeus*: of whom a ſonne is ſprong,
Inferiour farre, in martiall deeds, though higher in his toogue.
All this, *Tydides* ſilent heard, aw'd by the reuerend king;
Which ſtung hote *Sthenelus* with wrath, who thus put forth his ſting:
Atrides? when thou know'ſt the truth, ſpeake what thy knowledge is,
And do not lie ſo; for I know, and I will bragge in this;
That we are farre more able men, then both our fathers were;
We tooke the ſeuen-fold ported Thebes, when yet we had not there
So great helpe as our fathers had; and fought beneath a wall,
Sacred to *Mars*, by helpe of *Ioue*; and truſting to the fall
Of happie ſignes from other Gods, by whom we tooke the towne
Vntoucht; our fathers periſhing there, by ſollies of their owne:
And therefore neuer more compare, our fathers worth with ours.
Sthenelus rough ſpeech to *Agamemnon*.
Tydides frownd at this, and ſaid; Suppreſſe thine angers pow'rs,
(Good friend) and heare why I refrain'd: thou ſeeſt I am not mou'd
Againſt our Generall, ſince he did, but what his place behou'd,
Admoniſhing all Greekes to fight: for if Troy proue our priſe,
The honor, and the ioy is his. If here our ruine lies,
The ſhame and griefe for that, as much, is his in greateſt kinds.
As he then his charge, weigh we ours: which is our dantleſſe minds.
Diomed rebukes *Sthenelus*.
Thus from his chariot (amply arm'd) he iumpt downe to the ground:
The armor of the angrie king, ſo horribly did ſound,
It might haue made his braueſt foe, let feare, take downe his braues.
And as when with the Weſt-wind ſtawes, the ſea thruſts vp her wawes,
One after other, thicke, and high, vpon the groning ſhores;
Firſt, in her ſelfe, lowd (but oppoſd, with banks and Rocks) ſhe roares,
And (all her backe in briſtles ſet) ſpits euerie way her ſome;
Simile.

So

So (after *Diomed*) inſtantly, the field was ouercome
The ſilence of the Greeke fight. With thicke impreſſions of the Greekes; and all the noiſe that grew
(Ordring and chearing vp their men) from onely leaders flew.
The reſt went ſilently away, you could not heare a voice,
Nor would haue thought, in all their breaſts, they had one in their choice;
Their ſilence vttering their awe, of them, that them contrould;
Which made ech man keep bright his arms, march, fight ſtill where he ſhould.
The Troians cõpared to Ewes. The Troians (like a ſort of Ewes, pend in a rich mans fold,
Cloſe at his dore, till all be milkt; and neuer baaing hold,
Hearing the bleating of their lambs) did all their wide hoſt fill,
With ſhowts and clamors; nor obſeru'd, one voice, one baaing ſtill;
But ſhew'd mixt tongs from many a land; of men, cald to their aid:
Mars for the Troians, Pallas for the Greekes. Diſcord the ſiſter of Mars. Virgil the ſame of Fame. Rude *Mars*, had th'ordring of their ſpirits: of Greeks, the learned Maid.
But Terror follow'd both the hoſts, and flight; and furious Strife,
The ſiſter, and the mate of *Mars*, that ſpoile of humane life;
And neuer is her rage at reſt; at firſt ſhe is but ſmall,
Yet after, (but a little fed) ſhe growes ſo vaſt, and tall,
That while her feet moue here in earth, her forhead is in heauen.
And this was ſhe, that made euen then, both hoſts ſo deadly giuen.
Through euery troope ſhe ſtalkt, and ſtird, rough ſighes vp as ſhe went:
But when in one field, both the foes, her furie did content;
And both came vnder reach of darts, then darts, and ſhields oppoſd
To darts and ſhields, ſtrength anſwerd ſtrength; then ſwords and targets cloſd
With ſwords and targets; both with pikes; and then did tumult riſe
Vp to her height; then conquerors boaſts, mixt with the conquerds cries,
Earth flow'd with blood. And as from hils, raine waters, headlong fall,
That all waies, eate huge Ruts, which, met, in one bed, fill a vall
With ſuch a confluence of ſtreames; that on the mountaine grounds
Farre off, in frighted ſhepheards eares, the buſtling noiſe rebounds:
So grew their conflicts; and ſo ſhew'd, their ſcuffling to the eare;
With flight, and clamor, ſtill commixt, and all effects of feare.
Antilochus ſlue Echepolus. And firſt renowm'd *Antilochus*, ſlew (fighting in the face
Of all *Achaias* formoſt bands, with an vndanted grace)
Echepolus Thalyſiades: he was an armed man;
Whom, on his haire-plum'd helmets creſt, the dart firſt ſmote; then ran
Into his forehead, and there ſtucke; the ſteele pile making way
Quite through his skull; a haſtie night, ſhut vp his lateſt day.
His fall was like a fight-rac't towre; like which, lying their diſpred,
King *Elephenor*, (who was ſonne to *Chalcodon*, and led
The valiant Abants) couetous; that he might firſt poſſeſſe
His armes, laid hands vpon his feet; hal'd him from the preaſſe
Elephenor drawing of the body of Echepolus is ſlaine by Agenor. Of darts, and Iauelins hurld at him. The action of the king
When (great in heart) *Agenor* ſaw, he made his Iauelin ſing
To th'others labor; and along, as he the trunke did wreſt,
His ſide (at which he bore his ſhield, in bowing of his breaſt)
Lay naked, and receiu'd the lance; that made him loſe his hold,
And life together; which in hope, of that he loſt, he ſold.
But for his ſake the fight grew fierce; the Troians and their foe,

Like

Like wolues, on one another ruſht; and man for man it goes.
The next of name, that ſeru'd his fate; great *Aiax Telamon*, *Aiax ſlaies Simoiſius.*
Preferd ſo ſadly; he was heire, to old *Anthemion*,
And deckt with all the flowre of youth: the fruit of which yet fled,
Before the honourd nuptiall torch, could light him to his bed;
His name was *Symoiſius*; For, ſome few yeares before,
His mother walking downe the hill, of Ida, by the ſhore
Of Syluer Symois, to ſee, her parents flocks; with them,
She (feeling ſodainely the paines, of child-birth) by the ſtreame
Of that bright riuer brought him forth; and ſo (of *Symois*)
They cald him *Symoiſius*. Sweet was that birth of his
To his kind parents; and his growth, did all their care employ;
And yet thoſe rites of pietie, that ſhould haue bene his ioy,
To pay their honourd yeares againe, in as affectionate ſort,
He could not graciouſly performe, his ſweet life was ſo ſhort:
Cut off with mightie *Aiax* lance. For, as his ſpirit put on,
He ſtrooke him at his breaſts right pappe, quite through his ſhoulder bone;
And in the duſt of earth he fell, that was the fruitfull ſoyle
Of his friends hopes; but where he ſow'd, he buried all his toyle. *Simile.*
And as a Poplar ſhot aloft, ſet by a riuer ſide,
In moiſt edge of a mightie fenne, his head in curls implide;
But all his bodie plaine and ſmooth: to which a Wheel-wright puts
The ſharpe edge of his ſhining axe, and his ſoft timber cuts
From his innatiue roote; in hope, to hew out of his bole
The Fell'ffs, or out-parts of a wheele, that compaſſe in the whole;
To ſerue ſome goodly chariot; but (being bigge and ſad,
And to be hal'd home through the bogs) the vſefull hope he had
Sticks there; and there the goodly plant, lies withring out his grace:
So lay, by *Ioue*-bred *Aiax* hand, *Anthemions* forward race.
Nor could through that vaſt fen of toiles, be drawne to ſerue the ends
Intended by his bodies pow'rs, nor cheare his aged friends.
But now the gay-arm'd *Antiphus* (a ſonne of *Priam*) threw *Antiphus one of Priams ſonnes.*
His lance at *Aiax* through the preaſſe, which went by him, and flew
On *Leucus*, wiſe *Vlyſſes* friend; his groine it ſmote, as faine
He would haue drawne into his ſpoile, the carkaſſe of the ſlaine;
By which he fell, and that by him; it vext *Vlyſſes* heart;
Who thruſt into the face of fight, well arm'd at euerie part,
Came cloſe, and lookt about to find, an obiect worth his lance;
Which when the Troians ſaw him ſhake, and he ſo neare aduance,
All ſhrunke; he threw, and forth it ſhin'd: nor fell, but where it feld:
His friends griefe gaue it angrie powre, and deadly way it held
Vpon *Democoon*, who was ſprung, of *Priams* wanton force; *Democoon Priams baſe ſonne ſlain by Vlyſſes.*
Came from *Abydus*, and was made, the maiſter of his horſe.
Through both his temples ſtrooke the dart, the wood of one ſide ſhewd,
The pile out of the other lookt, and ſo the earth he ſtrewd,
With much ſound of his weightie armes. Then backe the formoſt went,
Euen *Hector* yeelded; then the Greekes, gaue worthie clamors vent,
Effecting then their firſt dumbe powers; ſome drew the dead and ſpoild;

Some followed; that in open flight, Troy might confeſſe it foild.
Apollo excites the Troians. *Apollo* (angrie at the fight) from top of Ilion cride,
Turne head, ye well-rode Peeres of Troy, feed not the Grecians pride;
They are not charm'd againſt your points, of ſteele, nor Iron fram'd;
Nor fights the faire-haird *Thetis* ſonne, but ſits at fleet inflam'd.
So ſpake the dreadfull God from Troy. The Greekes, *Ioues* nobleſt ſeed,
Pallas encourageth the Greeks. Encourag'd to keepe on the chace: and where fit ſpirit did need,
She gaue it, marching in the midſt; Then flew the fatall howre
Backe on *Diores*, in returne, of Ilions ſun-burnd powre;
Diores. *Diores Amarincides*, whoſe right legs ankle bone,
And both the ſinewes, with a ſharpe, and handfull charging ſtone,
Piros. *Pirus Imbraſides* did breake, that led the Thracian bands,
And came from Ænos; downe he fell, and vp he held his hands
To his lou'd friends; his ſpirit wingd, to flie out of his breaſt;
With which not ſatisfied, againe, *Imbraſides* addreſt
His Iaueline at him, and ſo ript, his nauill, that the wound,
(As endleſly it ſhut his eyes) ſo (opend) on the ground,
It powr'd his entrailes. As his foe, went then ſuffiſd away,
Thoas Ætolius threw a dart, that did his pile connay
Aboue his nipple, through his lungs; when (quitting his ſterne part)
Piros ſlaine by Thoas. He cloſd with him; and from his breaſt, firſt drawing out his dart,
His ſword flew in, and by the midſt, it wip't his bellie out;
So tooke his life, but left his armes; his friends ſo flockt about,
And thruſt forth lances of ſuch length, before their ſlaughterd king,
Which though their foe were big and ſtrong, and often brake the ring,
Forg'd of their lances; yet (enforc't) he left th'affected priſe;
The Thracian, and Epeian Dukes, laid cloſe with cloſed eyes,
By either other, drownd in duſt; and round about the plaine
All hid with ſlaughterd carkaſſes; yet ſtill did hotely raigne
The martiall planet; whoſe effects, had any eye beheld,
Free, and vnwounded (and were led, by *Pallas* through the field
To keepe of Iauelins, and ſuggeſt, the leaſt fault could be found)
He could not reprehend the fight, ſo many ſtrew'd the ground.

The end of the fourth Booke.

8 AP 58



THE

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

King Diomed *(by* Pallas *ſpirit inſpir'd,*
With will and powre) is for his acts admir'd:
Meere men, and men deriu'd from Deities,
And Deities themſelues, he terrifies;
Addes wounds to terrors: his inflamed lance
Drawes blood from Mars, *and* Venus: *In a trance*
He caſts Æneas, *with a weightie ſtone;*
Apollo *quickens him, and gets him gone:*
Mars *is recur'd by* Pæon; *but by* Ioue
Rebuk't, for authoring breach of humane loue.

Another Argument.

In Epſilon, *heauens blood is ſhed,*
By ſacred rage of Diomed.

WHen *Pallas* breath'd in *Tydeus* ſonne: to render whom ſupreame
To all the Greekes, at all his parts, ſhe caſt a hoter beame,
On his high mind; his body fild, with much ſuperiour might,
And made his compleate armor caſt, a farre more complete light.
From his bright helme and ſhield, did burne, a moſt vnwearied fire:
Like rich *Autumnus* golden lampe, whoſe brightneſſe men admire,
Paſt all the other hoſt of ſtarres, when with his chearefull face,
Freſh waſht in loftie Ocean waues, he doth the skies enchaſe.
To let whoſe glorie loſe no ſight, ſtill *Pallas* made him turne,
Where tumult moſt expreſt his powre, and where the fight did burne.
An honeſt and a wealthie man, inhabited in Troy;
Dares the Prieſt of *Mulciber*, who two ſons did enioy,
Idæus, and bold *Phegeus*, well ſeene in euerie fight:
Theſe (ſingl'd from their troopes, and horſt) aſſaild *Minervas* knight,
Who rang'd from fight to fight, on foote; all haſting mutuall charge,
(And now drawne neare) firſt *Phegeus* threw, a iaueline ſwift and large:
Whoſe head the kings left ſhoulder tooke, but did no harme at all:
Then ruſht he out a lance at him, that had no idle fall;
But in his breaſt ſtucke twixt the paps, and ſtrooke him from his horſe.
Which ſterne ſight, when *Idæus* ſaw (diſtruſtfull of his force
To ſaue his ſlaughterd brothers ſpoile) it made him headlong leape
From his faire chariot, and leaue all: yet had not ſcap't the heape
Of heauie funerall, if the God, great preſident of fire,
Had not (in ſodaine clouds of ſmoke, and pittie of his Sire,

Pallas Inſpires and glorifies Diomed.

This ſimile likewiſe Virgil learns of him.

Dares Prieſt of Mulciber, or Vulcan.

Idæus and Phegeus both againſt Diomed.

Phegeus ſlaine, Idæus flies.

To leaue him vtterly vnheird) giuen ſafe paſſe to his feet.
He gone, *Tydides* ſent the horſe, and chariot to the fleet.
The Troians ſeeing *Dares* ſonnes, one ſlaine, the other fled,
Were ſtrooke amaz'd; the blew-eyd maide (to grace her *Diomed*
In giuing free way to his power) made this ſo ruthfull fact,
A fit aduantage to remoue, the warre-God out of act,
Who rag'd ſo on the Ilion ſide; ſhe grip't his hand and ſaid,
Pallas to Mars. *Mars, Mars*, thou ruinor of men, that in the duſt haſt laid
So many cities, and with blood, thy Godhead doſt diſteine;
Now ſhall we ceaſſe to ſhew our breaſts, as paſſionate as men,
And leaue the mixture of our hands? reſigning *Ioue* his right
(As rector of the Gods) to giue, the glorie of the fight,
Where he affecteth? leſt he force, what we ſhould freely yeeld?
He held it fit, and went with her, from the tumultuous field,
Who ſet him in an hearby ſeate, on brode Scamanders ſhore.
Mars leaues the field, and Troy flies. He gone, all Troy was gone with him, the Greekes draue all before,
And euerie Leader ſlue a man; but firſt the king of men
Deſeru'd the honor of his name, and led the ſlaughter then,
Agamemnon ſlaies Odius. And ſlue a Leader; one more huge, then any man he led;
Great *Odius*, Duke of Halizons; quite from his chariots head
He ſtrooke him with a lance to earth, as firſt he flight addreſt;
It tooke his forward-turned backe, and lookt out of his breaſt;
His huge trunke ſounded, and his armes, did eccho the reſound.
Idomeneus ſlaies Phæſtus. *Idomeneus* to the death, did noble *Phæſtus* wound,
The ſonne of *Maon Borus*, that, from cloddie Terna came;
Who (taking chariot) tooke his wound, and tumbl'd with the ſame
From his attempted ſeate; the lance, through his right ſhoulder ſtrooke,
And horrid darkneſſe ſtrooke through him: the ſpoile his ſouldiers tooke.
Menelaus ſlaies Scamandrius. *Atrides-Menelaus* ſlue (as he before him fled)
Scamandrius, ſonne of *Strophius*, that was a huntſman bred;
A skilfull huntſman, for his skill, *Dianas* ſelfe did teach;
And made him able with his dart, infallibly to reach
All ſorts of ſubtleſt ſauages, which many a wooddie hill
Bred for him; and he much preſeru'd, and all to ſhew his skill.
Yet, not the dart-delighting Queene, taught him to ſhun this dart;
Nor all his hitting ſo farre off, (the maſtrie of his art:)
His backe receiu'd it, and he fell, vpon his breaſt withall:
His bodies ruine, and his armes, ſo ſounded in his fall,
That his affrighted horſe flew off, and left him, like his life.
Meriones ſlue Phereclus an excellent Architect. *Meriones* ſlue *Phereclus*, whom ſhe that nere was wife,
Yet Goddeſſe of good houſewiues, held, in excellent reſpect,
For knowing all the wittie things, that grace an Architect;
And hauing pow'r to giue it all, the cunning vſe of hand;
Harmonides his ſire built ſhips, and made him vnderſtand,
(With all the practiſe it requir'd) the frame of all that skill;
He built all *Alexanders* ſhips, that aurhord all the ill
Of all the Troians and his owne, becauſe he did not know
The Oracles, aduiſing Troy (for feare of ouerthrow)

To

To meddle with no ſea affaire, but liue by tilling land;
This man *Meriones* ſurpriſd, and draue his deadly hand
Through his right hip; the lances head, ran through the region
About the bladder, vnderneath, th'in-muſcles, and the bone;
He (ſighing) bow'd his knees to death, and ſacrific'd to earth.
Phylides ſtaid *Pedæus* flight; *Antenors* baſtard birth:
Whom vertuous *Theano* his wife (to pleaſe her husband) kept
As tenderly as thoſe ſhe lou'd. *Phylides* neare him ſtept,
And in the fountaine of the nerues, did drench his feruent lance,
At his heads backe-part; and ſo farre, the ſharpe head did aduance,
It cleft the Organe of his ſpeech; and th'Iron (cold as death)
He tooke betwixt his grinning teeth, and gaue the aire his breath.
Eurypilus the much renowm'd, and great *Euemons* ſonne,
Diuine *Hypſenor* ſlue, begot, by ſtout *Dolopion*,
And conſecrate *Scamanders* Prieſt; he had a Gods regard,
Amongſt the people: his hard flight, the Grecian followed hard;
Ruſht in ſo cloſe, that with his ſword, he on his ſhoulder laid
A blow, that his armes brawne cut off; nor there his vigor ſtaid,
But draue downe, and from off his wriſt, it hewd his holy hand,
That guſht out blood, and downe it dropt, vpon the bluſhing ſand;
Death, with his purple finger ſhut, and violent fate, his eyes.
Thus fought theſe, but diſtinguiſht well; *Tydides* ſo implies
His furie, that you could not know, whoſe ſide had intereſt
In his free labours, Greece or Troy. But as a flood increaſt
By violent and ſodaine ſhowres, let downe from hils, like hils
Melted in furies, ſwels, and fomes, and ſo he ouerfils
His naturall channell; that beſides, both hedge and bridge reſignes
To his rough confluence, farre ſpread: and luſtie flouriſhing vines
Drownd in his outrage. *Tydeus* ſonne, ſo ouer-ran the field,
Strew'd ſuch as flouriſht in his way: and made whole ſquadrons yeeld.
When *Pandarus*, *Lycaons* ſonne, beheld his ruining hand,
With ſuch reſiſtleſſe inſolence, make lanes through euerie band:
He bent his gold-tipt bow of horne, and ſhot him ruſhing in,
At his right ſhoulder; where his armes, were hollow; foorth did ſpin
The blood, and downe his curets ranne; then *Pandarus* cried out,
Ranke riding Troians, Now ruſh in: Now, now, I make no doubt,
Our braueſt foe is markt for death, he cannot long ſuſtaine
My violent ſhaft, if *Ioues* faire Sonne, did worthily conſtraine
My foot from Lycia: thus he brau'd, and yet his violent ſhaft
Strooke ſhort with all his violence, *Tydides* life was ſaft;
Who yet withdrew himſelfe, behind, his chariot and ſteeds,
And cald to *Sthenelus*; Come friend, my wounded ſhoulder needs
Thy hand to eaſe it of this ſhaft. He haſted from his ſeate
Before the coach, and drew the ſhaft: the purple wound did ſweate,
And drowne his ſhirt of male in blood, and as it bled he praid:
Heare me, of *Ioue Ægiochus*, thou moſt vnconquerd maid,
If euer in the cruell field, thou haſt aſſiſtfull ſtood,
Or to my father, or my ſelfe, now loue, and do me good;

Pedæus ſlain by Phylides.

Eurypilus ſlaies Hypſenor.

Diomed compared to a torrent.

Pandarus wounds Diomed.

Diomeds prayer to Pallas.

Giue him into my lances reach, that thus hath giuen a wound,
To him thou guardſt; preuenting me, and brags that neuer more,
I ſhall behold the chearefull Sunne: thus did the king implore.
The Goddeſſe heard, came neare, and tooke, the wearineſſe of fight
From all his nerues and lineaments, and made them freſh and light,
Pallas encourageth Diomed. And ſaid; Be bold, ô *Diomed*, in euerie combat ſhine,
The great ſhield-ſhaker *Tydeus* ſtrength (that knight, that Sire of thine)
By my infuſion breaths in thee. And from thy knowing mind,
I haue remou'd thoſe erring miſts, that made it lately blind,
That thou maiſt difference Gods from men: and therefore vſe thy skill,
Againſt the tempting Deities, if any haue a will
To trie if thou preſum'ſt of that, as thine, that flowes from them;
And ſo aſſum'ſt aboue thy right. Where thou diſcern'ſt a beame
Of any other heauenly power, then ſhe that rules in loue,
That cals thee to the change of blowes; reſiſt not, but remoue;
But if that Goddeſſe be ſo bold (ſince ſhe firſt ſtird this warre)
Aſſault and marke her from the reſt, with ſome infamous ſcarre.
The blew-eyd Goddeſſe vaniſhed, and he was ſeene againe
Amongſt the foremoſt; who before, though he were prompt and faine
To fight againſt the Troians powers; now, on his ſpirits were cald,
Diomed made thriſe ſo ſtrong as before by Pallas. With thriſe the vigor, Lion-like, that hath bene lately gald,
By ſome bold ſheapheard in a field, where his curld flockes were laid;
Who tooke him as he leapt the fold; not ſlaine yet, but appaid,
With greater ſpirit; comes againe, and then the ſhepheard hides,
(The rather for the deſolate place) and in his Coate abides;
His flockes left guardleſſe; which amaz'd, ſhake and ſhrinke vp in heapes;
He (ruthleſſe) freely takes his prey; and out againe he leapes:
So ſprightly, fierce, victorious, the great Heroe flew
Vpon the Troians; and at once, he two Commanders ſlew;
Hyppenor and Aſtynous ſlaine by Diomed. *Hyppenor* and *Aſtynous*, in one, his lance he fixt,
Full at the nipple of his breaſt: the other ſmote betwixt
The necke and ſhoulder with his ſword; which was ſo well laid on,
It ſwept his arme and ſhoulder off. Theſe left, he ruſht vpon
Abbas, and *Polyeidus*, of old *Eurydamas*
The hapleſſe ſonnes; who could by dreames, tell what would come to paſſe:
Yet, when his ſonnes ſet forth to Troy, the old man could not read
By their dreames, what would chance to them, for both were ſtricken dead
By great *Tydides*: after theſe, he takes into his rage
Xanthus, and *Thoon*, *Phenops* ſonnes, borne to him in his age;
The good old man, euen pin'd with yeares, and had not one ſonne more
To heire his goods: yet *Diomed*, tooke both, and left him ſtore
Of teares and ſorowes in their ſteeds; ſince he could neuer ſee
Egregium vatem. His ſonnes leaue thoſe hote warres aliue: ſo, this the end muſt be
Of all his labours; what he heapt, to make his iſſue great,
Authoritie heird, and with her ſeed, fild his forgotten ſeate.
Simile of a Lyon otherwiſe applied then before. Then ſnatcht he vp two *Priamiſts*, that in one chariot ſtood;
Echemon, and faire *Chromius*; as feeding in a wood
Oxen or ſteeres are; one of which, a Lyon leapes vpon,

Teares

Teares downe, and wrings in two his necke: ſo ſternely *Tydeus* ſonne
Threw from their chariot both theſe hopes, of old *Dardanides*:
Then tooke their armes, and ſent their horſe, to thoſe that ride the ſeas.
Æneas (ſeeing the troopes thus toſt) brake through the heate of fight,
And all the whizzing of the darts, to find the Lycian knight
Lycaons ſonne: whom hauing found, he thus beſpake the Peere:
O *Pandarus*, where's now thy bow? thy deathfull arrowes where? *Æneas to Pandarus.*
In which no one in all our hoſt, but giues the palme to thee;
Nor in the Sun-lou'd Lycian greenes, that breed our Archerie,
Liues any that exceeds thy ſelfe. Come lift thy hands to *Ioue*,
And ſend an arrow at this man (if but a man he proue,
That winnes ſuch God-like victories; and now affects our hoſt
With ſo much ſorrow: ſince ſo much, of our beſt blood is loſt
By his high valour;) I haue feare, ſome God in him doth threat,
Incenſt for want of ſacrifice; the wrath of God is great.
Lycaons famous ſonne replyde; Great Counſellor of Troy, *Pandarus to Æneas.*
This man ſo excellent in armes, I thinke is *Tydeus* ioy;
I know him by his fierie ſhield, by his bright three plum'd caske,
And by his horſe; nor can I ſay, if or ſome God doth maske
In his apparance; or he be (whom I nam'd) *Tydeus* ſonne:
But without God, the things he does (for certaine) are not done;
Some great Immortall, that conueyes, his ſhoulders in a clowd,
Goes by, and puts by euerie dart, at his bold breaſt beſtowd;
Or lets it take with little hurt; for I my ſelfe let flie
A ſhaft that ſhot him through his armes, but had as good gone by:
Yet, which I glorioufly affirm'd, had driuen him downe to hell.
Some God is angrie, and with me; for farre hence, where I dwell,
My horſe and Chariots idle ſtand; with which ſome other way
I might repaire this ſhamefull miſſe: eleuen faire chariots ſtay
In old *Lycaons* Court; new made, new trimd, to haue bene gone;
Curtaind and Arraſt vnder-foote, two horſe to euery one,
That eate white Barly and blacke Otes, and do no good at all:
And theſe *Lycaon*, (that well knew, how theſe affaires would fall)
Charg'd (when I ſet downe this deſigne) I ſhould command with here;
And gaue me many leſſons more, all which much better were
Then any I tooke forth my ſelfe. The reaſon I laid downe,
Was, but the ſparing of my horſe; ſince in a ſieged towne,
I thought our horſe-meate would be ſcant; when they were vſd to haue
Their mangers full; ſo I left them, and like a lackey ſlaue
Am come to Ilion, confident, in nothing but my bow,
That nothing profits me; two ſhafts, I vainly did beſtow
At two great Princes; but of both, my arrowes neither ſlew;
Nor this, nor *Atreus* yonger ſonne: a little blood I drew,
That ſeru'd but to incenſe them more. In an vnhappie ſtarre,
I therefore from my Armorie, haue drawne thoſe tooles of warre:
That day, when for great *Hectors* ſake, to amiable Troy
I came to leade the Troian bands. But if I euer ioy
(In ſafe returne) my Countries ſight; my wiues, my lofty towres;

Let any ſtranger take this head, if to the firie powres,
This bow, theſe ſhafts, in peeces burſt (by theſe hands) be not throwne;
Idle companions that they are, to me and my renowne.
Æneas to Pandarus. *Æneas* ſaid, Vſe no ſuch words; for, any other way
Then this, they ſhall not now be vſd: we firſt will both aſſay
This man with horſe and chariot. Come then, aſcend to me,
That thou maiſt trie our Troian horſe, how skild in field they be;
And in purſuing thoſe that flie, or flying, being purſude,
How excellent they are of foote: and theſe (if *Ioue* conclude)
The ſcape of *Tydeus* againe, and grace him with our flight)
Shall ſerue to bring vs ſafely off. Come, Ile be firſt ſhall fight:
Take thou theſe faire reines and this ſcourge; or (if thou wilt) fight thou,
And leaue the horſes care to me. He anſwered, I will now
Pandarus fights and Æneas guideth the chariot. Deſcend to fight; keepe thou the reines, and guide thy ſelfe thy horſe;
Who with their wonted manager, will better wield the force
Of the impulſiue chariot, if we be driuen to flie,
Then with a ſtranger; vnder whom, they will be much more ſhye,
And (fearing my voice, wiſhing thine) grow reſtie, nor go on,
To beare vs off; but leaue engag'd, for mightie *Tydeus* ſonne,
Themſelues and vs; Then be thy part, thy one hou'd horſes guide;
Ile make the fight: and with a dart, receiue his vtmoſt pride.
With this the gorgious chariot, both (thus prepar'd) aſcend,
And make full way at *Diomed*; which noted by his friend;
Sthenelus to Diomed. Mine owne moſt loued Mind (ſaid he) two mightie men of warre
I ſee come with a purpoſd charge; one's he that hits ſo farre
With bow and ſhaft, *Lycaons* ſonne: the other fames the brood
Of great *Anchiſes*, and the Queene, that rules in Amorous blood;
(*Æneas* excellent in armes) come vp and vſe your ſteeds,
And looke not warre ſo in the face, leſt that deſire that feeds
Thy great mind be the bane of it. This did with anger ſting
The blood of *Diomed*, to ſee, his friend that chid the king
Before the fight, and then preferd, his ableſſe, and his mind,
Diomed now finds time to make Sthenelus ſee better his late rebuke of Agamemnon. To all his anceſtors in fight, now come ſo farre behind:
Whom thus he anſwerd; Vrge no flight, you cannot pleaſe me ſo;
Nor is it honeſt in my mind, to feare a coming foe;
Or make a flight good, though with fight; my powers are yet entire,
And ſcorne the help-tire of a horſe; I will not blow the fire
Of their hote valours with my flight; but caſt vpon the blaze
This body borne vpon my knees: I entertaine amaze?
Minerua will not ſee that ſhame: and ſince they haue begun,
They ſhall not both elect their ends; and he that ſcapes ſhall runne;
Or ſtay and take the others fate: and this I leaue for thee;
If amply wiſe *Athenia*, giue both their liues to me,
Reine our horſe to their chariot hard, and haue a ſpeciall heed
To ſeiſe vpon *Æneas* ſteeds; that we may change their breed,
And make a Grecian race of them, that haue bene long of Troy;
For, theſe are bred of thoſe braue beaſts, which for the louely Boy,
That waits now on the cup of *Ioue*, *Ioue*, that farre-ſeeing God.

Gaue

Gaue *Tros* the king in recompence: the beſt that euer trod
The ſounding Center, vnderneath, the Morning and the Sunne.
Anchiſes ſtole the breed of them; for where their Sires did runne,
He cloſely put his Mares to them, and neuer made it knowne
To him that heird them, who was then, the king *Laomedon*.
Sixe horſes had he of that race, of which himſelfe kept foure,
And gaue the other two his ſonne; and theſe are they that ſcoure
The field ſo brauely towards vs, expert in charge and flight:
If theſe we haue the power to take, our prize is exquiſite,
And our renowne will farre exceed. While theſe were talking thus,
The fir'd horſe brought th'aſſailants neare: and thus ſpake *Pandarus*;
Pandarus to Diomed.
Moſt ſuffering-minded *Tydeus* ſonne, that haſt of warre the art:
My ſhaft that ſtrooke thee, ſlue thee not, I now will proue a dart:
This ſaid, he ſhooke, and then he threw, a lance, aloft and large,
That in *Tydides* curets ſtucke, quite driuing through his targe;
Then braid he out ſo wild a voice, that all the field might heare;
Now haue I reacht thy root of life, and by thy death ſhall beare
Our praiſes chiefe prize from the field: *Tydides*, vndiſmaid,
Replide; Thou err'ſt, I am not toucht: but more charge will be laid
To both your liues before you part: at leaſt the life of one
Shall ſatiate the throate of *Mars*; this ſaid, his lance was gone:
Minerua led it to his face, which at his eye ranne in,
And as he ſtoopt, ſtrooke through his iawes, his tongs roote, and his chinne.
Diomed ſlaies Pandarus.
Downe from the chariot he fell, his gay armes ſhin'd and rung,
The ſwift horſe trembled, and his ſoule, for euer charm'd his tongue.
Æneas with his ſhield and lance, leapt ſwiftly to his friend,
Affraid the Greekes would force his trunke; and that he did defend,
Bold as a Lyon of his ſtrength: he hid him with his ſhield,
Shooke round his lance, and horribly, did threaten all the field
With death, if any durſt make in; *Tydides* taiſd a ſtone,
With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and powr'd it mainly on
The hip of *Anchiſiades*, wherein the ioynt doth moue
The thigh, tis cald the huckle bone, which all in ſherds it droue;
Æneas being ſonne to Anchiſes.
Brake both the nerues, and with the edge, cut all the fleſh away:
It ſtaggerd him vpon his knees, and made th'Heroe ſtay
His ſtrooke-blind temples on his hand, his elbow on the earth;
And there this Prince of men had died, if ſhe that gaue him birth,
(Kiſt by *Anchiſes* on the greene, where his faire oxen fed,
Ioues louing daughter) inſtantly, had not about him ſpred
Her ſoft embraces, and conuaid, within her heauenly vaile,
Venus takes off Æneas being wounded.
(Vſd as a rampier gainſt all darts, that did ſo hote aſſaile)
Her deare-lou'd iſſue from the field: Then *Sthenelus* in haſt,
(Remembring what his friend aduiſd) from forth the preaſſe made faſt
His owne horſe to their chariot, and preſently laid hand,
Vpon the louely-coated horſe, *Æneas* did command;
The horſe of Æneas made priſe.
Which bringing (to the wondring Greekes) he did their guard commend
To his belou'd *Deiphylus*, who was his inward friend,
And (of his equals) one to whom, he had moſt honor ſhowne;

That

That he might ſee them ſafe at fleete: then ſtept he to his owne,
With which he chearefully made in, to *Tydeus* mightie race;
He (madde with his great enemies rape) was hote in deſperate chaſe
Of her that made it; with his lance (arm'd leſſe with ſteele then ſpight)
Well knowing her no Deitie, that had to do in fight;
Minerua his great patroneſſe, nor ſhe that raceth townes,
Bellona; but a Goddeſſe weake, and foe to mens renownes;
Her (through a world of fight) purſude, at laſt he ouer-tooke,
And (thruſting vp his ruthleſſe lance) her heauenly veile he ſtrooke,
Diomed wounds Venus. (That euen the Graces wrought themſelues, at her diuine command)
Quite through, and hurt the tender backe, of her delicious hand:
The rude point piercing through her palme; forth flow'd th'immortall blood,
(Blood, ſuch as flowes in bleſſed Gods, that eate no humane food,
Nor drinke of our inflaming wine, and therefore bloodleſſe are,
And cald immortals:) out ſhe cried, and could no longer beare
Venus for anguiſh throweth away Æneas, whom Apollo receiues. Her lou'd ſonne, whom ſhe caſt from her; and in a ſable clowd
Phœbus (receiuing) hid him cloſe, from all the Grecian crowd;
Leſt ſome of them ſhould find his death. Away flew *Venus* then,
And after her cried *Diomed*; Away thou ſpoile of men,
Diomed to Venus. Though ſprung from all-preſeruing *Ioue*; Theſe hote encounters leaue:
Is't not enough that fillie Dames, thy ſorceries ſhould deceiue,
Vnleſſe thou thruſt into the warre, and rob a ſouldiers right?
I thinke, a few of theſe aſſaults, will make thee feare the fight,
Where euer thou ſhalt heare it nam'd. She ſighing, went her way
Extremely grieu'd, and with her griefes, her beauties did decay;
Iris reſcues Venus. And blacke her Iuorie bodie grew. Then from a dewy miſt,
Brake ſwift-foot *Iris* to her aide, from all the darts that hiſt,
At her quicke rapture; and to *Mars*, they tooke their plaintife courſe,
And found him on the fights left hand; by him his ſpeedie horſe,
And huge lance, lying in a fogge: the Queene of all things faire,
Venus to Mars. Κουσσουρατ, ἐυκνήμιδες. Her loued brother on her knees, beſought with inſtant prayre,
His golden-ribband-bound-man'd horſe, to lend her vp to heauen,
For ſhe was much grieu'd with a wound, a mortall man had giuen;
Tydides: that gainſt *Ioue* himſelfe, durſt now aduance his arme.
He granted, and his chariot (perplext with her late harme)
Mars lends his horſe to Venus. She mounted, and her wagonneſſe, was ſhe that paints the aire;
The horſe ſhe reind, and with a ſcourge, importun'd their repaire,
That of themſelues out-flew the wind, and quickly they aſcend
Olympus, high ſeate of the Gods; th'horſe knew their iournies end,
Stood ſtill, and from their chariot, the windie footed Dame
Diſſolu'd, and gaue them heauenly food; and to *Dione* came
Her wounded daughter; bent her knees; ſhe kindly bad her ſtand;
With ſweet embraces helpt her vp; ſtrok't her with her ſoft hand;
Dione mother of Venus, to Venus. Call'd kindly by her name; and askt, what God hath bene ſo rude,
(Sweet daughter) to chaſtiſe thee thus? as if thou wert purſude,
Euen to the act of ſome light ſinne, and deprehended ſo?
For otherwiſe, each cloſe eſcape, is in the Great let go.
Venus to Dione. She anſwerd; Haughtie *Tydeus* ſonne, hath bene ſo inſolent;

Since

Since he, whom moſt my heart eſteemes, of all my lou'd deſcent,
I reſcu'd from his bloodie hand: now battell is not giuen,
To any Troians by the Greekes; but by the Greekes to heauen.
She anſwerd, Daughter, thinke not much, though much it grieue thee; vſe *Dione to Venus.*
The patience, whereof many Gods, examples may produce,
In many bitter ils receiu'd; as well that men ſuſtaine
By their inflictions; as by men, repaid to them againe.
Mars ſufferd much more then thy ſelfe, by *Ephialtes* powre, *Mars bound in chaines by Otus and Ephialtes.*
And *Otus*, *Aloeus* ſonnes, who in a brazen towre,
(And in inextricable chaines) caſt that warre-greedie God;
Where twiſe ſixe months and one he liu'd, and there the period
Of his ſad life perhaps had cloſd, if his kind ſtep-dames eye,
Faire *Erebœa* had not ſeene, who told it *Mercurie*;
And he by ſtealth enfranchiſd him, though he could ſcarce enioy
The benefite of franchiſment, the chaines did ſo deſtroy
His vitall forces with their weight. So *Iuno* ſufferd more,
When with a three-forkt arrowes head, *Amphytrios* ſonne did gore
Her right breaſt, paſt all hope of cure. *Pluto* ſuſtaind no leſſe
By that ſelfe man; and by a ſhaft, of equall bitterneſſe,
Shot through his ſhoulder at hell gates; and there (amongſt the dead,
Were he not deathleſſe) he had died: but vp to heauen he fled
(Extremely tortur'd) for recure, which inſtantly he wonne
At *Paons* hand, with ſoueraigne Balme; and this did *Iowes* great ſonne. *Paon Phiſitian to the Gods.*
Vnbleſt, great-high-deed-daring man, that car'd not doing ill;
That with his bow durſt wound the Gods; but by *Minerua's* will,
Thy wound, the fooliſh *Diomed*, was ſo prophane to giue;
Not knowing he that fights with heauen, hath neuer long to liue;
And for this deed, he neuer ſhall, haue child about his knee
To call him father, coming home. Beſides, heare this from me,
(Strength-truſting man) though thou be ſtrong, and art in ſtrength a towre;
Take heed a ſtronger meet thee not, and that a womans powre
Containes not that ſuperiour ſtrength; and leſt that woman be
Adraſtus daughter, and thy wife, the wiſe *Ægiale*,
When (from this houre not farre) ſhe wakes, euen ſighing with deſire
To kindle our reuenge on thee, with her enamouring fire,
In chooſing her ſome freſh young friend, and ſo drowne all thy fame,
Wonne here in warre, in her Court-peace, and in an opener ſhame.
This ſaid, with both her hands ſhe cleanſd, the tender backe and palme
Of all the ſacred blood they loſt; and neuer vſing Balme,
The paine ceaſt, and the wound was cur'd, of this kind Queene of loue.
Iuno and *Pallas* ſeeing this, aſſaid to anger *Ioue*,
And quit his late made-mirth with them, about the louing Dame,
With ſome ſharpe ieſt, in like ſort built, vpon her preſent ſhame.
Grey-eyd *Athenia* began, and askt the Thunderer, *Pallas to Ioue.*
If (nothing mouing him to wrath) ſhe boldly might preferre
What ſhe conceiu'd, to his conceipt: and (ſtaying no reply)
She bade him view the *Cyprian* fruite, he lou'd ſo tenderly,
Whom ſhe though hurt, and by this meanes, intending to ſuborne

Some

Some other Ladie of the Greekes (whom louely veiles adorne)
To gratifie ſome other friend, of her much-loued Troy,
Sceptiſi. As ſhe embrac't and ſtird her blood, to the Venerean ioy,
The golden claſpe thoſe Grecian Dames, vpon their girdles weare,
Tooke hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it, ſhe had feare.
Ioue to Venus. The Thunderer ſmil'd, and cald to him, loues golden Arbitreſſe,
And told her, thoſe rough workes of warre, were not for her acceſſe:
She ſhould be making mariages, embracings, kiſſes, charmes;
Sterne *Mars* and *Pallas* had the charge, of thoſe affaires in armes.
While theſe thus talkt, *Tydides* rage, ſtill thirſted to atchieue
His priſe vpon *Anchiſes* ſonne; though well he did perceiue
The Sunne himſelfe protected him: but his deſires (inflam'd
With that great Troian Princes blood, and armes ſo highly fam'd)
Not that great God did reuerence. Thriſe ruſht he rudely on;
And thriſe betwixt his darts and death, the Sunnes bright target ſhone:
But when vponthe fourth aſſault (much like a ſpirit) he flew,
The far-off-working Deitie, exceeding wrathfull grew,
Apollo to Diomed. And askt him: What? Not yeeld to Gods? thy equals learne to know:
The race of Gods is farre aboue, men creeping here below.
This draue him to ſome ſmall retreite; he would not tempt more neare
The wrath of him that ſtrooke ſo farre; whoſe powre had now ſet cleare
Apollo beares Æneas to Troy. *Æneas* from the ſtormie field, within the holy place
Of Pergamus; where, to the hope, of his ſo ſoueraigne grace
A goodly Temple was aduanc't; in whoſe large inmoſt part
He left him, and to his ſupply, enclin'd his mothers heart
(*Latona*) and the dart-pleaſd Queene, who cur'd, and made him ſtrong.
The Image of Æneas. The ſiluer-bow'd-faire God, then threw, in the tumultuous throng,
An Image, that in ſtature, looke, and armes he did create
Like *Venus* ſonne; for which the Greekes, and Troians made debate,
Laid lowd ſtrokes on their Ox-hide ſhields, and bucklers eaſly borne:
Which error *Phœbus* pleaſd to vrge, on *Mars* himſelfe in ſcorne:
Apollo to Mars. *Mars, Mars,* (ſaid he) thou plague of men, ſmeard with the duſt and blood
Of humanes, and their ruin'd wals; yet thinks thy God-head good,
To fright this Furie from the field? who next will fight with *Ioue.*
Firſt, in a bold approch he hurt, the moiſt palme of thy Loue:
And next (as if he did affect, to haue a Deities powre)
He held out his aſſault on me. This ſaid, the loftie towre
Of Pergamus he made his ſeate, and *Mars* did now excite
The Troian forces, in the forme, of him that led to fight
The Thracian troopes; ſwift *Acamas.* O *Priams* ſonnes (ſaid he)
Mars like Acamas to the ſons of Priam. How long, the ſlaughter of your men, can ye ſuſtaine to ſee?
Euen till they braue ye at your gates? Ye ſuffer beaten downe
Æneas, great *Anchiſes* ſonne; whoſe proweſſe we renowne
As much as *Hectors:* fetch him off, from this contentious preaſe.
With this, the ſtrength and ſpirits of all, his courage did increaſe;
Sarpedon reproues Hector. And yet *Sarpedon* ſeconds him, with this particular taunt
Of noble *Hector*; *Hector?* where, is thy vnthankfull vaunt,
And that huge ſtrength on which it built? that thou, and thy allies,

With

With all thy brothers (without aid of vs or our supplies,
And troubling not a citizen) the Citie safe would hold:
In all which, friends, and brothers helps, I see not, nor am told
Of any one of their exploits; but (all held in dismay
Of *Diomed*; like a sort of dogs, that at a Lion bay,
And entertaine no spirit to pinch;) we (your assistants here)
Fight for the towne, as you helpt vs: and I (an aiding Peere,
No Citizen, euen out of care, that doth become a man,
For men and childrens liberties) adde all the aide I can:
Not out of my particular cause; far hence my profit growes:
For far hence *Asian Lycia* lies, where gulfie *Xanthus* flowes:
And where my lou'd wife, infant sonne, and treasure nothing scant,
I left behind me, which I see, those men would haue, that want:
And therefore they that haue, would keepe; yet I (as I would lose
Their sure fruition) cheere my troupes, and with their liues propose
Mine owne life, both to generall fight, and to particular cope;
With this great souldier: though (I say) I entertaine no hope
To haue such gettings as the Greeks, nor feare to lose like Troy:
Yet thou (euen *Hector*) deedlesse standst, and car'st not to employ
Thy towne-borne friends; to bid them stand, to fight and saue their wiues:
Lest as a Fowler casts his nets, vpon the silly liues
Of birds of all sorts; so the foe, your walls and houses hales,
(One with another) on all heads: or such as scape their fals,
Be made the prey and prize of them, (as willing ouerthrowne)
That hope not for you, with their force: and so this braue-built towne
Will proue a Chaos: that deserues, in thee so hote a care
As should consume thy dayes and nights, to hearten and prepare
Th'assistant Princes: pray their minds, to beare their far-brought toiles,
To giue them worth, with worthy fight; in victories and foiles
Still to be equall; and thy selfe (exampling them in all)
Need no reproofes nor spurs: all this, in thy free choice should fall.

This stung great *Hectors* heart: and yet, as euery generous mind
Should silent beare a iust reproofe, and shew what good they find
In worthy counsels, by their ends, put into present deeds:
Not stomacke, nor be vainly sham'd: so *Hectors* spirit proceeds:
And from his Chariot (wholly arm'd) he iumpt vpon the sand:
On foote, so toiling through the hoast; a dart in either hand,
And all hands turn'd against the Greeks; the Greeks despisde their worst,
And (thickning their instructed powres) expected all they durst.

Then with the feet of horse and foote, the dust in clouds did rise.
And as in sacred floores of barnes, vpon corne-winowers flies
The chaffe, driuen with an opposite wind, when yellow *Ceres* dites;
Which all the Diters feet, legs, armes, their heads and shoulders whites:
So lookt the Grecians gray with dust, that strooke the solide heauen,
Raisd from returning chariots, and troupes together driuen.
Each side stood to their labours firme: fierce *Mars* flew through the aire,
And gatherd darknesse from the fight: and with his best affaire,
Obeyd the pleasure of the Sunne, that weares the golden sword,

Simile from the husbandman, expressing vnpossibly.

Who bad him raiſe the ſpirits of Troy, when *Pallas* ceaſt t'afford
Apollo brings Æneas from his Temple to field cured. Her helping office, to the Greeks; and then his owne hands wrought;
Which (from his Phanes rich chancell, cur'd) the true *Æneas* brought,
And plac't him by his Peeres in field; who did (with ioy) admire,
To ſee him both aliue and ſafe, and all his powers entire:
Yet ſtood not ſifting, how it chanc't: another ſort of taſke,
Then ſtirring th'idle ſiue of newes, did all their forces aske:
Inflam'd by *Phœbus*, harmfull *Mars*, and *Eris*, eagrer farre:
The Greekes had none to hearten them; their hearts roſe with the warre;
But chiefly *Diomed*, *Ithacus*, and both th'*Aiaces* vſde
Stirring examples, and good words: their owne fames had infuſde
Spirit enough into their blouds, to make them neither feare
The Troians force, nor Fate it ſelfe; but ſtill expecting were
When moſt was done, what would be more; their ground they ſtil made good;
Simile. And (in their ſilence, and ſet powers) like faire ſtill clouds they ſtood:
With which, *Ioue* crownes the tops of hils, in any quiet day,
When *Boreas* and the ruder winds (that vſe to driue away
Aires duskie vapors, being looſe, in many a whiſtling gale)
Are pleaſingly bound vp and calme, and not a breath exhale;
So firmely ſtood the Greeks, nor fled, for all the *Ilions* ayd.
Atrides yet coaſts through the troupes, confirming men ſo ſtayd:
O friends (ſaid he) hold vp your minds; ſtrength is but ſtrength of will;
Reuerence each others good in fight, and ſhame at things done ill:
Where ſouldiers ſhew an honeſt ſhame, and loue of honour liues,
That ranks men with the firſt in fight; death fewer liueries giues
Then life; or then where Fames neglect, makes cow-herds fight at length:
Flight neither doth the bodie grace, nor ſhewes the mind hath ſtrength.
He ſaid; and ſwiftly through the troupes, a mortall Lance did ſend,
That reft a ſtandard-bearers life, renownd *Æneas* friend;
Pergaſides ſlain by Agamemnon. *Deicoon Pergaſides*, whom all the Troians lou'd,
As he were one of *Priams* ſonnes; his mind was ſo approu'd
In alwayes fighting with the firſt: the Lance his target tooke,
Which could not interrupt the blow, that through it cleerly ſtrooke,
And in his bellies rimme was ſheath'd, beneath his girdle-ſtead;
He ſounded falling; and his armes, with him reſounded, dead.
Orſilochus and Crethon ſlain by Æneas. Then fell two Princes of the Greeks, by great *Æneas* ire,
Diocleus ſonnes (*Orſilochus*, and *Crethon*) whoſe kind Sire
In brauely-builded Phæra dwelt; rich, and of ſacred bloud;
He was deſcended lineally, from great *Alpheus* floud,
The pedigree of Orſilochus. That broadly flowes through Pylos fields: *Alpheus* did beget
Orſilochus; who in the rule, of many men was ſet:
And that *Orſilochus* begat, the rich *Diocleus*:
Diocleus ſire to *Crethon* was, and this *Orſilochus*:
Both theſe, arriu'd at mans eſtate, with both th'*Atrides* went,
To honor them in th'*Ilion* warres; and both were one way ſent;
To death as well as Troy; for death, hid both in one blacke houre.
Simile. As two yong Lions (with their dam, ſuſtaind but to deuoure)
Bred on the tops of ſome ſteepe hill, and in the gloomie deepe

Of

Of an inacceſſible wood, ruſh out, and prey on ſheepe,
Steeres, Oxen; and deſtroy mens ſtals, ſo long that they come ſhort,
And by the Owners ſteele are ſlaine: in ſuch vnhappie ſort,
Fell theſe beneath *Æneas* powre. When *Menelaus* view'd
(Like two tall fir-trees) theſe two fall; their timeleſſe fals he rew'd;
And to the firſt fight, where they lay, a vengefull force he tooke;
His armes beat backe the Sunne in flames; a dreadfull Lance he ſhooke:
Mars put the furie in his mind, that by *Æneas* hands,
(Who was to make the ſlaughter good) he might haue ſtrewd the ſands.
Antilochus (old *Neſtors* ſonne) obſeruing he was bent
To vrge a combat of ſuch ods; and knowing the euent,
Being ill on his part, all their paines (alone ſuſtaind for him)
Er'd from their end, made after hard, and tooke them in the trim
Of an encounter; both, their hands, and darts aduanc't, and ſhooke,
And both pitcht, in full ſtand of charge; when ſuddenly the looke
Of *Anchiſiades* tooke note, of *Neſtors* valiant ſonne,
In full charge too; which two to one, made *Venus* iſſue ſhunne
The hote aduenture, though he were, a ſouldier well approu'd.
Then drew they off their ſlaughterd friends; who giuen to their belou'd,
They turnd where fight ſhewd deadlieſt hate; and there mixt with the dead
Pylemen, that the targatiers of Paphlagonia led,
A man like *Mars*; and with him fell, good *Mydon* that did guide
His chariot; *Atymnus* ſonne. The Prince *Pylemen* died
By *Menelaus*; *Neſtors* ioy, ſlue *Mydon*; one before,
The other in the chariot: *Atrides* lance did gore
Pylemens ſhoulder, in the blade: *Antilochus* did force
A mightie ſtone vp from the earth, and (as he turnd his horſe)
Strooke *Mydons* elbow in the midſt: the reines of Iuorie
Fell from his hands into the duſt: *Antilochus* let flie,
His ſword withall, and (ruſhing in) a blow ſo deadly layd
Vpon his temples, that he gron'd; tumbl'd to earth, and ſtayd
A mightie while prepoſterouſly (becauſe the duſt was deepe)
Vpon his necke and ſhoulders there, euen till his foe tooke keepe
Of his priſde horſe, and made them ſtirre; and then he proſtrate fell:
His horſe *Antilochus* tooke home. When *Hector* had heard tell,
(Amongſt the vprore) of their deaths, he laid out all his voice,
And ran vpon the Greeks: behind, came many men of choice;
Before him marcht great *Mars* himſelfe, matcht with his femall mate,
The drad *Bellona*: ſhe brought on (to fight for mutuall Fate)
A tumult that was wilde, and mad: he ſhooke a horrid Lance,
And, now led *Hector*, and anon, behind would make the chance.
This ſight, when great *Tydides* ſaw, his haire ſtood vp on end:
And him, whom all the skill and powre, of armes did late attend,
Now like a man in counſell poore, that (trauelling) goes amiſſe,
And (hauing paſt a boundleſſe plaine) not knowing where he is,
Comes on the ſodaine, where he ſees, a riuer rough, and raues
With his owne billowes rauiſhed, into the king of waues;
Murmurs with ſome, and frights him backe: ſo he, amazd, retirde,

Antilochus voluntary care of Menelaus, and their charge of Æneas.

Menelaus ſlayes Pylemen.

Antilochus ſlayes Mydon.

Hectors manner of aſſault.

Simile.

And thus would make good his amaze; O friends, we all admirde
Great *Hector*, as one of himſelfe, well-darting, bold in warre;
When ſome God guards him ſtill from death, and makes him dare ſo farre;
Now *Mars* himſelfe (formd like a man), is preſent in his rage:
And therefore, whatſoeuer cauſe, importunes you to wage
Warre with theſe Troians; neuer ſtriue, but gently take your rod;
Leſt in your boſomes, for a man, ye euer find a God.
As Greece retirde, the power of Troy, did much more forward preaſe;
Hector ſlaughters Meneſthes and Anchialus. And *Hector*, two braue men of warre, ſent to the fields of peace;
Meneſthes, and *Anchialus*; one chariot bare them both:
Aiax ſlayes Amphius Selagus. Their fals made *Aiax Telamon*, ruthfull of heart, and wroth;
Who lightned out a lance, that ſmote, *Amphius Selages*,
That dwelt in Pædos; rich in lands, and did huge goods poſſeſſe:
But Fate, to *Priam* and his ſonnes, conducted his ſupply:
The Iauelin on his girdle ſtrooke, and pierced mortally
His bellies lower part; he fell; his armes had lookes ſo trim,
That *Aiax* needs would proue their ſpoile; the Troians powrd on him
Whole ſtormes of Lances, large, and ſharpe: of which, a number ſtucke
In his rough ſhield; yet from the ſlaine, he did his Iauelin plucke:
But could not from his ſhoulders force, the armes he did affect;
The Troians, with ſuch drifts of Darts, the body did protect:
And wiſely *Telamonius* fear'd, their valorous defence;
So many, and ſo ſtrong of hand, ſtood in, with ſuch expence,
Of deadly proweſſe; who repeld (though big, ſtrong, bold he were)
The famous *Aiax*; and their friend, did from his rapture beare.
Thus this place, fild with ſtrength of fight, in th'armies other preaſe,
Tlepolemus, a tall big man, the ſonne of *Hercules*,
A cruell deſtinie inſpir'd, with ſtrong deſire to proue
Encounter with *Sarpedons* ſtrength, the ſonne of *Cloudy Ioue*;
Who, coming on, to that ſterne end, had choſen him his foe:
Ioues ſon Sarpedon, and Tlepodemus his nephew ſon to Hercules, draw to encounter. Thus *Ioues* great Nephew, and his ſonne, 'gainſt one another go:
Tlepolemus (to make his end, more worth the will of Fate)
Began, as if he hatl her powre; and ſhewd the mortall ſtate
Of too much confidence in man, with this ſuperfluous Braue;
Tlepodemus to Sarpedon. *Sarpedon*, what neceſſitie, or needleſſe humor draue
Thy forme, to theſe warres? which in heart, I know thou doeſt abhorre;
A man not ſeene in deeds of armes, a Lycian counſellor;
They lie that call thee ſonne to *Ioue*, ſince *Ioue* bred none ſo late;
The men of elder times were they, that his high powre begat,
Such men, as had *Herculean* force; my father *Hercules*
Was *Ioues* true iſſue, he was bold; his deeds did well expreſſe
They ſprung out of a Lions heart: he whilome came to Troy,
(For horſe that *Iupiter* gaue *Tros*, for *Ganimed* his boy)
With ſixe ſhips onely and few men, and tore the Citie downe,
Left all her broad wayes deſolate, and made the horſe his owne:
For thee, thy mind is ill diſpoſde, thy bodies powers are poore,
And therefore are thy troopes ſo weake: the ſouldier euermore
Followes the temper of his chiefe; and thou pull'ſt downe a ſide.

But

But say, thou art the sonne of *Ioue*; and hast thy meanes supplide,
With forces fitting his descent: the powers, that I compell,
Shall throw thee hence; and make thy head, run ope the gates of hell.
Ioues Lycian issue answerd him, *Tlepolemus*, tis true;
Thy father, holy *Ilion*, in that sort ouerthrew;
Th'iniustice of the king was cause, that where thy father had
Vsde good deseruings to his state, he quitted him with bad.
Hesione, the ioy and grace, of king *Laomedon*,
Thy father rescude from a whale; and gaue to *Telamon*
In honourd Nuptials; *Telamon*, from whom your strongest Greeke
Boasts to haue issude; and this grace, might well expect the like:
Yet he gaue taunts for thanks, and kept, against his oath, his horse;
And therefore both thy fathers strength, and iustice might enforce
The wreake he tooke on Troy: but this, and thy cause differ farre;
Sonnes seldome heire their fathers worths; thou canst not make his warre:
What thou assum'st from him, is mine, to be on thee imposde.
With this, he threw an ashen dart; and then *Tlepolemus* losde
Another from his glorious hand: Both at one instant flew;
Both strooke, both wounded; from his necke, *Sarpedons* lauelin drew
The life-bloud of *Tlepolemus*; full in the midst it fell:
And what he threatned, th'other gaue; that darknesse, and that hell.
Sarpedons left thigh tooke the Lance; it pierc't the solide bone;
And with his raging head, ranne through; but *Ioue* preseru'd his sonne.
The dart yet vext him bitterly, which should haue bene puld out;
But none considerd then so much; so thicke came on the rout,
And fild each hand so full of cause, to plie his owne defence;
Twas held enough (both saine) that both, were nobly caried thence.
Vlysses knew the euents of both, and tooke it much to hart,
That his friends enemie should scape; and in a twofold part
His thoughts contended; if he should, pursue *Sarpedons* life,
Or take his friends wreake on his men. Fate did conclude this strife;
By whom twas otherwise decreed, then that *Vlysses* steele
Should end *Sarpedon*. In this doubt, *Minerua* tooke the wheele
From fickle Chance; and made his mind, resolue to right his friend
With that bloud he could surest draw. Then did Reuenge extend
Her full powre on the multitude; Then did he neuer misse;
Alastor, *Halius*, *Chromius*, *Noemon*, *Pritanis*,
Alcander, and a number more, he slue, and more had slaine,
If *Hector* had not vnderstood; whose powre made in amaine,
And strooke feare through the Grecian troupes; but to *Sarpedon* gaue
Hope of full rescue; who thus cried, O *Hector*! helpe and saue
My body from the spoile of Greece; that to your loued towne,
My friends may see me borne; and then, let earth possesse her owne,
In this soyle, for whose sake I left, my countries; for no day
Shall euer shew me that againe; nor to my wife display
(And yong hope of my Name) the ioy, of my much thirsted sight:
All which, I left for Troy; for them, let Troy then do this right.
To all this *Hector* giues no word: but greedily he striues,

Sarpedon to Tlepolemus.

Sarpedon slaugh-ters Tlepolemus.

Himselfe hurt by Tlepole-mus.

Vlysses valour.

Sarpedon to Hector.

With all ſpeed to repell the Greekes, and ſhed in floods their liues,
And left *Sarpedon*: but what face, ſoeuer he put on
Of following the common cauſe; he left this Prince alone
For his particular grudge; becauſe, ſo late, he was ſo plaine
In his reproofe before the hoſt, and that did he retaine;
How euer, for example ſake, he would not ſhew it then;
And for his ſhame to, ſince twas iuſt. But good *Sarpedons* men
Venturd themſelues, and forc't him off, and ſet him vnderneath
The goodly Beech of *Iupiter*, where now they did vnſheath
The Aſhen lance: ſtrong *Pelagon*, his friend, moſt lou'd, moſt true,
Sarpedon in a trance. Enforc't it from his maimed thigh: with which his ſpirit flew,
And darkneſſe ouer-flew his eyes, yet with a gentle gale
That round about the dying Prince, coole *Boreas* did exhale,
He was reuiu'd, recomforted; that elſe had grieu'd and dyed.
All this time, flight draue to the fleet, the Argiues, who applyed
No weapon gainſt the proud purſuite, nor euer turnd a head;
They knew ſo well that *Mars* purſude, and dreadfull *Hector* led.
Then who was firſt, who laſt, whoſe liues, the Iron *Mars* did ſeiſe,
And *Priams Hector? Helenus*, ſurnam'd *Oenopides*,
Good *Teuthras*, and *Oreſtes*, skild, in managing of horſe;
Bold *Oenomaus*, and a man, renownd for martiall force,
Trechus, the great Ætolian Chiefe; *Oresbius*, that did weare
The gawdy Myter; ſtudied wealth, extremely, and dwelt neare
Th'Athlantique lake Cephiſides, in Hyla; by whoſe ſeate,
The good men of Bœotia dwelt. This ſlaughter grew ſo great,
It flew to heauen: *Saturnia*, diſcernd it, and cried out
To *Pallas*; O vnworthy ſight! to ſee a field ſo fought,
And breake our words to Spartas king, that Ilion ſhould be rac't,
And he returne reueng'd? when thus, we ſee his Greekes diſgrac't
And beare the harmfull rage of *Mars*? Come, let vs vſe our care
That we diſhonor not our powers. *Minerua* was as yare
As ſhe, at the deſpight of Troy. Her golden-bridl'd ſteeds,
Then *Saturns* daughter brought abrode; and *Hebe*, ſhe proceeds
T'addreſſe her chariot; inſtantly, ſhe giues it either wheele,
Iunos chariot. Beam'd with eight Spokes of ſounding braſſe, the Axle-tree was ſteele;
The Felffes, incorruptible gold; their vpper bands, of braſſe;
Their matter moſt vnuallued; their worke of wondrous grace.
The Naues in which the Spokes were driuen, were all with ſiluer bound;
The chariots ſeate, two hoopes of gold, and ſiluer, ſtrengthned round;
Edg'd with a gold and ſiluer fringe; the beame that lookt before,
Was maſſie ſiluer; on whoſe top, geres all of gold it wore,
And golden Poitrils. *Iuno* mounts, and her hote horſes rein'd,
That thirſted for contention, and ſtill of peace complaind.
Minerua wrapt her in the robe, that curiouſly ſhe woue,
Pallas armed. With glorious colours, as ſhe ſate, on th'Azure floore of *Ioue*;
And wore the armes that he puts on, bent to the tearefull field:
Ægis (Ioues ſhield) deſcribed About her brode-ſpred ſhoulders hung, his huge and horrid ſhield,
Fring'd round with euer-fighting Snakes; through it, was drawne to life

The

The miſeries, and deaths of fight; in it frownd bloodie *Strife*;
In it ſhin'd ſacred *Fortitude*; in it fell *Purſuit* flew;
In it the monſter *Gorgons* head, in which (held out to view)
Were all the dire oſtents of *Ioue*; on her big head ſhe plac't
His foure-plum'd glittering caske of gold, ſo admirably vaſt,
It would a hundred garriſons, of ſouldiers comprehend.
Then to her ſhining chariot, her vigorous feet aſcend:
And in her violent hand ſhe takes, his graue, huge, ſolid lance,
With which the conqueſts of her wrath, ſhe vſeth to aduance,
And ouerturne whole fields of men; to ſhew ſhe was the ſeed
Of him that thunders. Then heauens Queene (to vrge her horſes ſpeed)
Takes vp the ſcourge, and forth they flie; the ample gates of heauen
Rung, and flew open of themſelues; the charge whereof is giuen
(With all *Olympus*, and the skie) to the diſtinguiſht Howres,
That cleare, or hide it all in clowds; or powre it downe in ſhowres.
This way their ſcourge-obeying horſe, made haſte, and ſoone they wonne
The top of all the topfull heauens, where aged *Saturns* ſonne
Sate ſeuerd from the other Gods; then ſtaid the white-arm'd Queene
Her ſteeds; and askt of *Ioue*, if *Mars*, did not incenſe his ſpleene
With his foule deeds; in ruining, ſo many, and ſo great
In the Command and grace of Greece, and in ſo rude a beate.
At which (ſhe ſaid) *Apollo* laught, and *Venus*; who ſtill ſue
To that mad God for violence, that neuer iuſtice knew;
For whoſe impietie ſhe askt, if with his wiſhed loue
Her ſelfe might free the field of him? He bade her rather moue
Athenia to the charge ſhe ſought, who vſd of old to be
The bane of *Mars*; and had as well, the gift of ſpoile as he.
This grace ſhe ſlackt not, but her horſe, ſcourg'd, that in nature flew
Betwixt the cope of ſtarres and earth: And how farre at a view
A man into the purple Sea, may from a hill deſcrie:
* So farre a high-neighing horſe of heauen, at euerie iumpe would flie.
Arriu'd at Troy, where broke in cutls, the two floods mixe their force,
(*Scamander*, and bright *Simois*) *Saturnia* ſtaid her horſe;
Tooke them from chariot; and a clowd, of mightie depth diffuſd
About them; and the verdant bankes, of Symois produc'd
(In nature) what they * eate in heauen. Then both the Goddeſſes
Marcht like a paire of timorous Doues, in haſting their acceſſe,
To th'Argiue ſuccour. Being arriu'd, where both the moſt, and beſt
Were heapt together, (ſhewing all, like Lyons at a feaſt
Of new ſlaine carkaſſes; or Bores, beyond encounter ſtrong.)
There found they *Diomed*; and there, midſt all th'admiring throng,
Saturnia put on *Stentors* ſhape; that had a brazen voice,
And ſpake as lowd as fiftie men; like whom ſhe made a noiſe,
And chid the Argiues; O ye Greekes, in name, and outward rite,
But Princes onely; not in act: what ſcandall? what deſpight
Vſe ye to honor? all the time, the great *Æacides*
Was conuerſant in armes; your foes, durſt not a foote addreſſe
Without their ports; ſo much they feard, his lance that all controld;

The three Horæ Guardians of heauen gates.

* *How farre a heauenly horſe took at one reach or ſtroke in galloping or running; wherein Homers mind is farre from being expreſt in his Interpreters, al taking it for how far Deities were borne from the earth: when inſtitly they came downe to earth: nimm vnlyo aroi, &c. tantum vno ſaltu conficiunt, vel, tanta ſubtilium progrediuntur deorum altazoni e qui, &c. vno, being vnderſtood, and the horſes ſwiftnes highly expreſt. The ſince otherwiſe is ſenſleſſe, and contradictorie.*

* *Ambroſian is the originall word, which Scaliger taxeth, as very learnedly, asking how the horſe came by it on theſe bankes, when the text tels him Symois produced it: being willing to expreſſe by Hyperbole the delicacie of that ſoile. If not, I hope the Deities could euer command it.*

And now they out-ray to your fleete. This did with ſhame make bold
The generall ſpirit and powre of Greece; when (with particular note
Of their diſgrace) *Athenia*, made *Tydeus* iſſue hote.
She found him at his chariot, refreſhing of his wound
Inflicted by ſlaine *Pandarus*; his ſweat did ſo abound,
It much annoid him, vnderneath, the brode belt of his ſhield;
With which, and tired with his toile, his ſoule could hardly yeeld
His bodie motion. With his hand, he lifted vp the belt,
And wip't away that clotterd blood, the feruent wound did melt.
Minerua leand againſt his horſe, and neare their withers laid
Pallas to Diomed. Her ſacred hand; then ſpake to him; Beleeue me *Diomed*,
Tydeus exampl'd not himſelfe, in thee his ſonne; not Great,
But yet he was a ſouldier; a man of ſo much heate,
That in his Ambaſſie for Thebes, when I forbad his mind
To be too ventrous; and when Feaſts, his heart might haue declind
(With which they welcom'd him) he made, a challenge to the beſt,
And foild the beſt; I gaue him aide, becauſe the ruſt of reſt
(That would haue ſeiſd another mind) he ſufferd not; but vſd
The triall I made like a man; and their ſoft feaſts refuſd:
Yet when I ſet thee on, thou faint'ſt; I guard thee, charge, exhort,
That (I abetting thee) thou ſhouldſt, be to the Greekes a Fort,
And a diſmay to Ilion; yet thou obey'ſt in nought:
Affraid, or ſlouthfull, or elſe both: henceforth, renounce all thought
Diomed to Pallas. That euer thou wert *Tydeus* ſonne. He anſwerd her; I know
Thou art *Ioues* daughter, and for that, in all iuſt dutie owe
Thy ſpeeches reuerence: yet affirme, ingenuouſly, that feare
Doth neither hold me ſpiritleſſe, nor ſloth. I onely beare
Thy charge in zealous memorie, that I ſhould neuer warre
With any bleſſed Deitie, vnleſſe (exceeding farre
The limits of her rule) the Queene, that gouerns Chamber ſport
Should preaſſe to field; and her, thy will, enioynd my lance to hurt:
But he whoſe powre hath right in armes, I knew in perſon here
(Beſides the *Cyprian* Deitie) and therefore did forbeare;
And here haue gatherd in retreit, theſe other Greekes you ſee
Pallas againe. With note and reuerence of your charge. My deareſt mind (ſaid ſhe)
What then was fit is chang'd: Tis true, *Mars* hath iuſt rule in warre,
What vniuſt warre is. But iuſt warre; otherwiſe he raues, not fights; he's alterd farre;
He vow'd to *Iuno* and my ſelfe, that his aide ſhould be vſd
Againſt the Troians, whom it guards; and therein he abuſd
His rule in armes, infring'd his word, and made his warre vniuſt:
He is inconſtant, impious, mad: Reſolue then; firmly truſt
My aide of thee againſt his worſt, or any Deitie:
Adde ſcourge to thy free horſe, charge home: he fights perfidiouſly.
This ſaid; as that braue king, her knight, with his horſe-guiding friend,
Were ſet before the chariot, (for ſigne he ſhould deſcend,
That ſhe might ſerue for wagonneſſe) ſhe pluckt the waggoner backe,
And vp into his ſeate ſhe mounts: the Beechen tree did cracke
Beneath the burthen; and good cauſe, it bore ſo huge a thing:

A Goddeſſe ſo repleate with powre, and ſuch a puiſſant king.
She ſnatcht the ſcourge vp and the reines, and ſhut her heauenly looke
In hels vaſt helme, from *Mars* his eyes: and full careere ſhe tooke
At him, who then had newly ſlaine, the mightie *Periphas*,
Renown'd ſonne to *Ocheſius*; and farre the ſtrongeſt was
Of all th'Ætolians; to whoſe ſpoile, the bloodie God was run:
But when this man-plague ſaw th'approch, of God-like *Tydeus* ſonne;
He let his mightie *Periphas* lie, and in full charge he ran
At *Diomed*; and he at him; both neare; the God began, *The combat of Mars and Diomed.*
And (thirſtie of his blood) he throwes, a brazen lance, that beares
Full on the breaſt of *Diomed*, aboue the reines and geres;
But *Pallas* tooke it on her hand, and ſtrooke the eager lance
Beneath the chariot: then the knight, of *Pallas* doth aduance,
And caſt a Iaueline off, at *Mars*; *Minerua* ſent it on; *Mars hurt by Diomed.*
That (where his arming girdle girt) his bellie graz'd vpon,
Iuſt at the rim, and rancht the fleſh: the lance againe he got,
But left the wound; that ſtung him ſo, he laid out ſuch a throat,
As if nine or ten thouſand men, had bray'd out all their breaths
In one confuſion; hauing felt, as many ſodaine deaths.
The rore made both the hoſts amaz'd. Vp flew the God to heauen;
And with him, was through all the aire, as blacke a tincture driuen
(To *Diomeds* eyes) as when the earth, halfe chok't with ſmoking heate
Of gloomie clouds, that ſtifle men; and pitchie tempeſts threat,
Vſherd with horrid guſts of wind: with ſuch blacke vapors plum'd,
Mars flew t'*Olympus*, and brode heauen; and there his place reſum'd. *Mars fled to heauen.*
Sadly he went and ſate by *Ioue*, ſhew'd his immortall blood,
That from a mortall-man-made-wound, powrd ſuch an impious flood;
And (weeping) powr'd out theſe complaints: O Father, ſtormſt thou not *Mars to Iupiter.*
To ſee vs take theſe wrongs from men? extreme griefes we haue got
Euen by our owne deepe counſels held, for gratifying them;
And thou (our Councels Preſident) conclud'ſt in this extreme
Of fighting euer; being ruld, by one that thou haſt bred;
One neuer well, but doing ill; a girle ſo full of head,
That, though all other Gods obey, her mad moods muſt command
By thy indulgence; nor by word, nor any touch of hand
Correcting her; thy reaſon is, ſhe is a ſparke of thee,
And therefore ſhe may kindle rage, in men, gainſt Gods; and ſhe
May make men hurt Gods; and thoſe Gods, that are (beſides) thy ſeed.
Firſt in the palms height *Cyprides*; then runs the impious deed
On my hurt perſon: and could life, giue way to death in me;
Or had my feete not fetcht me off; heaps of mortalitie
Had kept me conſort. *Iupiter*, with a contracted brow,
Thus anſwerd *Mars*: Thou many minds, inconſtant changling thou; *Iupiter to Mars*
Sit not complaining thus by me; whom moſt of all the Gods
(Inhabiting the ſtarrie hill) I hate: no periods
Being ſet to thy contentions, brawles, fights, and pitching fields;
Iuſt of thy mother *Iunos* moods; ſtiffe-neckt, and neuer yeelds,
Though I correct her ſtill, and chide; nor can forbeare offence,

Though

Though to her ſonne; this wound I know, taſts of her inſolence;
But I will proue more naturall, thou ſhalt be cur'd, becauſe
Thou com'ſt of me: but hadſt thou bene, ſo croſſe to ſacred lawes,
Being borne to any other God; thou hadſt bene throwne from heauen
Long ſince, as low as Tartarus, beneath the Giants driuen.
This ſaid, he gaue his wound in charge, to *Paon*, who applied
Such ſoueraigne medicines, that as ſoone, the paine was qualified,
And he recur'd; as nouriſhing milke, when runnet is put in,
Runs all in heapes of tough thicke curd, though in his nature thin:
Euen ſo ſoone, his wounds parted ſides, ran cloſe in his recure;
For he (all deathleſſe) could not long, the parts of death endure.
Hebe attires Mars. Then *Hebe* bath'd, and put on him, freſh garments, and he ſate
Exulting by his Sire againe, in top of all his ſtate;
So (hauing from the ſpoiles of men, made his deſir'd remoue)
Iuno and *Pallas* reaſcend, the ſtarrie Court of *Ioue*.

The end of the fifth Booke.

8 AP 58

THE

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Gods now leauing an indifferent field,
The Greekes preuaile, the ſlaughterd Troians yeeld;
Hector *(by* Hellenus *aduice) retires*
In haſte to Troy, and Hecuba, *deſires*
To pray Minerua, *to remoue from fight*
The ſonne of Tydeus, *her affected knight;*
And vow to her (for fauour of ſuch price)
Twelue Oxen ſhould be ſlaine in ſacrifice.
In meane ſpace, Glaucus *and* Tydides *meete;*
And either other, with remembrance greet
Of old loue twixt their fathers; which enclines
Their hearts to friendſhip; who change armes for ſignes
Of a conſtmu'd loue for either's life.
Hector, *in his returne, meets with his wife,*
And taking, in his armed armes, his ſonne,
He prophecies the fall of Ilion.

Another Argument.

In Zeta, Hector *Prophecies;*
Prayes for his ſonne: wils ſacrifice.

THe ſtern fight freed of al the Gods; conqueſt, with doubtful wings
Flew on their lances; euerie way, the reſtleſſe field ſhe flings,
Betwixt the floods of Symois, and Xanthus, that confin'd
All their affaires at Ilion, and round about them ſhin'd.
The firſt that weigh'd downe all the field, of one particular ſide,
Was *Aiax*, ſonne of *Telamon*: who like a bulwarke plide
The Greekes protection, and of Troy, the knottie orders brake:
Held out a light to all the reſt, and ſhew'd them how to make
Way to their conqueſt: he did wound, the ſtrongeſt man of Thrace,
The talleſt, and the biggeſt ſet, (*Euſſorian Acamas:*)
His lance fell on his caskes plum'd top, in ſtooping; the fell head
Draue through his forehead to his iawes; his eyes Night ſhadowed.
Tydides ſlue *Teuthranides*, *Axilus*, that did dwell
In faire Ariſbas well-built towres, he had of wealth a Well,
And yet was kind and bountifull: he would a traueller pray
To be his gueſt; his friendly houſe, ſtood in the brode high way;
In which, he all ſorts nobly vſd: yet none of them would ſtand,
Twixt him and death; but both himſelfe, and he that had command
Of his faire horſe, *Caliſius*, fell liueleſſe on the ground.
Euryalus; *Opheltius*, and *Dreſus* dead did wound;

Tydides, alias Diomed (being ſon to Tydeus.)

Not

Nor ended there his fierie courſe, which he againe begins,
And ran to it ſucceſſfully, vpon a paire of twins,
Æſepus, and bold *Pedaſus*, whom good *Bucolion*,
(That firſt cald father, though baſe borne, renowm'd *Laomedon*)
On *Naïs* Abarbaræa got; a Nymph that (as ſhe fed
Her curled flocks) *Bucolion* woo'd, and mixt in loue and bed.
Both theſe were ſpoild of armes, and life, by *Meciſtiades*.
Then *Polypates*, for ſterne death, *Aſtialus* did ſeiſe:
Vlyſſes ſlue *Percoſius*: *Teucer*, *Aretaon*:
Antilochus (old *Neſtors* ioy) *Ablerus*: the great ſonne
Of *Atreus*, and king of men, *Elatus*; whoſe abode
He held at vpper Pedaſus, where Satnius riuer flow'd.
The great Heroe *Leitus*, ſtaid *Philacus* in flight,
From further life: *Eurypilus*, *Melanthius* reft of light.
The brother to the king of men, *Adreſtus* tooke aliue;
Whoſe horſe, (affrighted with the flight) their driuer now did driue,
Amongſt the low-growne Tamricke trees; and at an arme of one
The chariot in the draught-tree brake; the horſe brake looſe, and ron
The ſame way other flyers fled; contending all to towne:
Himſelfe cloſe at the chariot wheele, vpon his face was throwne,
And there lay flat, roll'd vp in duſt: *Atrides* inwards draue;
And (holding at his breaſt his lance) *Adreſtus* ſought to ſaue
His head, by loſing of his feet, and truſting to his knees:
On which, the ſame parts of the king, he hugs, and offers fees
Of worthie value for his life; and thus pleades their receipt:
Take me aliue, O *Atreus* ſonne, and take a worthie weight
Of braſſe, elaborate iron, and gold: a heape of precious things
This Virgils imitates. Are in my fathers riches hid; which (when your ſeruant brings
Newes of my ſafetie to his eares) he largely will diuide
With your rare bounties: *Atreus* ſonne, thought this the better ſide,
And meant to take it; being about, to ſend him ſafe to fleete:
Agamemnon to Menelaus. Which when (farre off) his brother ſaw, he wing'd his royall feet,
And came in threatning, crying out; O ſoft heart? whats the cauſe
Thou ſpar'ſt theſe men thus? haue not they, obſeru'd theſe gentle lawes
Of mild humanitie to thee, with mightie argument,
Why thou ſhouldſt deale thus? In thy houſe? and with all prefident
Of honord gueſt rites entertaind? not one of them ſhall flie
A bitter end for it, from heauen; and much leſſe (dotingly)
Scape our reuengefull fingers; all, euen th'infant in the wombe
Shall taſt of what they merited, and haue no other tombe,
Then razed Ilion; nor their race, haue more fruite, then the duſt.
This iuſt cauſe turnd his brothers mind, who violently thruſt
The priſoner from him; in whoſe guts, the king of men impreſt
His aſhen lance; which (pitching downe, his foote vpon the breſt,
Of him that vpwards fell) he drew; then *Neſtor* ſpake to all:
Neſtor to the Greekes. O friends and houſehold men of *Mars*, let not your purſuit fall
With thoſe ye fell, for preſent ſpoile; nor (like the king of men)
Let any ſcape vnfeld: but on, diſpatch them all; and then

Ye

Ye ſhall haue time enough to ſpoile. This made ſo ſtrong their chace,
That all the Troians had bene houſd, and neuer turnd a face,
Had not the *Priamiſt Helenus* (an Augure moſt of name)
Will'd *Hector*, and *Æneas* thus: *Hector*! *Anchiſes* fame!
Since on your ſhoulders, with good cauſe, the weightie burthen lies
Of Troy and Lycia, (being both, of nobleſt faculties,
For counſell, ſtrength of hand, and apt, to take chance at her beſt,
In euery turne ſhe makes) ſtand faſt, and ſuffer not the reſt
(By any way ſearcht out for ſcape) to come within the ports:
Leſt (fled into their wiues kind armes) they there be made the ſports
Of the purſuing enemie: exhort and force your bands
To turne their faces: and while we, employ our ventur'd hands
(Though in a hard condition) to make the other ſtay:
Hector, go thou to Ilion, and our Queene mother pray,
To take the richeſt robe ſhe hath; the ſame that's chiefly deare
To her Court fancie: with which Iemme, (aſſembling more to her,
Of Troys chiefe Matrones) let all go, (for feare of all our fates)
To *Pallas* temple: take the key, vnlocke the leauie gates;
Enter, and reach the higheſt towre, where her Palladium ſtands,
And on it put the precious veile, with pure, and reuerend hands:
And vow to her (beſides the gift) a ſacrificing ſtroke
Of twelue fat Heifers of a yeare, that neuer felt the yoke:
(Moſt anſwering to her maiden ſtate) if ſhe will pittie vs;
Our towne, our wiues, our yongeſt ioyes: and (him that plagues them thus)
Take from the conflict; *Diomed*, that Furie in a fight;
That true ſonne of great *Tydeus*; that cunning Lord of Flight:
Whom I eſteeme the ſtrongeſt Greeke: for we haue neuer fled
Achilles (that is Prince of men, and whom a Goddeſſe bred)
Like him; his furie flies ſo high, and all mens wraths commands.
Hector intends his brothers will; but firſt through all his bands,
He made quicke way, encouraging, and all (to feare) affraide:
All turnd their heads and made Greece turne. Slaughter ſtood ſtill diſmaid,
On their parts; for they thought ſome God, falne from the vault of ſtarres,
Was ruſht into the Ilions aide, they made ſuch dreadfull warres.

Helenus to Hector and Æneas

Thus *Hector*, toyling in the waues, and thruſting backe the flood
Of his ebb'd forces: thus takes leaue: So, ſo, now runs your blood
In his right current; Forwards now, Troians! and farre cald friends!
Awhile hold out, till for ſucceſſe, to this your braue amends,
I haſte to Ilion, and procure, our Counſellours, and wiues
To pray, and offer Hecatombs, for their ſtates in our liues.

Hector to the Troians.

Then faire-helm'd *Hector* turnd to Troy, and (as he trode the field)
The blacke Buls hide, that at his backe, he wore about his ſhield,
(In the extreme circumference) was with his gate ſo rockt,
That (being large) it (both at once) his necke and ankles knockt.

How Hector left the field.

And now betwixt the hoſts were met, *Hippolochus* braue ſonne
Glaucus, who (in his verie looke) hope of ſome wonder wonne:
And little *Tydeus* mightie heire: who ſeeing ſuch a man
Offer the field; (for vſuall blowes) with wondrous words began.

The encounter of Diomed and Glaucus.

Diomed to Glaucus.

What art thou (ſtrongſt of mortall men) that putſt ſo farre before?
Whom theſe fights neuer ſhew'd mine eyes? they haue bene euermore
Sonnes of vnhappie parents borne, that came within the length
Of this *Minerua*-guided lance, and durſt cloſe with the ſtrength
That ſhe inſpires in me. If heauen, be thy diuine abode,
And thou a Deitie; thus inform'd, no more, with any God
Will I change lances: the ſtrong ſonne, of *Drias* did not liue
Long after ſuch a conflict dar'd, who godleſly did driue
Niſæus Nurſes through the hill, made ſacred to his name,
And cald *Niſſeius*: with a goade, he puncht each furious dame,
And made them euery one caſt downe, their greene and leauie ſpeares.
This, t'homicide *Lycurgus* did; and thoſe vngodly feares,
He put the Froes in, ſeiſd their God. Euen *Bacchus* he did driue
From his *Niſſeius*; who was faine (with huge exclaimes) to diue
Into the Ocean: *Thetis* there, in her bright boſome tooke
The flying Deitie; who ſo feard, *Lycurgus* threats, he ſhooke:
For which, the freely-liuing Gods, ſo highly were incenſt,
That *Saturns* great ſonne ſtrooke him blind, and with his life diſpenc't
But ſmall time after: all becauſe, th'immortals lou'd him not:
Nor lou'd him, ſince he ſtriu'd with them: and his end hath begot
Feare in my powres to fight with heauen: but if the fruits of earth
Nouriſh thy bodie, and thy life, be of our humane birth,
Come neare, that thou maiſt ſoone arriue, on that life-bounding ſhore,

Glaucus his worthie anſwer to Diomed: and his pedegree drawne euen from Syſiphus.

To which I ſee thee hoiſe ſuch ſaile. Why doſt thou ſo explore,
(Said *Glaucus*) of what race I am? when like the race of leaues
The race of man is, that deſerues, no queſtion; nor receiues
My being any other breath: The wind in Autumne ſtrowes
The earth with old leaues; then the Spring, the woods with new endowes:
And ſo death ſcatters men on earth: ſo life puts out againe
Mans leauie iſſue: but my race, if (like the courſe of men)
Thou ſeekſt in more particular termes: tis this; (to many knowne)

The hiſtorie of Bellerophon.

In midſt of Argos, nurſe of horſe, there ſtands a walled towne
Ephyré, where the Manſion houſe, of *Syſiphus* did ſtand;
Of *Syſiphus Æolides*, moſt wiſe of all the land:
Glaucus was ſonne to him, and he, begat *Bellerophon*,
Whoſe bodie heauen endued with ſtrength, and put a beautie on,
Exceeding louely: *Prætus* yet, his cauſe of loue did hate,
And baniſht him the towne: he might; he ruld the Argiue ſtate:
The vertue of the one, *Ioue* plac't, beneath the others powre.
His exile grew, ſince he denied, to be the Paramour
Of faire *Anteia*, *Prætus* wife; who felt a raging fire
Of ſecret loue to him: but he, whom wiſedome did inſpire
As well as prudence (one of them, aduiſing him to ſhunne
The danger of a Princeſſe loue: the other, not to runne
Within the danger of the Gods: the act being ſimply ill)
Still entertaining thoughts diuine, ſubdu'd the earthly ſtill.
She (rul'd by neither of his wits) preferd her luſt to both;
And (falſe to *Prætus*) would ſeeme true, with this abhorr'd vntroth;

Prætus

Pratus? or die thy ſelfe (ſaid ſhe) or let *Bellerophon* die;
He vrg'd diſhonour to thy bed: which ſince I did denie,
He thought his violence ſhould grant, and ſought thy ſhame by force,
The king, incenſt with her report, reſolu'd vpon her courſe;
But doubted, how it ſhould be runne: he ſhund his death direct;
(Holding a way ſo neare, not ſafe) and plotted the effect,
By ſending him with letters ſeald (that, opened, touch his life)
To *Rheuns* king of Lycia, and father to his wife.
He went, and happily he went: the Gods walkt all his way.
And being arriu'd in Lycia, where Xanthus doth diſplay
The ſiluer enſignes of his waues: the king of that brode land
Receiu'd him, with a wonderous free, and honourable hand.
Nine daies he feaſted him, and kild, an Oxe in euery day,
In thankfull ſacrifice to heauen, for his faire gueſt; whoſe ſtay,
With roſie fingers, brought the world, the tenth wel-welcomd morne:
And then the king did moue to ſee, the letters he had borne
From his lou'd ſonne in law; which ſeene, he wrought thus their conten's.
Chymæra the inuincible, he ſent him to conuince:
Sprung from no man, but meere diuine; a Lyons ſhape before,
Behind, a dragons, in the midſt, a Gotes ſhagg'd forme ſhe bore;
And flames of deadly feruencie, flew from her breath and eyes:
Yet her he ſlue, his confidence, in ſacred prodigies
Renderd him victor. Then he gaue, his ſecond conqueſt way,
Againſt the famous *Solymi*, when (he himſelfe would ſay
Reporting it) he enterd on, a paſſing vigorous fight.
His third huge labour he approu'd, againſt a womans ſpight
That fild a field of Amazons: he ouercame them all.
Then ſet they on him ſlie *Deceipt*, when *Force* had ſuch a fall;
An ambuſh of the ſtrongeſt men, that ſpacious Lycia bred,
Was lodg'd for him; whom he lodg'd ſure: they neuer raiſd a head.
His deeds thus ſhewing him deriu'd, from ſome Celeſtiall race,
The king detaind, and made amends, with doing him the grace
Of his faire daughters Princely gift; and with her (for a dowre)
Gaue halfe his kingdome; and to this, the Lycians on did powre
More then was giuen to any king: a goodly planted field,
In ſome parts, thicke of groues, and woods: the reſt, rich crops did yeeld.
This field, the Lycians futurely (of future wandrings there
And other errors of their Prince, in the vnhappie Rere
Of his ſad life) the Errant cald: the Princeſſe brought him forth
Three children (whoſe ends grieu'd him more, the more they were of worth)
Iſander, and *Hippolochus*, and faire *Laodomy*:
With whom, euen *Iupiter* himſelfe, left heauen it ſelfe, to lie;
And had by her the man at armes, *Sarpedon*, cald diuine.
The Gods then left him (leſt a man ſhould in their glories ſhine)
And ſet againſt him, for his ſonne, *Iſandrus*, (in a ſtrife,
Againſt the valiant *Solymi*) *Mars* reft of light and life,
Laodamia (being enuied, of all the Goddeſſes)
The golden-bridle-handling Queene, the maiden Patroneſſe,

Bellerophontis litera. Ad. Eraſ. Thus long ſpeech many Critickes taxe as vntimely, being (as they take it) in the heate of fight. Hier. Vidas (a late obſeruer) being eagreſt againſt Homer, whoſe ignorance in this, I cannot but note, and proue to you: for (beſides the authority & office of a Poet, ſo vary and quicken his Poem with theſe epiſods ſometimes beyond the leaſure of their actions) the Critick notes not how far his forerunner preuents his worſt as far: and ſets downe his ſpeech, at the ſodain & ſtrãge turning of the Troian field, ſet on a litle before by Hector: and that ſo fiercely, it made an admiring ſtand amõg the Grecians, & therein gaue fit time for theſe great captaines to vtter their admirations: the whole field in that part being to ſtand like their Commaunders. And then how full of decorum this gallant ſhew and ſpeech was to ſound vnderſtandings, I leaue only to ſuch, and let our Critickes go camill.

Sarpedons birth

Slue with an arrow: and for this, he wandred euermore
Alone through his Aleian field; and fed vpon the core
Of his ſad boſome: flying all, the loth'd conſorts of men.
Yet had he one ſuruiu'd to him, of thoſe three childeren;
Hippolochus, the root of me: who ſent me here, with charge,
That I ſhould alwaies beare me well, and my deſerts enlarge
Beyond the vulgar: leſt I ſham'd, my race, that farre exceld
All that *Ephyras* famous towres, or ample Lycia held.
This is my ſtocke, and this am I. This cheard *Tydides* heart,
Who pitcht his ſpeare downe; leand, and talkt, in this affectionate part.
Certeſſe (in thy great Ancetor, and in mine owne) thou art
Diomed's anſwer to Glaucus. A gueſt of mine, right ancient; king *Oeneus* twentie daies
Detaind, with feaſts, *Bellerophon*, whom all the world did praiſe:
Betwixt whom, mutuall gifts were giuen: my Grandſire gaue to thine,
A girdle of Phœnician worke, impurpl'd wondrous fine:
Thine gaue a two-neckt Iugge of gold, which though I vſe not here,
Yet ſtill it is my gemme at home. But if our fathers were
Familiars; or each other knew, I know not: ſince my ſire
Left me a child, at ſiege of Thebes: where he left his lifes fire.
But let vs proue our Grandſires ſonnes, and be each others gueſts:
To Lycia when I come, do thou, receiue thy friend with feaſts:
Peloponneſus, with the like, ſhall thy wiſht preſence greet;
Meane ſpace, ſhun we each other here, though in the preaſſe we meet:
There are enow of Troy beſide, and men enough renownd,
To right my powres, whom euer heauen, ſhall let my lance confound:
So are there of the Greeks for thee: kill who thou canſt: and now
For ſigne of amitie twixt vs, and that all theſe may know
Οὐδὲ ἐξίωσε ζεύς. Mentem ademit Iup. the text hath it: which onely I alter of all Interpreters originall, ſince Plutarch againſt the Stoicks, excuſes this ſuppoſed folly in Glaucus. Spond. likewiſe encouraging my alterations, which I vſe for the lowd and ſimple Nobility of the free exchange in Glaucus, contrarie to others that for the ſuppoſed folly in Glaucus, turned his change into a Prouerb. χρύσεα χαλκείων, golde for braſſe. Priams Court. We glorie in th'hoſpitious rites, our Grandſires did commend,
Change we our armes before them all. From horſe then both deſcend,
Ioyne hands, giue faith, and take; and then, did *Iupiter** elate
The mind of *Glaucus*: who to ſhew, his reuerence to the ſtate
Of vertue in his grandſires heart, and gratulate beſide
The offer of ſo great a friend: exchang'd (in that good pride)
Curets of gold for thoſe of braſſe, that did on *Diomed* ſhine:
One of a hundred Oxens price, the other but of nine.
By this, had *Hector* reacht the ports, of Scæa, and the tow'rs:
About him flockt the wiues of Troy, the children, paramours,
Enquiring how their husbands did, their fathers, brothers, loues.
He ſtood not then to anſwer them, but ſaid; It now behoues
Ye ſhould go all t'implore the aide, of heauen, in a diſtreſſe
Of great effect, and imminent. Then haſted he acceſſe,
To *Priams* goodly builded Court; which round about was runne
With walking porches, galleries, to keepe off raine and Sunne;
Within, of one ſide, on a rew, of ſundrie colourd ſtones,
Fiftie faire lodgings were built out, for *Priams* fiftie ſonnes:
And for as faire ſort of their wiues; and in the oppoſite view
Twelue lodgings of like ſtone, like height, were likewiſe built arew;
Where, with their faire and vertuous wiues, twelue Princes, ſons in law,

To

To honourable *Priam*, lay: And here met *Hecuba*
(The louing mother) her great ſonne, and with her, needs muſt be
The faireſt of her femall race, the bright *Laodice*.
The Queene grip't hard her *Hectors* hand, and ſaid; O worthieſt ſonne, *Hecuba to Hector.*
Why leau'ſt thou field? is't not becauſe, the curſed nation
Afflict our countrimen and friends? they are their mones that moue
Thy mind to come and lift thy hands (in his high towre) to *Ioue*:
But ſtay a little, that my ſelfe, may fetch our ſweeteſt wine,
To offer firſt to *Iupiter*: then that theſe ioynts of thine
May be refreſht: for (wo is me) how thou art toyld and ſpent!
Thou for our cities generall ſtate: thou, for our friends farre ſent,
Muſt now the preaſſe of fight endure: now ſolitude to call
Vpon the name of *Iupiter*: thou onely for vs all.
But wine will ſomething comfort thee: for to a man diſmaid,
With carefull ſpirits; or too much, with labour ouerlaid,
Wine brings much reſcue, ſtrengthning much, the bodie and the mind.
The great Helme-mouer thus receiu'd, the authreſſe of his kind;
My royall mother, bring no wine, leſt rather it impaire, *Hector to Hecuba.*
Then helpe my ſtrength; and make my mind, forgetfull of th'affaire
Committed to it. And (to poure, it out in ſacrifice)
I feare, with vnwaſht hands to ſerue, the pure-liu'd Deities;
Nor is it lawfull, thus imbrew'd, with blood, and duſt; to proue
The will of heauen: or offer vowes, to clowd-compelling *Ioue*.
I onely come to vſe your paines (aſſembling other Dames,
Matrons, and women honourd moſt, with high and vertuous names)
With wine and odors; and a robe, moſt ample, moſt of price;
And which is deareſt in your loue, to offer ſacrifice,
In *Pallas* temple: and to put, the precious robe ye beare,
On her Palladium; vowing all, twelue Oxen of a yeare,
Whoſe necks were neuer wrung with yoke; ſhall pay her Grace their liues,
If ſhe will pittie our ſieg'd towne; pittie our ſelues, our wiues;
Pittie our children; and remoue, from ſacred Ilion,
The dreadfull ſouldier *Diomed*; and when your ſelues are gone
About this worke, my ſelfe will go, to call into the field,
(If he will heare me) *Hellens* loue; whom would the earth would yeeld,
And headlong take into her gulfe, euen quicke before mine eyes:
For then my heart, I hope, would caſt, her lode of miſeries;
Borne for the plague he hath bene borne, and bred to the deface
(By great *Olympius*) of Troy, our Sire, and all our race.
This ſaid, graue *Hecuba* went home, and ſent her maids about,
To bid the Matrones: ſhe her ſelfe, deſcended, and ſearcht out
(Within a place that breath'd perfumes) the richeſt robe ſhe had:
Which lay with many rich ones more, moſt curiouſly made,
By women of Sydonia; which *Paris* brought from thence,
Sailing the brode Sea, when he made, that voyage of offence,
In which he brought home *Hellene*. That robe, tranſferd ſo farre,
(That was the vndermoſt) ſhe tooke; it glitterd like a ſtarre;
And with it, went ſhe to the Fane, with many Ladies more.

Amongſt whom, faire cheekt *Theano*, vnlockt the folded dore;
Chaſte *Theano*, *Antenors* wife, and of *Ciſſeus* race,
Siſter to *Hecuba*, both borne, to that great king of Thrace.
Her, th'Ilions made *Minernas* Prieſt; and her they followed all,
Vp to the Temples higheſt towre; where, on their knees they fall;
Lift vp their hands, and fill the Fane, with Ladies pitious cries.
Theano Minervas Prieſt, and Antenors wife, prayes to Pallas
Then louely *Theano* tooke the veile, and with it ſhe implies
The great *Palladium*, praying thus; Goddeſſe of moſt renowne?
In all the heauen of Goddeſſes? great guardian of our towne?
Reuerend *Minerna?* breake the lance, of *Diomed*; ceaſſe his grace;
Giue him to fall in ſhamefull flight, headlong, and on his face,
Before our ports of Ilion; that inſtantly we may,
Twelue vnyok't Oxen of a yeare, in this thy Temple ſlay
To thy ſole honor; take their bloods, and baniſh our offence;
Accept Troyes zeale; her wiues, and ſaue, our infants innocence.
She praid, but *Pallas* would not grant. Meane ſpace was *Hector* come
Where *Alexanders* lodgings were; that many a goodly roome
Had, built in them by Architects, of Troys moſt curious ſort;
And were no lodgings, but a houſe; nor no houſe, but a Court;
Or had all theſe containd in them; and all within a towre,
Next *Hectors* lodgings and the kings. The lou'd of heauens chiefe powre,
(*Hector*) here entred. In his hand, a goodly lance he bore,
Ten cubits long; the braſen head, went ſhining in before;
Helpt with a burniſht ring of gold; he found his brother then
Amongſt the women; yet prepar'd, to go amongſt the men.
For in their chamber he was ſet, trimming his armes, his ſhield,
His curets, and was trying how, his crooked bow would yeeld
To his ſtreight armes; amongſt her maids, was ſet the Argiue Queene,
Commanding them in choiſeſt workes. When *Hectors* eye had ſeene
His brother thus accompanied; and that he could not beare
The verie touching of his armes, but where the women were;
And when the time ſo needed men: right cunningly he chid,
That he might do it bitterly; his cowardiſe he hid
(That ſimply made him ſo retir'd) beneath an anger faind,
Hector diſſembles the cowardiſe he finds in Paris, turning it, as if he chid him for his anger at the Troians for hating him being conquered by Menelaus: when it is for his effeminacie: which is all paraphraſtically in my tranſlation.
In him, by *Hector*; for the hate, the citizens ſuſtaind
Againſt him, for the foile he tooke, in their cauſe; and againe,
For all their generall foiles in his. So *Hector* ſeemes to plaine
Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and not his cowardiſe;
As that were it that ſhelterd him, in his effeminacies;
And kept him in that dangerous time, from their fit aid in fights.
For which he chid thus; Wretched man? ſo timeleſſe is thy ſpight,
That tis not honeſt; and their hate, is iuſt, gainſt which it bends:
Warre burns about the towne for thee; for thee our ſlaughterd friends
Beſiege Troy with their carkaſſes, on whoſe heapes our high wals
Are ouerlookt by enemies: the ſad ſounds of their fals
Without, are eccho'd with the cries, of wiues, and babes within;
And all for thee: and yet for them, thy honor cannot win
Head of thine anger: thou ſhouldſt need, no ſpirit to ſtirre vp thine,

But

But thine ſhould ſet the reſt on fire; and with a rage diuine
Chaſtiſe impartially the beſt, that impiouſly forbeares:
Come forth, leſt thy faire towers and Troy, be burnd about thine eares.
Paris acknowledg'd (as before) all iuſt that *Hector* ſpake;
Allowing iuſtice, though it were, for his iniuſtice ſake:
And wh ere his brother put a wrath, vpon him, by his art;
He takes it (for his honors ſake,) as ſprung out of his hart:
And rather would haue anger ſeeme, his fault, then cowardiſe:
And thus he anſwerd: Since with right, you ioynd checke with aduiſe, *Paris to Hector.*
And I heare you; giue equall eare; It is not any ſpleene
Againſt the Towne (as you conceiue) that makes me ſo vnſeene;
But ſorrow for it: which to eaſe, and by diſcourſe digeſt,
(Within my ſelfe) I liue ſo cloſe: and yet, ſince men might wreſt
My ſad retreat, like you; my wife, (with her aduice) inclinde
This my addreſſion to the field; which was mine owne free minde,
As well as th'inſtance of her words: for though the foyle were mine,
Conqueſt brings forth her wreaths by turnes: ſtay then this haſt of thine,
But till I ar me; and I am made, a conſort for thee ſtreight;
Or go, Ile ouertake thy haſte. *Hellen* ſtood at receipt,
And tooke vp all great *Hectors* powers, t'attend her heauie words; *Hellens ruthfull complaint to Hector.*
By which had *Paris* no reply; this vent her griefe affords:
Brother, (if I may call you ſo, that had bene better borne
A dog, then ſuch a horride Dame, as all men curſe and ſcorne;
A miſchiefe maker, a man-plague) O would to God the day
That firſt gaue light to me, had bene, a whirlwind in my way,
And borne me to ſome deſert hill, or hid me in the rage
Of earths moſt far-reſounding ſeas; ere I ſhould thus engage
The deare liues of ſo many friends: yet ſince the Gods haue beene
Helpleſſe foreſeers of my plagues, they might haue likewiſe ſeene,
That he they put in yoke with me, to beare out their award,
Had bene a man of much more ſpirit; and, or had nobler dar'd
To ſhield mine honour with his deed; or with his mind had knowne
Much better the vpbraids of men; that ſo he might haue ſhowne
(More like a man) ſome ſence of griefe, for both my ſhame and his:
But he is ſenſleſſe, nor conceiues, what any manhood is;
Nor now, nor euer after will: and therefore hangs, I feare,
A plague aboue him. But come neare, good brother, reſt you here,
Who (of the world of men) ſtands charg'd, with moſt vnreſt for me,
(Vile wretch) and for my Louers wrong; on whom a deſtinie
So bitter is impoſde by *Ioue*, that all ſucceeding times
Will put (to our vn-ended ſhames) in all mens mouthes our crimes.
He anſwerd: *Hellen*, do not ſeeke, to make me ſit with thee: *Hector to Hellen.*
I muſt not ſtay, though well I know, thy honourd loue of me:
My mind cals forth to aid our friends, in whom my abſence breeds
Longings to ſee me: for whoſe ſakes, importune thou, to deeds,
This man by all meanes, that your care, may make his owne make haſt,
And meete me in the open towne, that all may ſee at laſt,
He minds his louer: I my ſelfe, will now go home, and ſee

My houſhold, my deare wife, and ſonne, that little hope of me.
For (ſiſter) tis without my skill, if I ſhall euer more
Returne and ſee them; or to earth, her right in me reſtore:
The Gods may ſtoupe me by the Greekes. This ſaid, he went to ſee
The vertuous Princeſſe, his true wife, white arm'd *Andromache*.
She (with her infant ſonne, and maide) was climb'd the towre, about
The ſight of him that ſought for her, weeping and crying out.
Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth; retir'd;
Stood in the gate: her woman cald; and curiouſly enquir'd,
Where ſhe was gone; bad tell him true, if ſhe were gone to ſee
His ſiſters, or his brothers wiues? or whether ſhe ſhould be
At Temple with the other Dames, t'implore *Minerua's* ruth.
Her woman anſwerd; ſince he askt, and vrg'd ſo much the truth;
The truth was, ſhe was neither gone, to ſee his brothers wiues,
His ſiſters, nor t'implore the ruth, of *Pallas* on their liues;
But (ſhe aduertiſde of the bane, Troy ſufferd; and how vaſt
Conqueſt had made her ſelfe, for Greece) like one diſtraught, made haſt
To ample *Ilion*, with her ſonne, and Nurſe; and all the way
Mournd, and diſſolu'd in teares for him. Then *Hector* made no ſtay;
But trod her path, and through the ſtreets (magnificently built)
All the great Citie paſt, and came, where (ſeeing how bloud was ſpilt)
Andromache might ſee him come; who made as he would paſſe
The ports without ſaluting her, not knowing where ſhe was:
She, with his ſight, made breathleſſe haſt, to meet him: ſhe, whoſe grace
Brought him, withall, ſo great a dowre; ſhe that of all the race
Of king *Aetion*, onely liu'd: *Aetion*, whoſe houſe ſtood
Beneath the mountaine Placius, enuirond with the wood
Of Theban Hippoplace, being Court, to the Cilician land:
She ran to *Hector*, and with her (tender of heart and hand)
Her ſonne, borne in his Nurſes armes: when like a heauenly ſigne,
Compact of many golden ſtarres, the princely child did ſhine;
Whom *Hector* cald *Scamandrius*; but whom the towne did name
Aſtianax; becauſe his ſire, did onely prop the ſame.
Hector (though griefe bereft his ſpeech, yet) ſmil'd vpon his ioy:
Andromache cride out, mixt hands, and to the ſtrength of Troy,
Andromaches paſſion to Hector Thus wept forth her affection: O nobleſt in deſire;
Thy mind, inflam'd with others good, will ſet thy ſelfe on fire:
Nor pitieſt thou thy ſonne, nor wife, who muſt thy widdow be,
If now thou iſſue: all the field, will onely run on thee.
Better my ſhoulders vnderwent, the earth, then thy deceaſe;
For then would earth beare ioyes no more: then comes the blacke increaſe
Of griefes (like Greeks on *Ilion*): Alas, what one ſuruiues
To be my refuge? one blacke day, bereft ſeuen brothers liues,
Thebes a moſt rich citie of Cilicia. By ſterne *Achilles*; by his hand, my father breath'd his laſt:
His high-wald rich Cilician Thebes, ſackt by him, and laid waſt;
The royall bodie yet he left, vnſpoild: Religion charm'd
That act of ſpoile; and all in fire, he burnd him compleat arm'd;
Built ouer him a royall tombe: and to the monument

He

He left of him; Th'*Oreades* (that are the high deſcent
Of *Ægis*-bearing *Iupiter*) another of their owne
Did adde to it, and ſet it round, with Elms; by which is ſhowne
(In theirs) the barrenneſſe of death: yet might it ſerue beſide
To ſhelter the ſad Monument, from all the ruffinous pride
Of ſtormes and tempeſts, vſde to hurt, things of that noble kind:
The ſhort life yet, my mother liu'd, he ſau'd, and ſeru'd his mind
With all the riches of the Realme; which not enough eſteemd,
He kept her priſoner; whom ſmall time, but much more wealth redeemd:
And ſhe in ſyluane Hyppoplace, Cilicia rul'd againe;
But ſoone was ouer-rul'd by death: *Dianas* chaſt diſdaine
Gaue her a Lance, and tooke her life; yet all theſe gone from me,
Thou amply renderſt all; thy life, makes ſtill my father be;
My mother; brothers: and beſides, thou art my husband too;
Moſt lou'd, moſt worthy. Pitie then (deare loue) and do not go;
For thou gone, all theſe go againe: pitie our common ioy,
Leſt (of a fathers patronage, the bulwarke of all Troy)
Thou leau'ſt him a poore widdowes charge; ſtay, ſtay then, in this Towre,
And call vp to the wilde Fig-tree, all thy retired powre:
For there the wall is eaſieſt ſcal'd, and fitteſt for ſurpriſe;
And there, th'*Aiaces*, *Idomen*, th'*Atrides*, *Diomed*, thriſe
Haue both ſuruaid, and made attempt; I know not, if induc'd
By ſome wiſe Augure; or the fact, was naturally infuſd
Into their wits, or courages. To this, great *Hector* ſaid;
Be well aſſur'd wife, all theſe things, in my kind cares are waid:
But what a ſhame, and feare it is, to thinke how Troy would ſcorne
(Both in her husbands and her wiues, whom long-traind gownes adorne)
That I ſhould cowardly flie off? The ſpirit I firſt did breath,
Did neuer teach me that; much leſſe, ſince the contempt of death
Was ſettl'd in me; and my mind, knew what a Worthy was;
Whoſe office is, to leade in fight, and giue no danger paſſe
Without improuement. In this fire, muſt *Hectors* triall ſhine;
Here muſt his country, father, friends, be (in him) made diuine.
And ſuch a ſtormy day ſhall come, in mind and ſoule I know,
When ſacred Troy ſhall ſhed her towres, for teares of ouerthrow;
When *Priam*, all his birth and powre, ſhall in thoſe teares be drownd.
But neither Troyes poſteritie, ſo much my ſoule doth wound:
Priam, nor *Hecuba* her ſelfe, nor all my brothers woes
(Who though ſo many, and ſo good, muſt all be food for foes)
As thy ſad ſtate; when ſome rude Greeke, ſhall leade thee weeping hence;
Theſe free dayes clouded; and a night, of captiue violence
Loding thy temples: out of which, thine eyes muſt neuer ſee;
But ſpin the Greeke wiues, webs of taske; and their Fetch-water be,
To Argos, from Meſſeides, or cleare Hyperias ſpring:
Which (howſoeuer thou abhorſt) Fate's ſuch a ſhrewiſh thing,
She will be miſtris: whoſe curſt hands, when they ſhall cruſh out cries
From thy oppreſſions, (being beheld, by other enemies)
Thus they will nouriſh thy extremes: This dame was *Hectors* wife,

Hector to Andromache.

The names of two fountaines: of which, one in Theſſaly, the other neer Argos: or according to others, in Peloponneſus or Lacedæmon.

A man, that at the warres of Troy, did breath the worthieſt life
Of all their armie. This againe, will rub thy fruitfull wounds,
To miſſe the man, that to thy bands, could giue ſuch narrow bounds:
But that day ſhall not wound mine eyes; the ſolide heape of night
Shall interpoſe, and ſtop mine eares, againſt thy plaints, and plight.
This ſaid, he reacht to take his ſonne: who (of his armes afraid;
And then the horſe-haire plume, with which, he was ſo ouerlaid,
Nodded ſo horribly) he clingd, backe to his nurſe, and cride.
Laughter affected his great Sire, who doft, and laid aſide
His fearfull Helme; that on the earth, caſt round about it, light;
Then tooke and kiſt his louing ſonne; and (ballancing his weight
In dancing him) theſe louing vowes, to liuing *Ioue* he vſde,
Hectors prayer for his ſonne. And all the other bench of Gods: O you that haue infuſde
Soule to this Infant; now ſet downe, this bleſſing on his ſtarre:
Let his renowne be cleare as mine; equall his ſtrength in warre;
And make his reigne ſo ſtrong in Troy, that yeares to come may yeeld
His facts this fame; (when rich in ſpoiles, he leaues the conquerd field
Sowne with his ſlaughters.) Theſe high deeds, exceed his fathers worth:
And let this eccho'd praiſe ſupply, the comforts to come forth
Of his kind mother, with my life. This ſaid; th'Heroicke Sire
Gaue him his mother; whoſe faire eyes, freſh ſtreames of loues ſalt fire,
Billow'd on her ſoft cheekes, to heare, the laſt of *Hectors* ſpeech;
In which his vowes compriſde the ſumme, of all he did beſeech
In her wiſht comfort. So ſhe tooke, into her odorous breſt,
Her husbands gift; who (mou'd to ſee, her heart ſo much oppreſt)
He dried her teares; and thus deſir'd: Afflict me not (deare wife)
With theſe vaine griefes; He doth not liue, that can diſioyne my life
And this firme boſome; but my Fate; and Fate, whoſe wings can flie?
Noble, ignoble, Fate controuls: once borne, the beſt muſt die:
Go home, and ſet thy houſwifrie, on theſe extremes of thought;
And driue warre from them with thy maids; keepe them from doing nought:
Theſe will be nothing: leaue the cares, of warre, to men, and mee;
In whom (of all the *Ilion* race) they take their high'ſt degree.
On went his helme; his Princeſſe home, halfe cold with kindly feares;
When euery feare, turnd backe her lookes; and euery looke ſhed teares.
Fo-ſlaughtering *Hectors* houſe, ſoone reacht, her many women there
Wept all to ſee her: in his life, great *Hectors* funerals were;
Neuer lookt any eye of theirs, to ſee their Lord ſafe home,
Scap't from the gripes and powers of Greece. And now was *Paris* come
Paris ouertakes Hectur. His ſimile: high and expreſſiue: which Virgil almoſt word for word hath tranſlated, 12. Æn. From his high towres; who made no ſtay, when once he had put on
His richeſt armour; but flew forth: the flints he trod vpon
Sparkled with luſter of his armes; his long-ebd ſpirits, now flowd
The higher, for their lower ebbe. And as a faire Steed, proud
With ful-giuen mangers; long tied vp, and now (his head-ſtall broke)
He breakes from ſtable, runnes the field, and with an ample ſtroke
Meaſures the center; neighs, and lifts, aloft his wanton head:
About his ſhoulders, ſhakes his Creſt; and where he hath bene fed,
Or in ſome calme floud waſht; or (ſtung, with his high plight) he flies

Amongſt

Amongſt his femals; ſtrength put forth; his beautie beautifies.
And like Lifes mirror, beares his gate: ſo Paris from the towre
Of loftie Pergamus came forth; he ſhewd a Sun-like powre
In cariage of his goodly parts, addreſt now to the ſtrife,
And found his noble brother neere, the place he left his wife;
Him (thus reſpected) he ſalutes; Right worthy, I haue feare
That your ſo ſerious haſte to field, my ſtay hath made forbeare;
And that I come not, as you wiſh. He anſwerd, Honourd man,
Be confident; for not my ſelfe, nor any others can
Reproue in thee, the worke of fight; at leaſt, not any ſuch,
As is an equall iudge of things: for thou haſt ſtrength as much
As ſerues to execute a mind, very important: But
Thy ſtrength too readily flies off: enough will is not put
To thy abilitie. My heart, is in my minds ſtrife, ſad,
When Troy (out of her much diſtreſſe, ſhe and her friends haue had
By thy procurement) doth depraue, thy nobleſſe in mine eares:
But come, hereafter we ſhall calme, theſe hard conceits of theirs,
When (from their ports the foe expulſt) high *Ione* to them hath giuen
Wiſht peace; and vs free ſacrifice, to all the powers of heauen.

Paris to Hector.

Hector to Paris.

The end of the ſixth Booke.

8 AP 58

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS.

The Argvment.

HEctor, *by* Hellenus *aduice doth ſeeke*
Aduenturous combat on the boldeſt Greeke.
Nine Greeks ſtand vp, Acceptants euery one,
But lot ſelects ſtrong Aiax Telamon.
Both, with high honor, ſtand th'important fight,
Till Heralds part them by approched night.
Laſtly, they graue the dead: the Greeks erect
A mightie wall, their Naue to protect;
Which angers Neptune. Ioue, *by hapleſſe ſignes,*
In depth of night, ſucceeding woes diuines.

Another Argument.

In Eta, Priams *ſtrongeſt ſonne*
Combats with Aiax Telamon.

These next foure bookes haue not my laſt hand: by becauſe the reſt (for a time) will be ſufficient to employ your cenſures, ſuſpend them of theſe: ſpare not the other.

THis ſaid; braue *Hector* through the ports, with Troyes bane-bringing Knight,
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Glaucus (*Hyppolochus* his ſonne) that led the Lycian crew,
Iphinous-Dexiades, with ſodaine Iauelin ſlew,
As he was mounting to his horſe: his ſhoulders tooke the ſpeare;
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Pallas to the Grecian eyd: Apollo to the Troian.

When gray-eyd *Pallas* had perceiu'd, the Greekes ſo fall in fight;
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By Augurie, discernd th'euent, that these two powres decreed.
And (greeting *Hector*) askt him this: Wilt thou be once aduisde?
I am thy brother, and thy life, with mine is euenly prisde;
Command the rest of Troy and Greece, to ceasse this publicke fight;
And what Greeke beares the greatest mind, to single strokes excite:
I promise thee that yet thy soule, shall not descend to fates;
So heard I thy suruiuall cast, by the celestiall States.
Hector, with glad allowance gaue, his brothers counsell eare;
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On *Ioues* Beech, like two Vultures sat, pleasd to behold both parts,
Flow in, to heare; so sternly arm'd, with huge shields, helmes and darts.
And such fresh horror as you see, driuen through the wrinkled waues
By rising *Zephyre*, vnder whom, the sea growes blacke, and raues: *Simile.*
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Since then, the Generall Peeres of Greece, in reach of one voice meete;
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To be disposed by his friends, in flamie funerals,
And honourd with erected tombe, where *Hellespontus* fals
Into Egæum; and doth reach, euen to your nauall rode;

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS.

The Argvment.

HEctor, *by* Hellenus *aduice doth ſeeke*
Aduenturous combat on the boldeſt Greeke.
Nine Greeks ſtand vp, Acceptants euery one,
But lot ſelects ſtrong Aiax Telamon.
Both, with high honor, ſtand th'important fight,
Till Heralds part them by approched night.
Laſtly, they graue the dead: the Greeks erect
A mightie wall, their Naue to protect;
Which angers Neptune. Ioue, *by hapleſſe ſignes,*
In depth of night, ſucceeding woes diuines.

Another Argument.

In Eta, Priams *ſtrongeſt ſonne*
Combats with Aiax Telamon.

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And honourd with erected tombe, where *Helleſpontus* fals
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That when our beings, in the earth, ſhall hide their period;
Suruiuers, ſailing the blacke ſea, may thus his name renew:
Epitaphiũ per anticipationem. This is his monument, whoſe bloud, long ſince, did fates embrew;
Whom, paſſing farre in fortitude, illuſtrate *Hector* ſlew.
This ſhall poſteritie report, and my fame neuer die.
This ſaid, dumbe ſilence ſeiz'd them all; they ſhamed to denie,
And fear'd to vndertake. At laſt, did *Menelaus* ſpeake,
Menelaus eloides Checkt their remiſneſſe, and ſo ſigh'd, as if his heart would breake;
Aye me, but onely threatning Greeks, not worthy Grecian names:
O vere Phrygia, neque enim Phryges: ſuith his imitator. This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames,
If *Hectors* honorable proofe, be entertaind by none;
But you are earth and water all, which (ſymboliz'd in one)
Haue fram'd your faint vnfirie ſpirits: ye ſit without your harts,
Groſly inglorious: but my ſelfe, will vſe acceptiue darts,
And arme againſt him; though you thinke, I arme gainſt too much ods:
But conqueſts garlands hang aloft, amongſt th'immortall gods.
He arm'd, and gladly would haue fought: but (*Menelaus*) then,
By *Hectors* farre more ſtrength, thy ſoule, had fled th'abodes of men;
Had not the kings of Greece ſtood vp, and thy attempt reſtraind;
And euen the king of men himſelfe, that in ſuch compaſſe raign'd;
Agamemnon wiſer than his brother. Who tooke him by the bold right hand, and ſternly pluckt him backe:
Mad brother, tis no worke for thee, thou ſeekſt thy wilfull wracke:
Containe though it deſpite thee much; nor for this ſtrife engage
Thy perſon with a man more ſtrong, and whom all feare t'enrage:
Yea whom *Æacides* himſelfe, in men-renowning warre,
Makes doubt t'encounter: whoſe huge ſtrength, ſurpaſſeth thine by farre;
Sit thou then by thy regiment; ſome other Greeke will riſe
(Though he be dreadleſſe, and no warre, will his deſires ſuffice,
That makes this challenge to our ſtrength) our valours to auow:
To whom, if he can ſcape with life, he will be glad to bow.
This drew his brother from his will, who yeelded, knowing it true,
Neſtor to the Greeks. And his glad ſouldiers tooke his armes: when *Neſtor* did purſue
The ſame reproofe he ſet on foote; and thus ſupplide his turne:
What huge indignitie is this! how will our country mourne!
Old *Peleus* that good king will weepe: that worthy counſellor,
That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much did aske me for
All men of name that went to Troy: with ioy he did enquire
Their valour and their towardneſſe: and I made him admire.
But that ye all feare *Hector* now, if his graue eares ſhall heare,
How will he lift his hands to heauen, and pray that death may beare
O ſi præteritos referat mihi Iupiter annos, Qualis eram, &c. His grieued ſoule into the deepe! O would to heauens great King,
Minerua and the God of light, that now my youthfull ſpring
Did flouriſh in my willing veines, as when at *Pheas* towres,
About the ſtreames of *Iardanus*, my gather'd Pylean powres,
And dart-employed Arcadians fought, neere raging *Celadon:*
Amongſt whom, firſt of all ſtood forth, great *Ereuthalion*,
Who th'armes of *Areithous* wore (braue *Areithous*)
And (ſince he ſtill fought with a club) ſirnam'd *Clauigerus*;

All

All men, and faire-girt Ladies both, for honour cald him ſo:
He fought not with a keepe-off ſpeare, or with a farre ſhot bow;
But with a maſſie club of iron, he brake through armed bands:
And yet *Lycurgus* was his death, but not with force of hands;
With ſleight (encountring in a lane, where his club wanted ſway)
He thruſt him through his ſpacious waſte, who fell, and vpwards lay;
In death not bowing his face to earth: his armes he did deſpoile;
Which iron, *Mars* beſtowd on him: and thoſe, in *Mars* his toile,
Lycurgus euer after wore; but when he aged grew,
Enforc't to keepe his peacefull houſe, their vſe he did renew,
On mightie *Ereuthalions* lims; his ſouldier, loued well;
And with theſe Armes he challeng'd all, that did in Armes excell:
All ſhooke and ſtood diſmaid, none durſt, his aduerſe champion make;
Yet this ſame forward mind of mine, of choice, would vndertake
To fight with all his confidence; though yongeſt enemie
Of all the armie we conduct; yet I fought with him, I;
Minerua made me ſo renownd; and that moſt tall ſtrong Peere
I ſlue; his big bulke lay on earth, extended here and there,
As it were couetous to ſpread, the center euery where.
O that my youth were now as freſh, and all my powers as ſound;
Soone ſhould bold *Hector* be impugn'd: yet you that moſt are crownd
With fortitude, of all our hoaſt; euen you, me thinkes are ſlow,
Not free, and ſet on fire with luſt, t'encounter ſuch a foe.
With this, nine royall Princes roſe; *Atrides* for the firſt;
Then *Diomed*: th'*Aiaces* then, that did th'encounter thirſt:
King *Idomen* and his conſorts; *Mars*-like *Meriones*;
Euemons ſonne, *Euripilus*; and *Andremonides*;
Whom all the Grecians *Thoas* cald; ſprong of *Andremons* bloud;
And wiſe *Vlyſſes*; euery one, propoſd, for combat ſtood.
Againe *Gerenius Neſtor* ſpake; Let lots be drawne by all,
His hand ſhall helpe the wel-armd Greeks, on whom the lot doth fall;
And to his wiſh ſhall he be helpt, if he eſcape with life,
The harmfull danger-breathing fit, of this aduentrous ſtrife.
Each markt his lot, and caſt it in, to *Agamemnons* caske;
The ſouldiers praid, held vp their hands, and this of *Ioue* did aske,
(With eyes aduanc't to heauen): O *Ioue*, ſo leade the Heralds hand,
That *Aiax* or great *Tydeus* ſonne, may our wiſht champion ſtand:
Or elſe the King himſelfe, that rules, the rich Mycenian land.
This ſaid, old *Neſtor* mixt the lots: the foremoſt lot ſuruaid,
With *Aiax Telamon* was ſign'd; as all the ſouldiers praid;
One of the Heralds drew it forth, who brought and ſhewd it round,
Beginning at the right hand firſt, to all the moſt renownd:
None knowing it; euery man denide: but when he forth did paſſe,
To him which markt and caſt it in, which famous *Aiax* was,
He ſtretcht his hand, and into it, the Herald put the lot,
Who (viewing it) th'inſcription knew; the Duke denied not,
But ioyfully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet;
And ſaid, (O friends) the lot is mine, which to my ſoule is ſweet;

Nine Princes ſtand vp to anſwer Hector.

Lots admixtly Neſtor for the combatant.

The lot falls to Aiax.

For now I hope my fame ſhall riſe, in noble *Hectors* fall.
He to the Greeks But whilſt I arme my ſelfe, do you, on great *Saturnius* call;
But ſilently, or to your ſelues, that not a Troian heare:
Or openly (if you thinke good) ſince none aliue we feare;
None with a will, if I will not, can my bold powers affright,
At leaſt for plaine fierce ſwinge of ſtrength, or want of skill in fight:
For I will well proue that my birth, and breed in Salamine,
Was not all conſecrate to meate, or meere effects of wine.
This ſaid, the wel-giuen ſouldiers prayed: vp went to heauen their eyne;
O *Ioue*, that *Ida* doeſt protect, moſt happie, moſt diuine;
Send victorie to *Aiax* ſide; fame; grace, his goodly lim:
Or (if thy loue, bleſſe *Hectors* life, and thou haſt care of him)
Beſtow on both, like power, like fame. This ſaid, in bright armes ſhone
The good ſtrong *Aiax*: who, when all, his warre attire was on,
Aiax armed, & his dreadful maner of approch to the combat. Marcht like the hugely figur'd *Mars*, when angry *Iupiter*,
With ſtrength, on people proud of ſtrength, ſends him forth to inferre
Wreakfull contention; and comes on, with preſence full of feare;
So th'Achiue rampire, *Telamon*, did twixt the hoaſts appeare:
Smil'd; yet of terrible aſpect; on earth with ample pace,
He boldly ſtalkt, and ſhooke aloft, his dart, with deadly grace.
It did the Grecians good to ſee; but heartquakes ſhooke the ioynts
Of all the Troians; *Hectors* ſelfe, felt thoughts, with horrid points,
Tempt his bold boſome: but he now, muſt make no counterflight;
Nor (with his honour) now refuſe, that had prouokt the fight.
The ſhield of Aiax, like a tower. *Aiax* came neare; and like a towre, his ſhield his boſome bard;
The right ſide braſſe, and ſeuen Oxe hides, within it quilted hard:
Tychius the currier. Old *Tychius* the beſt currier, that did in Hyla dwell,
Did frame it for exceeding proofe, and wrought it wondrous well.
Hinc illud: Dominus clypei ſeptemplicis Aiax. With this ſtood he to *Hector* cloſe, and with this Braue began:
Now *Hector* thou ſhalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man,
What other leaders arme our hoaſt, beſides great *Thetis* ſonne:
Who, with his hardie Lions heart, hath armies ouerrunne.
But he lies at our crookt-ſternd fleet, a Riuall with our King
In height of ſpirit; yet to Troy, he many knights did bring,
Coequall with *Æacides*; all able to ſuſtaine
All thy bold challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.
Hector to Aiax. The Helme-grac't *Hector* anſwerd him; Renowned *Telamon*,
Prince of the ſouldiers came from Greece; aſſay not me like one,
Yong and immartiall, with great words, as to an Amazon dame;
I haue the habit of all fights; and know the bloudie frame
Of euery ſlaughter: I well know, the ready right hand charge;
I know the left, and euery ſway, of my ſecurefull targe;
I triumph in the crueltie, of fixed combat fight,
And manage horſe to all deſignes; I thinke then with good right,
I may be confident as farre, as this my challenge goes,
Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with emptie ſhowes.
But (being a ſouldier ſo renownd) I will not worke on thee,
With leaſt aduantage of that skill, I know doth ſtrengthen me;

And ſo with priuitie of ſleight, winne that for which I ſtriue:
But at thy beſt (euen open ſtrength) if my endeuours thriue.
Thus ſent he his long Iauelin forth; it ſtrooke his foes huge ſhield, *The combat.*
Neere to the vpper skirt of braſſe, which was the eighth it held.
Sixe folds th'vntamed dart ſtrooke through, and in the ſeuenth tough hide
The point was checkt: then *Aiax* threw: his angry Lance did glide
Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, ſhirt of maile;
And did his manly ſtomacks mouth, with dangerous taint aſſaile:
But in the bowing of himſelfe, blacke death too ſhort did ſtrike;
Then both to plucke their Iauelins forth, encountred Lion-like;
Whoſe bloudie violence is increaſt, by that raw food they eate:
Or Bores, whoſe ſtrength, wilde nouriſhment, doth make ſo wondrous great.
Againe *Priamides* did wound, in midſt, his ſhield of braſſe,
Yet pierc't not through the vpper plate, the head reflected was:
But *Aiax* (following his Lance) ſmote through his target quite,
And ſtayd bold *Hector* ruſhing in; the Lance held way outright,
And hurt his necke; out guſht the bloud: yet *Hector* ceaſt not ſo,
But in his ſtrong hand tooke a Flint (as he did backwards go) *Saxis pugnant.*
Blacke, ſharpe and big, layd in the field: the ſeuenfold targe it ſmit,
Full on the boſſe; and round about, the braſſe did ring with it.
But *Aiax* a farre greater ſtone, lift vp, and (wreathing round,
With all his bodie layd to it) he ſent it forth to wound,
And gaue vnmeaſur'd force to it; the round ſtone broke within
His rundled target: his lou'd knees, to languiſh did begin; *Hector ſtrooke on his knees.*
And he leand, ſtretcht out on his ſhield; but *Phœbus* raiſd him ſtreight.
Then had they layd on wounds with ſwords, in vſe of cloſer fight;
Vnleſſe the Heralds (meſſengers, of Gods and godlike men)
The one of Troy, the other Greece; had held betwixt them then
Imperiall ſcepters: when the one (*Ideus*, graue and wiſe)
Said to them; Now no more my ſonnes: the Soueraigne of the skies
Doth loue you both; both ſouldiers are, all witneſſe with good right:
But now night layes her mace on earth; tis good t'obey the night.
Ideus? (*Telamon* replide,) To *Hector* ſpeake, not me: *Aiax to Ideus.*
He that cald all our Achiue Peeres, to ſtation fight, twas he;
If he firſt ceaſſe, I gladly yeeld: great *Hector* then began:
Aiax, ſince *Ioue* to thy big forme, made thee ſo ſtrong a man, *Hector to Aiax.*
And gaue thee skill to vſe thy ſtrength; ſo much, that for thy ſpeare,
Thou art moſt excellent of Greece, now let vs fight forbeare:
Hereafter we ſhall warre againe, till *Ioue* our Herald be,
And grace with conqueſt, which he will; heauen yeelds to night, and we.
Go thou and comfort all thy Fleet; all friends and men of thine,
As I in Troy my fauourers; who in the Fane diuine *Hector giues Aiax a ſword: Aiax, Hector a girdle. Both which gifts were afterward cauſe of both their deaths.*
Haue offerd Oriſons for me; and come, let vs impart
Some enſignes of our ſtrife, to ſhew, each others ſuppled hart;
That men of Troy and Greece may ſay, Thus their high quarrell ends:
Thoſe that encountring, were ſuch foes, are now (being ſeparate) friends.
He gaue a ſword, whoſe handle was, with ſiluer ſtuds through driuen,
Scabard and all, with hangers rich: By *Telamon* was giuen

A faire well gloſſed purple waſte. Thus *Hector* went to Troy,
And after him a multitude, fild with his ſafeties ioy;
Deſpairing he could euer ſcape, the puiſſant fortitude
And vnimpeached *Aiax* hands. The Greeks like ioy renude,
For their reputed victorie, and brought him to the King;
Sacrifice for victorie. Virgil imit. Who to the great *Saturnides*, preferd an offering:
An Oxe that fed on fiue faire ſprings; they fleyd and quartred him,
And then (in peeces cut) on ſpits, they roſted euery lim:
Conuiuium à ſacrificio. Which neatly dreſt, they drew it off: worke done, they fell to feaſt:
All had enough; but *Telamon*, the King fed paſt the reſt,
Nector to the Greeks. With good large peeces of the chine. Thus, thirſt and hunger ſtaid,
Neſtor (whoſe counſels late were beſt) vowes new, and firſt he ſaid:
Atrides, and my other Lords, a ſort of Greeks are dead,
Whoſe blacke bloud neare Scamanders ſtreame, inhumane *Mars* hath ſhed:
Their ſoules to hell deſcended are: it fits thee then our king,
To make our ſouldiers ceaſſe from warre; and by the dayes firſt ſpring
Let vs our ſelues, aſſembled all, the bodies beare to fire,
With Mules and Oxen neare our fleet; that when we home retire,
Each man may carrie, to the ſonnes, of fathers ſlaughterd here,
Their honourd bones: one tombe for all, for euer let vs reare;
Circling the pile without the field: at which we will erect
Wals, and a raueling, that may ſafe, our fleet and vs protect.
And in them let vs faſhion gates, ſolid and bard about,
Through which our horſe and chariots, may well get in and out.
Without all, let vs dig a dike; ſo deepe it may auaile
Our forces gainſt the charge of horſe, and foote, that come t'aſſaile:
And thus th'attempts, that I ſee ſwell, in Troys proud heart, ſhall faile.
The Kings do his aduice approue: ſo Troy doth Court conuent,
Antenors counſell to the Troians. At *Priams* gate, in th'Ilion tower, fearfull and turbulent.
Amongſt all, wiſe *Antenor* ſpake: Troians and Dardan friends,
And Peeres aſſiſtants, giue good eare, to what my care commends
To your conſents, for all our good: reſolue, let vs reſtore
The Argiue *Hellen*, with her wealth, to him ſhe had before:
We now defend but broken faiths. If therefore ye refuſe,
No good euent can I expect, of all the warres we vſe.
Paris replies. He ceaſt, and *Alexander* ſpake, husband to th'Argiue Queene;
Antenor, to mine eares thy words, harſh and vngracious beene:
Thou canſt vſe better if thou wilt: but if theſe truly fit
Thy ſerious thoughts; the Gods, with age, haue reft thy grauer wit:
To war-like Troians I will ſpeake; I clearly do denie
To yeeld my wife: but all her wealth, Ile render willingly,
What euer I from *Argos* brought; and vow to make it more;
Which I haue readie in my houſe, if peace I may reſtore.
Priam to the Troians. *Priam*, ſirnam'd *Dardanides* (godlike in counſels graue)
In his ſonnes fauour well aduiſde, this reſolution gaue;
My royall friends of euery ſtate, there is ſufficient done,
For this late counſell we haue cald, in th'offer of my ſonne;
Now then let all take needfull food; then let the watch be ſet,

And euerie court of guard held ſtrong: ſo when the morne doth wet
The high raiſd battlements of Troy, *Idæus* ſhall be ſent
To th'Argiue fleet, and *Atreus* ſonnes, t'vnfold my ſonnes intent,
From whoſe fact our contention ſprings: and (if they will) obtaine
Reſpit from heate of fight, till fire, conſume our ſouldiers ſlaine:
And after, our moſt fatall warre, let vs importune ſtill,
Till *Ioue* the conqueſt haue diſpoſd, to his vnconquer'd will.
All heard, and did obey the king, and (in their quarters all,
That were to ſet the watch that night) did to their ſuppers fall.
Idæus in the morning went, and th'Achiue Peeres did find — *Idæus to the Grecian fleet.*
In counſell at *Atrides* ſhip: his audience was aſſignd:
And in the midſt of all the kings, the vocall Herald ſaid:
Atrides? my renowned king, and other kings his aid, — *Idæus to the Greeks.*
Propoſe by me, in their commands, the offers *Paris* makes,
(From whoſe ioy all our woes proceed) he Princely vndertakes
That all the wealth he brought from Greece (would he had died before)
He will (with other added wealth) for your amends reſtore:
But famous *Menelaus* wife, he ſtill meanes to enioy,
Though he be vrg'd the contrarie, by all the Peeres of Troy.
And this beſides, I haue in charge, that if it pleaſe you all;
They wiſh both ſides may ceaſſe from warre, that rites of funerall
May on their bodies be performd, that in the fields lie ſlaine:
And after to the will of Fate, renue the fight againe.
All ſilence held at firſt: at laſt, *Tydides* made reply; — *Diomed do Idæus*
Let no man take the wealth, or Dame; for now a childs weake eye
May ſee the imminent blacke end, of *Priams* Emperie.
This ſentence quicke, and briefly giuen, the Greeks did all admire:
Then ſaid the King; Herald, thou hear'ſt, in him, the voice entire — *Agamemnon to Idæus,*
Of all our Peeres, to anſwer thee, for that of *Priams* ſonne:
But, for our burning of the dead, by all meanes I am wonne
To ſatisfie thy king therein, without the ſlendreſt gaine
Made of their ſpoiled carkaſſes; but freely (being ſlaine)
They ſhall be all conſumd with fire: to witneſſe which, I cite
High thundring *Ioue*, that is the king, of *Iunos* beds delight.
With this, he held his ſcepter vp, to all the skie thron'd powres:
And graue *Idæus* did returne, to ſacred Ilions towres,
Where Ilians, and Dardanians, did ſtill their counſels plie,
Expecting his returne: he came, and told his Legacie.
All, whirlewind like, aſſembled then: ſome, bodies to tranſport,
Some to hew trees: On th'other part, the Argiues did exhort
Their ſouldiers to the ſame affaires: then did the new fir'd Sunne
Smite the brode fields, aſcending heauen, and th'Ocean ſmooth did runne:
When Greece and Troy mixt in ſuch peace, you ſcarce could either know:
Then waſht they off their blood and duſt, and did warme teares beſtow
Vpon the ſlaughterd, and in Carres, conueid them from the field:
Priam commanded none ſhould mourne, but in ſtill ſilence yeeld
Their honord carkaſſes to fire, and onely grieue in heart.
All burnd: to Troy, Troyes friends retire: to fleet, the Grecian part.

Yet doubtfull night obſcur'd the earth, the day did not appeare:
When round about the funerall pile, the Grecians gatherd were;
The pile they circled with a tombe, and by it raiſd a wall,
High towres to guard the fleet and them: and in the midſt of all
They built ſtrong gates, through which the horſe, and chariots paſſage had:
Without the rampire a brode dike, long and profound they made,
On which they Palleſados pitcht; and thus the Grecians wrought.
Their huge workes in ſo little time, were to perfection brought,
That all Gods, by the Lightner ſet, the frame thereof admir'd;
Mongſt whom, the earthquake-making God, this of their King enquir'd:
Neptune to Iupiter. Father of Gods, will any man, of all earths graſſie ſphere,
Aske any of the Gods conſents, to any actions there,
If thou wilt ſee the ſhag-haird Greekes, with headſtrong labours frame
So huge a worke, and not to vs, due offrings firſt enflame?
As farre as white *Auroras* dewes, are ſprinkled through the aire,
Fame will renowne the hands of Greece, for this diuine affaire:
Men will forget the ſacred worke, the Sunne and I did raiſe,
For king *Laomedon* (bright Troy) and this will beare the praiſe.
Ioue to Neptune. *Ioue* was extremely mou'd with him, and ſaid: What words are theſe,
Thou mightie ſhaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the ſeas?
Some other God, of farre leſſe powre, might hold conceipts diſmaid,
The fortification that in the twelft Booke is razed. With this rare Grecian ſtratageme, and thou reſt well apaid;
For it will glorifie thy name, as farre as light extends:
Since, when theſe Greekes ſhall ſee againe, their natiue ſoile and friends,
(The bulwarke battred) thou maiſt quite, deuoure it with thy waues,
And couer (with thy fruitleſſe ſands) this fatall ſhore of graues:
That what their fierie induſtries, haue ſo diuinely wrought,
In raiſing it: in razing it, thy powre will proue it nought.
Thus ſpake the Gods among themſelues: ſet was the feruent Sunne;
And now the great worke of the Greeks, was abſolutely done.
Then ſlue they Oxen in their tents, and ſtrength with food reuiu'd;
A fleete of wine of a thouſand tun ſent by Euneus king of Lemnos Iaſons ſon. When out of *Lemnos* a great fleete, of odorous wine arriu'd,
Sent by *Euneus*, *Iaſons* ſonne, borne of *Hypſiphile*.
The fleete containd a thouſand tunne: which muſt tranſported be
To *Atreus* ſons, as he gaue charge; whoſe merchandize it was.
The Greeks bought wine for ſhining ſteele, and ſome for ſounding braſſe;
Some for Oxe hides; for Oxen ſome, and ſome for priſoners.
A ſumptuous banquet was prepar'd, and all that night the Peeres,
And faire-haird Greeks conſum'd in feaſt: ſo Troians and their aide.
And all the night *Ioue* thunderd lowd: pale feare all thoughts diſmaide.
While they were gluttonous in earth, *Ioue* wrought their banes in heauen:
They pourd full cups vpon the ground; and were to offrings driuen,
In ſtead of quaffings: and to drinke, none durſt attempt, before
In ſolemne ſacrifice they did, almightie *Ioue* adore.
Then to their reſts they all repaird: bold zeale their feare bereau'd:
And ſodaine ſleepes refreſhing gift, ſecurely they receiu'd.

8 AP 58

The end of the ſeuenth booke.

THE

THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

WHen Ioue *to all the Gods had giuen command,*
That none, to either hoſt, ſhould helpfull ſtand;
To Ida he deſcends: and ſees from thence
Iuno *and* Pallas *haſte the Greeks defence:*
Whoſe purpoſe, his command by Iris *giuen,*
Doth interuent; then came the ſilent Euen;
When Hector *chargde fires ſhould conſume the night.*
Leſt Greeks in darkeneſſe tooke ſuſpected flight.

Another Argument.

In Theta *gods a Counſell haue,*
Troyes conqueſt, glorious Hectors *Braue.*

THe chearfull Ladie of the light, deckt in her ſaffron robe, *Periphraſis of the Morning.*
Diſperſt her beames through euery part, of this enflowred globe,
When thundring *Ioue* a Court of Gods, aſſembled by his will,
In top of all the topfull heights, that crowne th'Olympian hill.
He ſpake, and all the Gods gaue eare: Heare how I ſtand inclind: *Ioue to the bench of Deities.*
That God nor Goddeſſe may attempt, t'infringe my ſoueraigne mind:
But all giue ſuffrage; that with ſpeed, I may theſe diſcords end.
What God ſoeuer I ſhall find, indeuour to defend
Or Troy or Greece, with wounds to heauen, he (ſham'd) ſhall reaſcend;
Or (taking him with his offence) Ile caſt him downe as deepe
As *Tartarus* (the brood of night) where *Barathrum* doth ſteepe *Virgil maketh this likewiſe his place, adding,* Bis patet in præceps, tantum tenditq; ſub vmbras, &c.
Torment in his profoundeſt ſinks; where is the floore of braſſe,
And gate of iron: the place, for depth, as farre doth hell ſurpaſſe,
As heauen (for height) exceeds the earth; then ſhall he know from thence,
How much my power paſt all the Gods, hath ſoueraigne eminence.
Indanger it the whiles and ſee: let downe our golden chaine; *Homers golden chaine.*
And, at it, let all Deities, their vtmoſt ſtrengths conſtraine,
To draw me to the earth from heauen: you neuer ſhall preuaile,
Though with your moſt contention, ye dare my ſtate aſſaile:
But when my will ſhall be diſpoſd, to draw you all to me;
Euen with the earth it ſelfe, and ſeas, ye ſhall enforced be.
Then will I to Olympus top, our vertuous engine bind,
And by it euerie thing ſhall hang, by my command inclind:
So much I am ſupreme to Gods; to men ſupreme as much.
The Gods ſat ſilent, and admir'd; his dreadfull ſpeech was ſuch.

At

At laſt, his blue-eyd daughter ſpake: O great *Saturnides*,
Pallas to Ioue. O Father, & heauens higheſt King; well know we the exceſſe
Of thy great power, compar'd with all: yet the bold Greekes eſtate
We needs muſt mourne, ſince they muſt fall, beneath ſo hard a fate:
For if thy graue command enioyne, we will abſtaine from fight:
But to afford them ſuch aduice, as may relieue their plight,
We will (with thy conſent) be bold; that all may not ſuſtaine
The fearefull burthen of thy wrath, and with their ſhames be ſlaine.
Ioue to Pallas. He ſmil'd, and ſaid; Be confident, thou art belou'd of me:
I ſpeake not this with ſerious thoughts, but will be kind to thee.
Ioues horſe. This ſaid, his braſſe hou'd winged horſe, he did to chariot bind,
Whoſe creſts were fring'd with manes of gold, and golden garments ſhin'd
On his rich ſhoulders; in his hand, he tooke a golden ſcourge,
Diuinely faſhiond, and with blowes, their willing ſpeed did vrge,
Ioue deſcends to Ida. Mid way betwixt the earth and heauen; to Ida then he came,
Abounding in delicious ſprings, and nurſe of beaſts vntame;
Where (on the mountaine Gargarus) men did a Fane erect
To his high name, and altars ſweet; and there his horſe he checkt;
Diſſolu'd them from his chariot, and in a cloud of ieate
He couerd them, and on the top, tooke his triumphant ſeate;
Ioues proſpect. Both hoſts arme. Beholding *Priams* famous towne, and all the Fleet of Greece,
The Greeks tooke breakfaſt ſpeedily, and arm'd at euerie peece:
So Troians; who though fewer farre, yet all to fight tooke armes:
Dire need enforc't them, to auert, their wiues and childrens harmes.
All gates flew open, all the hoſt, did iſſue, foote and horſe,
The fight. In mightie tumult: ſtraite one place, adioynd each aduerſe force: (poſd:
Then ſhields with ſhields met, darts with darts, ſtrength againſt ſtrength op-
The boſſe-pik't targets were thruſt on, and thunderd as they cloſd
In mightie tumult; grone for grone, and breath for breath did breath:
Of men then ſlaine and to be ſlaine; earth flowd with fruits of death.
While the faire mornings beautie held, and day increaſt in height;
Their Iauelins mutually made death, tranſport an equall freight:
Ancipsvictoria The Meridian libra Iouis Aurea. Virg. tranſtulit Macrobius 5. But when the hote Meridian point, bright *Phœbus* did aſcend,
Then *Ioue* his golden Ballances, did equally extend:
And of long-reſt-conferring death, put in two bitter fates
For Troy and Greece he held the midſt: the day of finall dates
Fell on the Greeks: the Greeks hard lots, ſunke to the flowrie ground.
The Troians leapt as high as heauen, then did the claps reſound,
Ioues thunder amongſt the Grecians. Of his fierce thunder; lightning leapt, amongſt each Grecian troope:
The ſight amaz'd them; pallid feare, made boldeſt ſtomacks ſtoope.
Then *Idomen* durſt not abide; *Atrides* went his way,
And both th'*Aiaces*: *Neſtor* yet, againſt his will did ſtay
(That graue Protector of the Greekes): for *Paris* with a dart
Enrag'd one of his chariot horſe; he ſmote the vpper part
Of all his skull, euen where the haire, that made his foretop, ſprung:
The hurt was deadly, and the paine, ſo ſore the courſer ſtung,
(Pierc't to the braine) he ſtampt and plung'd: one on another beares:
Entangled round about the beame; then *Neſtor* cut the geres

With

With his new drawne authentique ſword; meane while the firie horſe
Of *Hector* brake into the preaſſe, with their bold rulers force:
Then good old *Neſtor* had bene ſlaine, had *Diomed* not eſpied;
Who to *Vlyſſes*, as he fled, importunately cried;
Thou, that in counſels doſt abound, O *Laertiades*,
Why flyeſt thou? why thus cowardlike, ſhunſt thou the honourd preaſe?
Take heed thy backe take not a dart: ſtay, let vs both intend
To driue this cruell enemie, from our deare aged friend.
He ſpake: but warie *Ithacus*, would find no patient eare:
But fled forth right, euen to the fleet: yet though he ſingle were,
Braue *Diomed* mixt amongſt the fight, and ſtood before the ſteeds
Of old *Neleides*, whoſe eſtate, thus kingly he areeds:
O father, with theſe youths in fight, thou art vnequall plac't,
Thy willing ſinewes are vnknit, graue age purſues thee faſt,
And thy vnruly horſe are ſlow; my chariot therefore vſe,
And trie how readie Troian horſe, can flie him that purſues;
Purſue the flier, and euery way, performe the varied fight:
I forc't them from *Anchiſes* ſonne, well skild in cauſe of flight.
Then let my Squire leade hence thy horſe: mine thou ſhalt guard, whilſt I
(By thee aduanc't) aſſay the fight; that *Hectors* ſelfe may trie
If my lance dote with the defects, that faile beſt minds in age,
Or find the palſey in my hands, that doth thy life engage.
This, noble *Neſtor* did accept; and *Diomeds* two friends,
Eurymedon, that valour loues; and *Sthenelus*, aſcends,
Old *Neſtors* coach: of *Diomeds* horſe, *Neſtor* the charge ſuſtains
And *Tydeus* ſonne tooke place of fight; *Neleides* held the rains,
And ſcourg'd the horſe, who ſwiftly ran, direct in *Hectors* face,
Whom fierce *Tydides* brauely charg'd: but, he turnd from the chace,
His iaueline *Eniopeus* ſmit, mightie *Thebæus* ſonne,
And was great *Hectors* chariotere; it through his breaſt did runne,
Neare to his pappe; he fell to earth, backe flew his frighted horſe;
His ſtrength and ſoule were both diſſolu'd: *Hector* had deepe remorſe
Of his miſhap: yet left he him, and for another ſought;
Nor long his ſteeds did want a guide: for ſtraight good fortune brought
Bold *Archeptolemus*, whoſe life, did from *Iphytis* ſpring;
He made him take the reines and mount: then ſoules were ſet on wing:
Then high exploits were vndergone, then Troians in their wals
Had bene infolded like meeke Lambs, had *Ioue* winkt at their fals;
Who hurld his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings flie
Into the earth, before the horſe, that *Neſtor* did applie.
A dreadfull flaſh burnt through the aire, that ſauourd ſulphure-like,
Which downe before the chariot, the dazled horſe did ſtrike:
The faire reines fell from *Neſtors* hand; who did (in feare) intreate
Renownd *Tydides*, into flight, to turne his furies heate.
For knoweſt thou not, ſaid he, our aide, is not ſupplide from *Ioue*?
This day he will giue fame to Troy, which when it fits his loue
We ſhall enioy; let no man tempt, his vnreſiſted will,
Though he exceed in gifts of ſtrength: for he exceeds him ſtill.

Diomed to Vlyſſes.

Vlyſſes flies and Diomed alone ſteps to the reſcue of Neſtor.

Diomed charges Hector.

Neſtor to Diomed.

Father

Diomed to Neſtor.

Father (replied the king) t'is true: but both my heart and ſoule
Are moſt extremely grieu'd to thinke, how *Hector* will controule
My valour with his vants in Troy: that I was terror-ſicke
With his approch: which when he boaſts, let earth deuoure me quicke.

Neſtor to Diomed.

Ah warlike *Tydeus* ſonne (ſaid he,) what needleſſe words are theſe?
Though *Hector* ſhould report thee faint, and amorous of thy eaſe,
The Troians nor the Troian wiues, would neuer giue him truſt,
Whoſe youthfull husbands thy free hand, hath ſmotherd ſo in duſt.
This ſaid, he turn'd his one-hou'd horſe, to flight, and troope did take;
When *Hector* and his men with ſhowts, did greedie purſute make,
And pour'd on darts, that made aire ſigh: then *Hector* did exclame;
O *Tydeus* ſonne, the kings of Greece, do moſt renowne thy name

Hectors braue to Diomed.

With higheſt place, feaſts, and full cups; who now will do thee ſhame:
Thou ſhalt be like a woman vſd, and they will ſay; Depart
Immartiall minion, ſince to ſtand, *Hector*, thou hadſt no hart:
Nor canſt thou ſcale our turrets tops, nor leade the wiues to fleet
Of valiant men; that wifelike fear'ſt, my aduerſe charge to meet.
This, two waies mou'd him; ſtill to flie, or turne his horſe and fight:
Thriſe thruſt he forward to aſſault; and euery time the fright
Of *Ioues* fell thunder draue him backe: which he propoſd for ſigne
(To ſhew the change of victorie) Troians ſhould victors ſhine.

Hector to his friends.

Then *Hector* comforted his men; All my aduentrous friends,
Be men, and of your famous ſtrength, thinke of the honourd ends.
I know, beneuolent *Iupiter*, did by his becke profeſſe
Conqueſt, and high renowne to me; and to the Greeks diſtreſſe.
O fooles, to raiſe ſuch ſilly forts, not worth the leaſt account,
Nor able to reſiſt our force; with eaſe our horſe may mount,
Quite ouer all their hollow dike: but when their fleet I reach,
Let Memorie to all the world, a famous bonfire teach:
For, I will all their ſhips inflame; with whoſe infeſtiue ſmoke
(Feare-ſhrunke and hidden neare their keels) the conquerd Greeks ſhall choke.

The names of Hectors horſe.

Then cheriſht he his famous horſe: O *Xanthus*, now, ſaid he,
And thou *Podargus*: *Æthon* to, and *Lampus*, deare to me;
Make me ſome worthy recompence, for ſo much choice of meate,
Giuen you by faire *Andromache*; bread of the pureſt wheate;

Vinum equis.

And with it (for your drinke) mixt wine, to make ye wiſhed cheare,
Still ſeruing you before my ſelfe (her husband young and deare:)
Purſue and vſe your ſwifteſt ſpeed, that we may take for priſe
The ſhield of old *Neleides*, which Fame lifts to the skies;

Neſtors ſhield al of gold.

Euen to the handles, telling it, to be of maſſie gold:
And from the ſhoulders let vs take, of *Diomed* the bold,
The royall curace *Vulcan* wrought, with art ſo exquiſite.
Theſe if we make our ſacred ſpoile, I doubt not, but this Night,
Euen to their nauie to enforce, the Greekes vnturned flight.
This *Iuno* tooke in high diſdaine; and made Olympus ſhake,
As ſhe but ſtird within her throne; and thus to *Neptune* ſpake;

Iuno to Neptune.

O *Neptune*, what a ſpite is this? thou God ſo huge in power,
Afflicts it not thy honor'd heart, to ſee rude ſpoile deuoure

Theſe

Theſe Greekes that haue in Helice, and Aege, offred thee
So many and ſuch wealthie gifts, let them the victors be;
If we that are the aids of Greece, would beate home theſe of Troy,
And hinder brode-eyd *Ioues* prowd will, it would abate his ioy.
He (angrie) told her, ſhe was raſh, and he would not be one, *Neptune to Iuno*
Of all the reſt, ſhould ſtriue with *Ioue*, whoſe power was matcht by none.
Whiles they conferd thus, all the ſpace, the trench containd before,
(From that part of the fort that flankt, the nauie-anchoring ſhore)
Was fild with horſe and targateirs, who there for refuge came;
By *Mars*-ſwift *Hectors* power engagde; *Ioue* gaue his ſtrength the fame:
And he with ſpoilefull fire had burnt, the fleet: if *Iunes* grace
Had not inſpirde the king himſelfe, to run from place to place,
And ſtirre vp euerie ſouldiers powre, to ſome illuſtrous deed;
Firſt viſiting their leaders tents, his ample purple weed *Agamemnons labor in ranging his armie.*
He wore, to ſhew all who he was; and did his ſtation take
At wiſe *Vlyſſes* ſable barkes, that did the battell make
Of all the fleet: from whence his ſpeech, might with more eaſe be driuen
To *Aiax* and *Achilles* ſhips; to whoſe chiefe charge were giuen
The Vantguard and the Rereguard both: both for their force of hand,
And truſtie boſomes. There arriu'd, thus vrg'd he to withſtand
Th'inſulting Troians: O what ſhame, ye emptie hearted Lords, *Agamem nons exprobration of the Greeks.*
Is this to your admired formes? where are your glorious words?
In Lemnos vaunting you the beſt, of all the Grecian hoſt?
We are the ſtrongeſt men (ye ſaid) we will command the moſt:
Eating moſt fleſh of high hornd beeues, and drinking cups full crownd:
And euerie man a hundred foes, two hundred will confound:
Now all our ſtrength, dar'd to our worſt, one *Hector* cannot tame,
Who preſently with horrid fire, will all our fleet inflame.
O Father *Ioue*, hath euer yet, thy moſt vnſuffred hand *Apoſtrophe ad Iouem.*
Afflicted, with ſuch ſpoile of ſoules, the king of any land?
And taken ſo much fame from him? when I did neuer faile
(Since vnder moſt vnhappie ſtarres, this fleet was vnder ſaile)
Thy glorious altars, I proteſt; but aboue all the Gods,
Haue burnt fat thighs of beeues to thee; and praid to race th'abodes
Of rape-defending Ilions: yet grant (almightie *Ioue*)
One fauour, that we may at leaſt, with life from hence remoue:
Not vnder ſuch inglorious hands, the hands of death imploy,
And where Troy ſhould be ſtoopt by Greece, let Greece fall vnder Troy.
To this euen weeping king, did *Ioue*, remorſefull audience giue,
And ſhooke great heauen to him, for ſigne, his men and he ſhould liue:
Then quickly caſt he off his hawke, the Eagle prince of aire, *Ioue caſts off his Eagle on the Greeks right hand, that truſt a Hinde caſt.*
That perfects his vnſpotted vowes; who ſeiſd in her repaire
A ſucking hinde calfe; which ſhe truſt, in her enforciue ſeeres,
And by *Ioues* altar let it fall, amongſt th'amazed peeres,
Where the religious Achiue kings, with ſacrifice did pleaſe
The authour of all Oracles, diuine *Saturnides*.
Now when they knew the bird of *Ioue*, they turnd couragious head:
When none (though many kings put on) could make his vaunt, he led

Diomed. *Tydides* to renewd aſſault: or iſſued firſt the dike,
Or firſt did fight: but farre the firſt, ſtone dead his lance did ſtrike
Arm'd *Agelaus*; by deſcent, ſurnam'd *Phradmonides*;
He turn'd his readie horſe to flight; and *Diomeds* lance did ſeiſe
His backe betwixt his ſhoulder blades, and lookt out at his breſt;
He fell, and his armes rang his fall. Th'*Atrides* next addreſt
Themſelues to fight; th'*Aiaces* next, with vehement ſtrength endude:
Idomeneus and his friend, ſtout *Merion*, next purſude:
And after theſe *Euripilus*, *Euemons* honord race:
The ninth, with backward wreathed bow, had little *Teucer* place;
Teucer ſerving vnder Aiax ſhield. He ſtill fought vnder *Aiax* ſhield; who ſometimes held it by,
And then he lookt his obiect out, and let his arrow flie:
And whomſoeuer in the preaſſe, he wounded, him he ſlue;
Then vnder *Aiax* ſeuen-fold ſhield, he preſently withdrew.
He far'd like an vnhappie child, that doth to mother run
For ſuccour, when he knowes full well, he ſome ſhrewd turne hath done.
What Troians then were to their deaths, by *Teucers* ſhafts impreſt:
Hapleſſe *Orſylochus* was firſt; *Ormenus*, *Opheleſt*,
Detor, and hardie *Cronius*, and *Lycophon* diuine;
And *Amopaon*, that did ſpring, from *Polyemons* line,
And *Menalippus*: all on heapes, he tumbled to the ground.
The king reioyc't to ſee his ſhafts, the Phrygian ranks confound:
Agamemnon to Teucer. Who ſtraight came neare, and ſpake to him; O *Teucer* louely man,
Strike ſtill ſo ſure, and be a grace, to euerie Grecian;
And to thy father *Telamon*, who tooke thee kindly home,
(Although not by his wife, his ſonne) and gaue thee foſter roome,
Euen from thy childhood; then to him, though far from hence remou'd,
Make *good fame* reach; and to thy ſelfe, I vow what ſhall be prou'd:
If he that dreadfull *Egis* beares, and *Pallas* grant to me
Th'expugnance of wel-builded Troy, I firſt will honour thee,
Next to my ſelfe with ſome rich gift, and put it in thy hand:
A three-foot veſſell, that for grace, in ſacred Fanes doth ſtand:
Or two horſe and a chariot, or elſe a louely Dame,
That may aſcend on bed with thee, and amplifie thy name.
Teucer to Agamemnon. *Teucer* right nobly anſwerd him: Why (moſt illuſtrate king)
I being thus forward of my ſelfe, doſt thou adioyne a ſting?
Without which, all the power I haue, I ceaſſe not to imploy:
For, from the place where we repulſt, the Troians towards Troy,
I all the purple field haue ſtrew'd, with one or other ſlaine:
Eight ſhafts I ſhot, with long ſteele heads, of which not one in vaine;
All were in youthfull bodies fixt, well skild in warres conſtraint:
Yet this wild dog, with all my aime, I haue no power to taint.
This ſaid, another arrow forth, from his ſtiffe ſtring he ſent,
At *Hector*, whom he long'd to wound; but ſtill amiſſe it went:
His ſhaft ſmit faire *Gorgythion*, of *Priams* princely race,
Who in Æpina was brought forth (a famous towne in Thrace)
By *Caſtianira*; that, for forme, was like celeſtiall breed.
And as a crimſon Poppie flower, ſurcharged with his ſeed,

And

And vernall humors falling thicke, declines his heauie brow;
So, of one ſide, his helmets weight, his fainting head did bow:
Yet *Teucer* would another ſhaft, at *Hectors* life diſpoſe;
So faine, he ſuch a marke would hit: but ſtill beſides it goes;
Apollo did auert the ſhaft: but *Hectors* charioteere
Bold *Archeptolemus* he ſmit, as he was ruſhing neere
To make the fight: to earth he fell, his ſwift horſe backe did flie,
And there, were both his ſtrength and ſoule, exilde eternally.
Huge griefe, for *Hectors* ſlaughterd friend, pincht-in his mightie mind:
Yet was he forc't to leaue him there, and his void place reſignd
To his ſad brother, that was by; *Cebriones*: whoſe eare
Receiuing *Hectors* charge, he ſtraight, the weightie reines did beare;
And *Hector*, from his ſhining coach (with horrid voice) leapt on,
To wreake his friend on *Teucers* hand; and vp he tooke a ſtone,
With which he at the Archer ran; who, from his quiuer, drew
A ſharpe-pild ſhaft, and nockt it ſure: but, in great *Hector* flew,
With ſuch fell ſpeed, that in his draught, he his right ſhoulder ſtrooke,
Where twixt his necke and breaſt, the ioynt, his natiue cloſure tooke:
The wound was wondrous full of death, his ſtring in ſunder flees;
His nummed hand fell ſtrengthleſſe downe, and he vpon his knees.
Aiax neglected not to aid, his brother thus depreſt;
But came and ſaft him with his ſhield; and two more friends addreſt
To be his aide, tooke him to fleet; *Mecifius*, *Echius* ſon,
And gay *Alaſtor*: *Teucer* ſigh'd, for all his ſeruice done.
Then did *Olympius*, with freſh ſtrength, the Troian powers reuiue;
Who to their trenches once againe, the troubled Greekes did driue.
Hector brought terror with his ſtrength, and euer fought before:
As when ſome highly ſtomackt hound, that hunts a ſyluan Bore,
Or kingly Lion, loues the hanch, and pincheth oft behind,
Bold of his feet, and ſtill obſerues, the game, to turne inclind,
Not vtterly diſſolu'd in flight: ſo *Hector* did purſue;
And whoſoeuer was the laſt, he euer did ſubdue.
They fled, but when they had their dike, and Palleſados paſt,
(A number of them put to ſword) at ſhips they ſtaid at laſt:
Then mutuall exhortations flew, then all with hands and eyes,
Aduanc't to all the Gods, their plagues, wrung from them open cries.
Hector with his fowre rich-man'd horſe, aſſaulting alwaies rode;
The eyes of *Gorgon* burnt in him, and warres vermilion God.
The Goddeſſe that all Goddeſſes (for ſnowie armes) out ſhin'd,
Thus ſpake to *Pallas*; to the Greeks, with gracious ruth inclin'd.
O *Pallas*, what a griefe is this? is all our ſuccour paſt
To theſe our periſhing Grecian friends? at leaſt withheld at laſt?
Euen now, when one mans violence, muſt make them periſh all,
Inſatisfaction of a Fate, ſo full of funerall?
Hector Priamides now raues, no more to be indur'd;
That hath alreadie on the Greeks, ſo many harmes inur'd.
The Azure Goddeſſe anſwerd her; This man had ſurely found
His fortiude and life diſſolu'd, euen on his fathers ground,

Virgin Pallas to imitatus eſt.

Hector with a ſtone at Teucer.

Hectors terrible aſpect.

Iuno to Pallas.

By Grecian valour; if my Sire, infested with ill moods,
Did not so dote on these of Troy, too ielous of their bloods:
And euer, an vniust repulse, stands to my willing powres;
Little remembring what I did, in all the desperate howres
Of his affected *Hercules*: I euer rescued him,
In labours of *Eurisitheus*, vntoucht in life or lim:
When he (heauen knowes) with drowned eyes, lookt vp for helpe to heauen:
Which euer at command of *Ioue*, was by my supppliance giuen.
But had my wisdome reacht so farre, to know of this euent,
When to the solid-ported depths, of hell his sonne was sent,
To hale out hatefull *Plutoes* dog, from darksome *Erebus*,
He had not scap't the streames of *Styx*, so deepe and dangerous:
Yet *Ioue* hates me, and shews his loue, in doing *Thetis* will,
That kist his knees, and strok't his chin; praid, and importun'd still,
That he would honour with his aid, her cittie-razing sonne,
Displeasd *Achilles*: and for him, our friends are thus vndone.
But time shall come againe, when he (to do his friends some aid)
Will call me his *Glaucopides*; his sweet and blew-eyd maid.
Then harnesse thou thy horse for me, that his bright Pallace gates
I soone may enter, arming me, to order these debates:
And I will trie if *Priams* sonne, will still maintaine his cheare,
When in the crimson paths of warre, I dreadfully appeare;
For some prowd Troian shall be sure, to nourish dogs and foules,
And paue the shore with fat, and flesh, depriu'd of liues and soules.
Iuno prepar'd her horse, whose manes, Ribands of gold enlac't:
Pallas armes. *Pallas* her partie coloured robe; on her bright shoulders cast,
Diuinely wrought with her owne hands, in th'entrie of her Sire:
Then put she, on her ample breast, her vnder-arming tire,
And on it her celestiall armes: the chariot streight she takes,
With her huge heauie violent lance, with which she slaughter makes
Iuno her wag-gonnesse. Of armies, fatall to her wrath: *Saturnia* whipt her horse,
And heauen gates, guarded by the Howres, op't by their proper force:
Through which they flew. Whom when *Ioue* saw (set neare th'Idalian spring)
Highly displeasd: he *Iris* cald, that hath the golden wings,
Ioue to Iris. And said; Flie *Iris*, turne them backe, let them not come at me:
Our meetings (seuerally disposd) will nothing gracious be.
Beneath their o'rethrowne chariot, Ile shiuer their prowd steeds:
Hurle downe themselues, their wagon breake, and for their stubborne deeds,
In ten whole yeares they shall not heale, the wounds I will impresse
With horrid thunder; that my maid, may know, when to addresse
Armes against her father. For my wife, she doth not so offend,
T'is but her vse to interrupt, what euer I intend.
Iris to heauen. *Iris*, with this, left Idas hils, and vp t'Olympus flew,
Met (neare heauen gates) the Goddesses, and thus their haste with-drew.
What course intend you? why are you, wrapt with your fancies storme?
Ioue likes not ye should aid the Greeks, but threats, and will performe,
To crush in peeces your swift horse, beneath their glorious yokes,
Hurle downe your selues, your chariot breake: and those impoysoned strokes

His

His wounding thunder ſhall imprint, in your celeſtiall parts,
In ten full Springs ye ſhall not cure: that ſhe that tames proud hearts
(Thy ſelfe, *Minerua*) may be taught, to know for what, and when,
Thou doeſt againſt thy father fight; for ſometimes childeren
May with diſcretion plant themſelues, againſt their fathers wils;
But not where humors onely rule, in works beyond their skils.
For, *Iuno*, ſhe offends him not, nor vexeth him ſo much;
For, t'is her vſe to croſſe his will, her impudence is ſuch.
The habite of offence in this, ſhe onely doth contract, *Facile facit quod ſemper facit.*
And ſo grieues or incenſeth leſſe, though nere the leſſe her fact:
But thou moſt grieu'ſt him (dogged Dame) whom he rebukes in time,
Leſt ſilence ſhould peruert thy will, and pride too highly clime
In thy bold boſome (deſperate girle) if ſeriouſly thou dare
Lift thy vnwieldie lance gainſt *Ioue*, as thy pretences are.
She left them, and *Saturnia* ſaid, Ay me thou ſeed of *Ioue*, *Iuno to Pallas.*
By my aduice we will no more, vnfit contention moue
With *Iupiter* for mortall men; of whom, let this man die,
And that man liue, who euer he, purſues with deſtinie:
And let him (plotting all euents) diſpoſe of either hoſt,
As he thinks fitteſt for them both, and may become vs moſt.
Thus turnd ſhe backe, and to the Howres, her rich man'd horſe reſign'd
Who them t'immortall mangers bound; the chariot they inclin'd
Beneath the Chriſtall walls of heauen, and they in golden thrones
Conſorted other Deities, repleate with paſſions.
Ioue, in his bright-wheeld chariot, his firie horſe now beats,
Vp to Olympus; and aſpir'd, the Gods eternall ſeats.
Great *Neptune* looſd his horſe; his Carre, vpon the Altar plac't,
And heauenly-linnen Couerings, did round about it caſt.
The farre-ſeer vſd his throne of gold: the vaſt Olympus ſhooke
Beneath his feete, his wife, and maid, apart their places tooke;
Nor any word afforded him: he knew their thoughts, and ſaid;
Why do you thus torment your ſelues? you need not ſit diſmaid *Ioue to Iuno and Pallas.*
With the long labours you haue vſd, in your victorious fight,
Deſtroying Troians: gainſt whoſe liues, you heape ſuch high deſpight. *Sceptick.*
Ye ſhould haue held your glorious courſe; for be aſſur'd, as farre
As all my powres (by all meanes vrg'd) could haue ſuſtaind the warre:
Not all the hoſt of Deities, ſhould haue retir'd my hand,
From vowd inflictions on the Greeks: much leſſe, you two withſtand.
But you before you ſaw the fight, much leſſe the ſlaughter there,
Had all your goodly lineaments, poſſeſt with ſhaking feare;
And neuer had your chariot borne, their charge to heauen againe:
But thunder ſhould haue ſmit you both, had you one Troian ſlaine.
Both Goddeſſes let fall their chins, vpon their Iuorie breaſts,
Set next to *Ioue*; contriuing ſtill, afflicted Troyes vnreſts:
Pallas for anger could not ſpeake, *Saturnia*, contrarie,
Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bold replie;
Not-to-be-ſuffred *Iupiter*, what needſt thou ſtill enforce *Iuno to Iupiter.*
Thy matchleſſe power? we know it well: But we muſt yeeld remorſe

To them that yeeld vs ſacrifice: nor needſt thou thus deride
Our kind obedience, nor our griefes, but beare our powers applide
To iuſt protection of the Greeks; that anger tombe not all
In Troyes foule gulfe of periurie, and let them ſtand, ſhould fall.
Iupiter to Iuno. Greeue not (ſaid *Ioue*) at all done yet: for if thy faire eyes pleaſe,
This next red morning they ſhall ſee, the great *Saturnides*
Bring more deſtruction to the Greekes: and *Hector* ſhall not ceaſe,
Till he haue rowſed from the Fleet, ſwift-foot *Æacides*:
In that day, when before their ſhips, for his *Patroclus* ſlaine,
The Greekes in great diſtreſſe ſhall fight; for ſo the Fates ordaine.
I weigh not thy diſpleaſed ſpleene; though to th'extremeſt bounds
Of earth and ſeas it carrie thee; where endleſſe night confounds
Iapet, and my deiected Sire; who ſit ſo farre beneath,
They neuer ſee the flying Sunne, nor heare the winds that breath,
Neare to profoundeſt *Tartarus*: nor thither if thou went,
Would I take pittie of thy moods, ſince none more impudent.
To this, ſhe nothing did replie: and now *Sols* glorious light
Fell to the ſea, and to the land, drew vp the drowſie night:
The Night. The Troians grieu'd at *Phœbus* fall, which all the Greeks deſir'd:
And ſable night (ſo often wiſht) to earths firme throne aſpir'd.
Hector (intending to conſult) neare to the gulfie flood
Farre from the Fleet; led to a place, pure, and exempt from blood,
The Troians forces: from their horſe, all lighted, and did heare
Th'Oration *Ioue*-lou'd *Hector* made; who held a goodly ſpeare,
Eleuen full cubits long; the head, was braſſe, and did reflect
A wanton light before him ſtill; it round about was deckt
With ſtrong hoops of new burniſht gold. On this he leand, and ſaid:
Hector to his friends. Heare me, my worthie friends of Troy, and you our honord aid;
A little ſince, I had conceipt, we ſhould haue made retreate,
By light of the inflamed fleet, with all the Greeks eſcheate;
But darkneſſe hath preuented vs; and ſafte, with ſpeciall grace,
Theſe Achiues, and their ſhore-hal'd fleet. Let vs then render place,
To ſacred Night; our ſuppers dreſſe; and from our chariot free
Our faire-man'd horſe, and meate them well: then let there conuoid be,
From forth the citie preſently, Oxen, and well fed ſheepe;
Vina parant animos. Sweet wine, and bread; and fell much wood, that all night we may keepe
Plentie of fires, euen till the light, bring forth the louely morne;
And let their brightneſſe glaſe the skies, that night may not ſuborne
The Greeks eſcape, if they, for flight, the ſeas brode backe would take;
At leaſt they may not part with eaſe; but as retreit they make,
Each man may beare a wound with him, to cure when he comes home,
Made with a ſhaft or ſharpned ſpeare; and others feare to come,
With charge of lamentable warre, gainſt ſouldiers bred in Troy.
Then let our Heralds, through the towne, their offices imploy,
To warne the youth, yet ſhort of warre; and time-white fathers, paſt;
That in our god-built towres they ſee, ſtrong courts of guard be plac't,
About the wals; and let our Dames, yet flouriſhing in yeares,
That (hauing beauties to keepe pure) are moſt inclin'd to feares

(Since

(Since darkneſſe in diſtreſſefull times, more dreadfull is then light)
Make loftie fires in euery houſe: and thus, the dangerous night,
Held with ſtrong watch; if th'enemie, haue ambuſcadoes laid
Neare to our wals (and therefore ſeeme, in flight the more diſmaid,
Intending a ſurpriſe, while we, are all without the towne)
They euery way ſhall be impugn'd, to euery mans renowne.
Performe all this braue Troian friends: what now I haue to ſay,
Is all expreſt; the chearfull morne, ſhall other things diſplay;
It is my glorie (putting truſt, in *Ioue*, and other Gods)
That I ſhall now expulſe theſe dogs, fates ſent to our abodes;
Who bring oſtents of deſtinie, and blacke their threatning fleet.
But this night let vs hold ſtrong guards: to morrow we will meet,
(With fierce-made warre) before their ſhips; and Ile make knowne to all,
If ſtrong *Tydides*, from their ſhips, can driue me to their wall,
Or I can pierce him with my ſword; and force his bloudy ſpoile;
The wiſhed morne ſhall ſhew his powre, if he can ſhun his foile,
I running on him with my Lance; I thinke when day aſcends,
He ſhall lie wounded with the firſt, and by him many friends.
O that I were as ſure to liue, immortall, and ſuſtaine
No frailties, with increaſing yeares, but euermore remaine
Ador'd like *Pallas*, or the Sunne; as all doubts die in me,
That heauens next light ſhall be the laſt, the Greekes ſhall euer ſee.
This ſpeech all Troians did applaud; who from their traces loſde
Their ſweating horſe; which ſeuerally with headſtals they repoſde,
And faſtned by their chariots; when others brought from towne,
Fat ſheepe and oxen, inſtantly; bread, wine; and hewed downe
Huge ſtore of wood: the winds transferd, into the friendly skie,
Their ſuppers ſauour; to the which, they ſate delightfully,
And ſpent all night in open field; fires round about them ſhinde;
As when about the ſiluer Moone, when aire is free from winde,
And ſtars ſhine cleare; to whoſe ſweete beames, high proſpects, and the brows
Of all ſteepe hils and pinnacles, thruſt vp themſelues for ſhowes;
And euen the lowly vallies ioy, to glitter in their ſight,
When the vnmeaſur'd firmament, burſts to diſcloſe her light,
And all the ſignes in heauen are ſeene, that glad the ſhepheards hart;
So many fires diſcloſde their beames, made by the Troian part,
Before the face of *Ilion*; and her bright turrets ſhow'd.
A thouſand courts of guard kept fires: and euery guard allow'd
Fiftie ſtout men, by whom their horſe, eate oates and hard white corne,
And all did wilfully expect, the ſiluer-throned morne.

Igne Troianorũ aſtris ſimiles.

8 AP 58

The end of the eighth Booke.

THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

TO Agamemnon *(vrging hopeleſſe flight)*
Stand Diomed, *and* Neſtor *oppoſite:*
By Neſtors *counſell, Legats are diſmiſt,*
To Thetis *ſonne, who ſtill denies t'aſſiſt.*

Another Argument.

Iota *ſings the Ambaſſie,*
And great Achilles *ſterne replie.*

SO held the Troians ſleepleſſe guard; the Greeks to flight were giuen:
The feeble conſort of cold feare (ſtrangely infuſde from heauen)
Griefe, not to be endur'd, did wound, all Greeks of greateſt worth.
And as two laterall-ſited winds (the Weſt wind and the North)
Meete at the Thracian ſeas blacke breaſt; ioyne in a ſodaine blore;
Tumble together the darke waues, and powre vpon the ſhore
A mightie deale of froth and weed, with which men manure ground:
So *Ioue* and Troy did driue the Greeks, and all their minds confound:
But *Agamemnon* moſt of all, was tortur'd at his heart,
Who to the voicefull Heralds went, and bad them cite, apart,
Each Grecian leader ſeuerally, not openly proclaime;
In which he labourd with the firſt: and all together came.
They ſadly ſate; the king aroſe, and pour'd out teares as faſt
As from a loftie rocke, a ſpring, doth his blacke waters caſt.
Agamemnon to the Greeks. And deeply ſighing, thus beſpake, the Achiues; O my friends,
Princes and leaders of the Greeks; heauens aduerſe king extends
His wrath, with too much detriment, to my ſo iuſt deſigne;
Since he hath often promiſt me, and bound it with the ſigne
Of his bent forehead, that this Troy, our vengefull hands ſhould race,
And ſafe returne: yet now ingag'd, he plagues vs with diſgrace;
When all our truſt to him hath drawne, ſo much bloud from our friends.
My glorie, nor my brothers wreake, were the propoſed ends,
For which he drew you to theſe toiles; but your whole countries ſhame,
Which had bene huge, to beare the rape, of ſo diuine a Dame,
Made in deſpite of our reuenge: and yet not that had mou'd
Our powres to theſe deſignes, if *Ioue*, had not our drifts approu'd;
Which ſince we ſee he did for bloud; tis deſperate fight in vs
To ſtriue with him; then let vs flie: tis flight he vrgeth thus.

Long

Long time ſtill ſilence held them all; at laſt did *Diomed* riſe:
Atrides, I am firſt muſt croſſe, thy indiſcreet aduiſe,
As may become me, being a king, in this our martiall court.
Be not diſpleaſd then: for thy ſelfe, didſt broadly miſreport
In open field my fortitude, and cald me faint and weake;
Yet I was ſilent, knowing the time; loth any rites to breake,
That appertaind thy publicke rule: yet all the Greekes knew well
(Of euery age) thou didſt me wrong. As thou then didſt refell
My valour firſt of all the hoaſt, as of a man diſmaid:
So now, with fit occaſion giuen, I firſt blame thee afraid.
Inconſtant *Saturnes* ſon hath giuen, inconſtant ſpirits to thee;
And with a ſcepter ouer all, an eminent degree:
But with a ſcepters ſoueraigne grace, the chiefe powre, Fortitude,
(To bridle thee) he thought not beſt, thy breaſt ſhould be endude.
Vnhappie king, think'ſt thou the Greeks, are ſuch a ſilly ſort,
And ſo exceſſiue impotent, as thy weake words import?
If thy mind moue thee to be gone; the way is open, go:
Mycenian ſhips enow ride neare, that brought thee to this wo;
The reſt of Greece will ſtay, nor ſtirre, till Troy be ouercome,
With full euerſion; or if not, but (doters of their home)
Will put on wings to flie with thee; my ſelfe and *Sthenelus*
Will fight, till (truſting fauouring *Ioue*) we bring home Troy with vs.

Diomed to Agamemnon: and takes fit time to anſwer his wrong done by Agamemnon in the fourth booke.

This, all applauded, and admir'd, the ſpirit of *Diomed*;
When *Neſtor* (riſing from the reſt) his ſpeech thus ſeconded:
Tydides, thou art (queſtionleſſe) our ſtrongeſt Greeke, in warre,
And graueſt in thy counſels too, of all that equall are
In place with thee, and ſtand on ſtrength; Nor is there any one
Can blame, or contradict thy ſpeech: And yet thou haſt not gone
So farre, but we muſt further go; th'art yong, and well mightſt be
My yongeſt ſonne, though ſtill I yeeld, thy words had high degree
Of wiſedome in them to our king; ſince well they did become
Their right in queſtion, and refute, inglorious going home;
But I (well knowne thy ſenior far) will ſpeake, and handle all
Yet to propoſe: which none ſhall checke; no not our Generall.
A hater of ſocietie, vniuſt, and wilde is he,
That loues inteſtine warre; being ſtuft, with manleſſe crueltie:
And therefore in perſwading peace, and home-flight, we the leſſe
May blame our Generall; as one lothe, to wrap in more diſtreſſe
His loued ſouldiers: but becauſe, they brately are reſolu'd
To caſt liues after toyles, before, they part in ſhame inuolu'd;
Prouide we for our honourd ſtay; obey blacke night, and fall
Now to our ſuppers; then appoint, our guards without the wall,
And in the bottome of the dike; which guards I wiſh may ſtand
Of our braue youth. And (*Atreus* ſon) ſince thou art in command
Before our other Kings; be firſt, in thy commands effect:
It well becomes thee; ſince tis both, what all thy Peeres expect;
And in the royall right of things, is no impaire to thee;
Nor ſhall it ſtand with leſſe then right, that they inuited be

Neſtor approues Diomeds counſell, and goes further.

To

To ſupper by thee; all thy tents, are amply ſtor'd with wine,
Vinum Thracii Brought dayly in Greeke ſhips from Thrace; and to this grace of thine
All neceſſaries thou haſt fit, and ſtore of men to wait;
And many meeting there; thou maiſt, heare euery mans conceit,
And take the beſt: it much concernes, all Greekes to vſe aduiſe
Of graueſt nature; ſince, ſo neare, our ſhips, our enemies
Haue lighted ſuch a ſort of fires: with which, what man is ioyd?
Looke, how all beare themſelues this night, ſo liue, or be deſtroyd.
All heard, and followd his aduice: there was appointed then
Seuen Captaines of the watch, and their names. Seuen Captaines of the watch, who forth, did march with all their men.
The firſt was famous *Thraſymed*, aduicefull *Neſtors* ſonne;
Aſcalaphus and *Ialmen*, and mightie *Merion*;
Alphareus and *Deipyrus*, and louely *Lycomed*;
Old *Creons* ioy: Theſe ſeuen bold Lords, an hundred ſouldiers led
In euery ſeuerd company; and euery man his pike:
Some placed on the rampires top, and ſome amidſt the dike:
All fires made, and their ſuppers tooke: *Atrides* to his tent
Inuited all the Peeres of Greece; and food ſufficient
Appoſde before them; and the Peeres, appoſde their hands to it.
Hunger and thirſt being quickly quencht, to counſell ſtill they ſit.
And firſt ſpake *Neſtor*, who they thought, of late, aduiſde ſo well,
A father graue, and rightly wiſe, who thus his tale did tell.
Neſtor to Agamemnon. Moſt high *Atrides*, ſince in thee, I haue intent to end,
From thee will I begin my ſpeech, to whom *Ioue* doth commend
The Empire of ſo many men, and puts into thy hand
A Scepter, and eſtabliſht lawes, that thou mayſt well command
And counſell all men vnder thee. It therefore doth behoue
Thy ſelfe to ſpeake moſt, ſince of all, thy ſpeeches moſt will moue;
And yet to heare as well as ſpeake: and then performe as well
A free iuſt counſell; in thee ſtill, muſt ſticke, what others tell.
For me; what in my iudgement ſtands, the moſt conuenient
I will aduiſe; and am aſſur'd, aduice more competent
Shall not be giuen: the generall proofe, that hath before bene made
Of what I ſpeake, confirmes me ſtill; and now may well perſwade,
Becauſe I could not then, yet ought, when thou (moſt royall King)
Euen from the tent, *Achilles* loue, didſt violently bring,
Againſt my counſell, vrging thee, by all meanes to relent:
But you (obeying your high mind) would venture the euent,
Diſhonoring our ableſt Greeke, a man th'immortals grace:
Againe, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embrace
Affection to our generall good, and bring his force to field:
Both which, kind words and pleaſing gifts, muſt make his vertues yeeld.
Agamemnon to Neſtor. O father (anſwered the King) my wrongs thou tell'ſt me right;
Mine owne offence, mine owne tongue grants; one man muſt ſtand in fight
For our whole armie; him I wrongd, him *Ioue* loues from his hart:
He ſhewes it in thus honoring him; who liuing thus apart,
Proues vs but number: for his want, makes all our weakneſſe ſeene:
Yet after my confeſt offence, ſoothing my humorours ſpleene,

Ile

Ile ſweeten his affects againe, with preſents infinite,
Which (to approue my firme intent) Ile openly recite;
Seuen ſacred Tripods free from fire, ten talents of fine gold,
Twentie bright caldrons, twelue yong horſe, well ſhap't and well controld,
And victors too; for they haue wonne, the price at many a race:
That man ſhould not be poore, that had, but what their winged pace
Hath added to my treaſury; nor feele ſweet golds defect.
Seuen Lesbian Ladies he ſhall haue, that were the moſt ſelect,
And in their needles rarely skild: whom (when he tooke the towne
Of famous Lesbos) I did chuſe; who wonne the chiefe renowne,
For beautie from their whole faire ſexe; amongſt whom Ile reſigne
Faire *Bryſis*; and I deeply ſweare (for any fact of mine
That may diſcourage her receit) ſhe is vntoucht, and reſts
As he reſign'd her. To theſe gifts (if *Ioue* to our requeſts
Vouchſafe performance, and affoord, the worke for which we waite;
Of winning Troy) with braſſe and gold, he ſhall his naule freight;
And (entring when we be at ſpoile) that princely hand of his
Shall chuſe him twentie Troian Dames, excepting *Tyndaris*,
The faireſt Pergamus infolds: and if we make retreat
To *Argos* (cald of all the world, the Nauill, or chiefe ſeat)
He ſhall become my ſonne in law, and I will honour him
Euen as *Oreſtes*, my ſole ſonne, that doth in honours ſwim.
Three daughters in my wel-built court, vnmarried are, and faire;
Laodice, *Chryſothemis*, that hath the golden haire,
And *Iphianaſſa*: of all three, the worthieſt let him take
All ioyntureleſſe, to *Peleus* Court: I will her ioyncture make;
And that ſo great, as neuer yet, did any maide preferre;
Seuen cities right magnificent, I will beſtow on her:
Enope, and Cardamile; Hyra for herbes renownd;
The faire Æpæa, Pedaſus, that doth with grapes abound:
Antæa, girded with greene meades: Phera, ſurnam'd Diuine;
All whoſe bright turrets, on the ſeas, in ſandie Pylos ſhine:
Th'inhabitants in flockes and heards, are wondrous confluent;
Who like a God will honour him, and him with gifts preſent;
And to his throne will contribute, what tribute he will rate;
All this I gladly will performe, to pacifie his hate:
Let him be milde and tractable: tis for the God of ghoſts
To be vnrul'd, implacable, and ſeeke the bloud of hoaſts;
Whom therefore men do much abhorre: then let him yeeld to me;
I am his greater, being a King, and more in yeares then he.

Gifts offered to Achilles.

Braue King (ſaid *Neſtor*) theſe rich gifts, muſt make him needs relent:
Chuſe then fit legates inſtantly, to greete him at his Tent;
But ſtay, admit my choice of them; and let them ſtrait be gone:
Ioue-loued *Phœnix* ſhall be chiefe; then *Aiax Telamon*,
And Prince *Vlyſſes*; and on them, let theſe two heralds wait,
Graue *Odius* and *Euribates*. Come Lords, take water ſtrait,
Make pure your hands; and with ſweet words, appeaſe *Achilles* mind;
Which we will pray, the king of Gods, may gently make inclin'd.

Neſtor makes choice of Ambaſſadors to Achilles.

All

All lik't his ſpeech, and on their hands, the Heralds water ſhed:
The youths, crownd cups of ſacred wine, to all diſtributed:
But, hauing ſacrific'd and drunke, to euerie mans content,
(With many notes by *Neſtor* giuen) the Legats forwards went:
With courtſhip in fit geſtures vſd, he did prepare them well,
But moſt *Vlyſſes*; for his grace, did not ſo much excell:
Such rites beſeeme Ambaſſadors: and *Neſtor* vrged theſe,
That their moſt honours might reflect, enrag'd *Æacides*.
They went along the ſhore, and praid, the God that earth doth bind
In brackiſh chaines, they might not faile, but bow his mightie mind.
The quarter of the Myrmidons, they reacht, and found him ſet
Achilles at his Harpe. Delighted with his ſolemne harpe, which curiouſly was fret
With workes conceited, through the verge: the bawdricke that embrac't
His loftie necke, was ſiluer twiſt: this (when his hand laid waſte
Achilles loue of Muſicke. Himſelfe ſings the deeds of Heroes. *Actions* citie) he did chuſe, as his eſpeciall priſe,
And (louing ſacred muſicke well) made it his exerciſe:
To it he ſung the glorious deeds, of great Heroes dead,
And his true mind, that practiſe faild, ſweet contemplation fed.
With him alone, and oppoſite; all ſilent ſat his friend,
Attentiue, and beholding him, who now his ſong did end.
Th'Ambaſſadors did forwards preaſſe, renown'd *Vlyſſes* led,
And ſtood in view: their ſodaine ſight, his admiration bred;
Who with his harpe and all aroſe: ſo did *Menetius* ſonne
When he beheld them: their receipt, *Achilles* thus begun.
Achilles gentle receit of Vlyſſes, Aiax, &c. Health to my Lords: right welcome men, aſſure your ſelues you be;
Though ſome neceſſitie I know, doth make you viſite me,
Incenſt with iuſt cauſe gainſt the Greeks. This ſaid, a ſeuerall ſeate
With purple cuſhions he ſet forth, and did their eaſe intreate:
And ſaid, Now friend, our greateſt bolle, with wine vnmixt, and neate,
Appoſe theſe Lords; and of the depth, let euerie man make proofe:
Theſe are my beſt-eſteemed friends, and vnderneath my roofe.
Principes ipſi ſeruilia munera obeunt, vt alibi. *Patroclus* did his deare friends will: and he that did deſire
To cheare the Lords (come faint from fight) ſet on a blaſing fire
A great braſſe pot, and into it, a chine of mutton put,
And fat Goates fleſh: *Automedon*, held, while he peeces cut
To roſt and boile, right cunningly: then of a well fed ſwine,
A huge fat ſhoulder he cuts out, and ſpits it wondrous fine;
His good friend made a goodly fire: of which the force once paſt,
He laid the ſpit low, neare the coales, to make it browne at laſt:
Then ſprinkled it with ſacred ſalt, and tooke it from the rackes:
This roſted and on dreſſer ſet, his friend *Patroclus* takes
Bread in faire baskets; which ſet on, *Achilles* brought the meate;
And to diuineſt *Ithacus*, tooke his oppoſed ſeate
Sacrifice before meate. Vpon the bench: then did he will, his friend to ſacrifice;
Who caſt ſweet incenſe in the fire, to all the Deities.
Thus fell they to their readie food: hunger and thirſt allaid,
Aiax to *Phenix* made a ſigne, as if too long they ſtaid,
Before they told their Legacie. *Vlyſſes* ſaw him winke,

And

And (filling the great boule with wine) did to *Achilles* drinke.
Health to *Achilles*; but our plights, ſtand not in need of meate, *Phœnix queint.*
Who late ſupt at *Atrides* tent, though for thy loue we eate
Of many things, whereof a part, would make a compleat feaſt:
Nor can we ioy in theſe kind rites, that haue our hearts oppreſt
(O Prince) with feare of vtter ſpoile: tis made a queſtion now
If we can ſaue our fleet or not, vnleſſe thy ſelfe endow
Thy powers with wonted fortitude: now Troy and her conſorts,
Bold of thy want, haue pitcht their tents, cloſe to our fleet and forts,
And made a firmament of fires; and now no more they ſay
Will they be priſon'd in their wals, but force their violent way
Euen to our ſhips; and *Ioue* himſelfe, hath with his lightnings ſhowd
Their bold aduentures happie ſignes; and *Hector* growes ſo prowd
Of his huge ſtrength, borne out by *Ioue*, that fearfully he raues;
Preſuming neither men nor Gods, can interrupt his braues.
Wilde rage inuades him, and he prayes, that ſoone the ſacred morne
Would light his furie; boaſting then, our ſtreamers ſhall be torne,
And all our nauall ornaments, fall by his conquering ſtroke;
Our ſhips ſhall burne, and we our ſelues, lie ſtiff'd in the ſmoke.
And I am ſeriouſly affraid, heauen will performe his threats;
And that tis fatall to vs all, farre from our natiue ſeates
To periſh in victorious Troy: but riſe, though it be late,
Deliuer the afflicted Greeks, from Troyes tumultuous hate.
It will hereafter be thy griefe, when no ſtrength can ſuffiſe
To remedie th'effected threats, of our calamities;
Conſider theſe affaires in time, while thou maiſt vſe thy powre,
And haue the grace to turne, from Greece, fates vnrecouered houre.
O friend? thou knoweſt, thy royall Sire, forewarnd what ſhould be done,
That day he ſent thee from his Court, to honour *Atreus* ſonne:
My ſonne (ſaid he) the victory, let *Ioue* and *Pallas* vſe
At their high pleaſures; but do thou, no honor'd meanes refuſe
That may aduance her; in fit bounds, containe thy mightie mind;
Nor let the knowledge of thy ſtrength, be factiouſly inclind,
Contriuing miſchiefes; be to fame, and generall good profeſt;
The more will all ſorts honour thee; Benignitie is beſt.
Thus charg'd thy ſire, which thou forgetſt: yet now thoſe thoughts appeaſe
That torture thy great ſpirit with wrath: which if thou wilt ſurceaſe,
The King will merit it with gifts; (and if thou wilt giue eare)
Ile tell how much he offers thee, yet thou ſitſt angrie here.
Seuen Tripods that no fire muſt touch; twiſe ten pans fit for flame:
Ten talents of fine gold; twelue horſe, that euer ouercame,
And brought huge priſes from the field, with ſwiftnes of their feete:
That man ſhould beare no poore account, nor want golds quickning ſweete,
That had but what he won with them: ſeuen worthieſt Lesbian Dames,
Renown'd for skill in houſwifrie, and beare the ſoueraigne fames,
For beautie, from their generall ſexe; which at thy ouerthrow
Of wel-built Lesbos he did chuſe; and theſe he will beſtow;
And with theſe, her he tooke from thee, whom (by his ſtate ſince then)

He ſweares he toucht not, as faire Dames, vſe to be toucht by men.
All theſe are readie for thee now: and if at length we take,
By helpes of Gods, this wealthie towne, thy ſhips ſhall burthen make
Of gold and braſſe at thy deſires, when we the ſpoile diuide:
And twentie beautious Troian Dames, thou ſhalt ſelect beſide,
(Next *Hellen*) the moſt beautifull; and (when return'd we be
To Argos) be his ſonne in law: for he will honour thee
Like his *Oreſtes*, his ſole ſonne, maintaind in height of bliſſe:
Three daughters beautifie his Court, the faire *Chryſothemis*,
Laodice, and *Iphianeſſe*; of all, the faireſt take
To *Peleus* thy graue fathers Court, and neuer ioynture make:
He will the ioinˢture make himſelfe, ſo great, as neuer Sire
Gaue to his daughters nuptials: ſeuen cities left entire;
Cardamile, and *Enope*, and *Hyra* full of flowers;
Anthea, for ſweet meadowes praiſd; and *Phera*, deckt with towers;
The bright *Epea*; *Pedaſſus*, that doth God *Bacchus* pleaſe,
All on the the Sandie *Pylos* ſoyle, are ſeated neare the ſeas:
Th'inhabitants, in droues and flocks, exceeding wealthie be,
Who like a God with worthie gifts, will gladly honour thee;
And tribute of eſpeciall rate, to thy high ſcepter pay:
All this he freely will performe, thy anger to allay.
But if thy hate to him be more, then his gifts may repreſſe,
Yet pittie all the other Greeks, in ſuch extreme diſtreſſe;
Who with religion honour thee: and to their deſperate ill,
Thou ſhalt triumphant glorie bring; and *Hector* thou maiſt kill,
When pride makes him encounter thee: fild with a banefull ſprite,
Who vaunts, our whole-fleet brought not one, equall to him in fight.

Achilles anſwers Vlyſſes Oration.

Swift-foot *Æacides* replide: Diuine *Laertes* ſonne,
T'is requiſite I ſhould be ſhort, and ſhew what place hath wonne
Thy ſerious ſpeech: affirming nought, but what you ſhall approue
Eſtabliſht in my ſettled heart; that in the reſt I moue
No murmure nor exception: for like hell mouth I loath,
Who holds not in his words and thoughts, one indiſtinguiſht troth.
What fits the freeneſſe of my mind, my ſpeech ſhall make diſplaid;
Nor *Atreus* ſonne, nor all the Greeks, ſhall winne me to their aid:
Their ſuite is wretchedly enforc't, to free their owne deſpaires;
And my life neuer ſhall be hir'd, with thankleſſe deſperate praires:
For neuer had I benefite, that euer foild the foe;
Euen ſhare hath he that keepes his tent, and he to field doth go;
With equall honour cowards die, and men moſt valiant:
The much performer, and the man, that can of nothing vant.
No ouerplus I euer found, when with my minds moſt ſtrife,
To do them good, to dangerous fight, I haue expoſd my life.
But euen as to vnfeatherd birds, the carefull dam brings meate,
Which when ſhe hath beſtow'd, her ſelfe, hath nothing left to eat:
So when my broken ſleepes haue drawne, the nights t'extremeſt length;
And ended many bloodie daies, with ſtill-employed ſtrength,
To guard their weakneſſe: and preſerue, their wiues contents infract;

I haue bene robd before their eyes; twelue cities I haue ſackt,
Aſſaild by ſea; eleuen by land, while this ſiege held at Troy:
And of all theſe, what was moſt deare, and moſt might crowne the ioy
Of *Agamemnon*, he enioyd; who here behind remaind:
Which when he tooke, a few he gaue, and many things retaind:
Other, to Optimates and Kings, he gaue, who hold them faſt;
Yet mine he forceth; onely I, ſit with my loſſe diſgrac't.
But ſo he gaine a louely Dame, to be his beds delight,
It is enough; for what cauſe elſe, do Greeks and Troians fight?
Why brought he hither ſuch an hoaſt? was it not for a Dame?
For faire-hair'd *Hellen?* and doth loue, alone the hearts inflame
Of the *Atrides* to their wiues, of all the men that moue?
Euery diſcreet and honeſt mind, cares for his priuate loue,
As much as they: as I my ſelfe, lou'd *Bryſis* as my life,
Although my captiue; and had will, to take her for my wife:
Whom, ſince he forc't, preuenting me; in vaine he ſhall prolong
Hopes to appeaſe me, that know well, the deepneſſe of my wrong.
But good *Vlyſſes*, with thy ſelfe, and all you other Kings,
Let him take ſtomacke to repell, Troyes firie threatenings:
Much hath he done without my helpe; built him a goodly fort,
Cut a dike by it, pitcht with pales, broad, and of deepe import:
And cannot all theſe helpes repreſſe, this kil-man *Hectors* fright?
When I was arm'd amongſt the Greekes, he would not offer fight
Without the ſhadow of his wals; but to the Scæan ports,
Or to the holy Beech of *Ioue*, come backt, with his conſorts;
Where once he ſtood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat;
And to make new proofe of our powers, the doubt is not ſo great.
To morrow then with ſacrifice, perform'd t'imperiall *Ioue*
And all the Gods, Ile lanch my fleet, and all my men remoue;
Which (if thou wilt vſe ſo thy ſight, or think'ſt it worth reſpect)
In forehead of the morne thine eyes, ſhall ſee with ſailes erect
Amidſt the fiſhie Helleſpont, helpt with laborious oares:
And if the ſea-god ſend free ſaile, the fruitfull Pthian ſhores
Within three dayes we ſhall attaine; where I haue ſtore of priſe,
Left, when with preiudice I came, to theſe indignities;
There haue I gold as well as here, and ſtore of ruddie braſſe,
Dames ſlender, elegantly girt, and ſteele as bright as glaſſe;
Theſe will I take as I retire, as ſhares I firmly ſaue;
Though *Agamemnon* be ſo baſe, to take the gifts he gaue.
Tell him all this, and openly; I on your honors charge,
That others may take ſhame to heare, his luſts command ſo large:
And if there yet remaine a man, he hopeth to deceiue,
(Being dide in endleſſe impudence) that man may learne to leaue
His truſt and Empire: but alas, though like a wolfe he be,
Shameleſſe and rude; he durſt not take, my priſe, and looke on me.
I neuer will partake his works, nor counſels, as before;
He once deceiu'd, and iniur'd me, and he ſhall neuer more
Tie my affections with his words; enough is the increaſe

Of one ſucceſſe in his deceits; which let him ioy in peace,
And beare it to a wretched end; wiſe *Ioue* hath reft his braine,
To bring him plagues; and theſe his gifts, I (as my foes) diſdaine:
Euen in the numneſſe of calme death, I will reuengefull be,
Though ten or twentie times ſo much, he would beſtow on me:
All he hath here, or any where; or *Orchomen* containes,
To which men bring their wealth for ſtrength; or all the ſtore remaines
In circuite of Ægyptian Thebes, where much hid treaſure lies,
Whoſe wals containe an hundred ports, of ſo admir'd a ſize,
Two hundred ſouldiers may, a front, with horſe and chariots paſſe.
Nor, would he amplifie all this, like ſand, or duſt, or graſſe;
Should he reclaime me, till his wreake, payd me for all the paines,
He frees and moſt increases Ioues ire of Achilles.
That with his contumely burnd, like poiſon in my veines.
Nor ſhall his daughter be my wife, although ſhe might contend
With golden *Venus* for her forme; or if ſhe did tranſcend
Blew-eyd *Minerua* for her works: let him a Greeke ſelect
Fit for her, and a greater King. For if the Gods protect
My ſafetie to my fathers court, he ſhall chuſe me a wife.
Many faire Achiue Princeſſes, of vnimpeached life,
In Helle and in Pthia liue, whoſe Sires do cities hold,
Of whom I can haue whom I will. And more, an hundred fold,
My true mind in my countrie likes, to take a lawfull wife,
Then in another nation; and there delight my life
With thoſe goods that my father got, much rather then die here.
Not all the wealth of wel-built Troy, poſſeſt when peace was there:
All that *Apolloes* marble Fane, in ſtonie Pythos holds,
I value equall with the life, that my free breaſt infolds.
Sheepe, Oxen, Tripods, creſt-deckt horſe, though loſt, may come againe:
But when the white guard of our teeth, no longer can containe
Our humane ſoule, away it flies; and once gone, neuer more
To her fraile manſion any man, can her loſt powres reſtore.
And therefore ſince my mother-queene (fam'd for her ſiluer feet)
Told me two fates about my death, in my direction meet:
The one, that if I here remaine, t'aſſiſt our victorie,
My ſafe returne ſhall neuer liue, my fame ſhall neuer die:
If my returne obtaine ſucceſſe, much of my fame decayes,
But death ſhall linger his approach, and I liue many dayes.
This being reueal'd, twere fooliſh pride, t'abridge my life for praiſe.
Then with my ſelfe, I will aduiſe, others to hoiſe their ſaile;
For, gainſt the height of Ilion, you neuer ſhall preuaile:
Ioue with his hand protecteth it, and makes the ſouldiers bold.
This tell the King in euery part: for ſo graue Legates ſhould;
That they may better counſels vſe, to ſaue their fleet and friends
By their owne valours; ſince this courſe, drown'd in my anger ends.
Phœnix may in my tent repoſe; and, in the morne, ſteere courſe
For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, Ile vſe no force.
All wondred at his ſterne reply; and *Phœnix* full of feares,
His words would be more weake then iuſt, ſupplide their wants with teares.

If

If thy returne incline thee thus, (*Peleus* renowned ioy)
And thou wilt let our ships be burnd, with harmfull fire of Troy,
Since thou art angrie, O my sonne; how shall I after be
Alone in these extremes of death, relinquished by thee?
I, whom thy royall father sent, as orderer of thy force,
When to *Atrides* from his Court, he left thee, for this course;
Yet young, and when in skill of armes, thou didst not so abound;
Nor hadst the habite of discourse, that makes men so renownd:
In all which, I was set by him, t'instruct thee as my sonne,
That thou mightst speake when speech was fit, and do, when deeds were done;
Not sit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for skill to moue:
I would not then be left by thee; deare sonne, begot in loue;
No not if God would promise me, to raze the prints of time
Caru'd in my bosome, and my browes; and grace me with the prime
Of manly youth, as when at first, I left sweet *Hellas* shore
Deckt with faire Dames, and fled the grudge, my angrie father bore;
Who was the faire *Amyntor* cald, surnam'd *Ormenides*:
And for a faire-haird harlots sake, that his affects could please,
Contemnd my mother his true wife; who ceaslesse vrged me
To vse his harlot *Clytia*, and still would claspe my knee
To do her will; that so my Sire, might turne his loue to hate
Of that lewde Dame; conuerting it, to comfort her estate.
At last, I was content to proue, to do my mother good,
And reconcile my fathers loue; who straight suspitious stood,
Pursuing me with many a curse, and to the Furies praide
No Dame might loue, nor bring me seed: the Deities obayd
That gouerne hell: infernall *Ioue*, and sterne *Persephone*.
Then durst I in no longer date, with my sterne father be:
Yet did my friends, and neare allies: enclose me with desires
Not to depart: kild sheepe, bores, beeues; rost them at solemne fires:
And from my fathers tuns we drunke, exceeding store of wine.
Nine ni ghts they guarded me by turns; their fires did ceaslesse shine,
One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portall one,
Before my chamber: but when day, beneath the tenth night shone,
I brake my chambers thick-fram'd dores, and through the hals guard past,
Vnseene of any man or maide. Through Greece, then rich, and vast,
I fled to Pthia, nurse of sheepe: and came to *Peleus* Court,
Who entertaind me heartily, and in as gracious sort
As any Sire his onely sonne; borne when his strength is spent,
And blest with great possessions, to leaue to his descent.
He made me rich, and to my charge, did much command commend:
I dwelt in th'vtmost region, rich *Pthia* doth extend;
And gouernd the Dolopians; and made thee what thou art,
O thou that like the Gods art fram'd: since (deerest to my heart)
I vsde thee so, thou lou'dst none else; nor any where wouldst eate,
Till I had crownd my knee with theee, and karu'd thee tenderst meate,
And giuen thee wine so much, for loue, that in thy infancie
(Which still discretion must protect, and a continuall eye)

Phœnix Oration to Achilles.

Morem sen obseruat, qui de præteritis libenter solent meminisse.

To ſupper by thee; all thy tents, are amply ſtor'd with wine,
Vinum Thracii Brought dayly in Greeke ſhips from Thrace; and to this grace of thine
All neceſſaries thou haſt fit, and ſtore of men to wait;
And many meeting there; thou maiſt, heare euery mans conceit,
And take the beſt: it much concernes, all Greekes to vſe aduiſe
Of graueſt nature; ſince, ſo neare, our ſhips, our enemies
Haue lighted ſuch a ſort of fires: with which, what man is ioyd?
Looke, how all beare themſelues this night, ſo liue, or be deſtroyd.
All heard, and followd his aduice: there was appointed then
Seuen Captaines of the watch, and their names. Seuen Captaines of the watch, who forth, did march with all their men.
The firſt was famous *Thraſymed*, aduicefull *Neſtors* ſonne;
Aſcalaphus and *Ialmen*, and mightie *Merion*;
Alphareus and *Deipyrus*, and louely *Lycomed*;
Old *Creons* ioy: Theſe ſeuen bold Lords, an hundred ſouldiers led
In euery ſeuerd company; and euery man his pike:
Some placed on the rampires top, and ſome amidſt the dike:
All fires made, and their ſuppers tooke: *Atrides* to his tent
Inuited all the Peeres of Greece; and food ſufficient
Appoſde before them; and the Peeres, appoſde their hands to it.
Hunger and thirſt being quickly quencht, to counſell ſtill they ſit.
And firſt ſpake *Neſtor*, who they thought, of late, aduiſde ſo well,
A father graue, and rightly wiſe, who thus his tale did tell.
Neſtor to Agamemnon. Moſt high *Atrides*, ſince in thee, I haue intent to end,
From thee will I begin my ſpeech, to whom *Ioue* doth commend
The Empire of ſo many men, and puts into thy hand
A Scepter, and eſtabliſht lawes, that thou mayſt well command
And counſell all men vnder thee. It therefore doth behoue
Thy ſelfe to ſpeake moſt, ſince of all, thy ſpeeches moſt will moue;
And yet to heare as well as ſpeake: and then performe as well
A free iuſt counſell; in thee ſtill, muſt ſticke, what others tell.
For me; what in my iudgement ſtands, the moſt conuenient
I will aduiſe; and am aſſur'd, aduice more competent
Shall not be giuen: the generall proofe, that hath before bene made
Of what I ſpeake, confirmes me ſtill; and now may well perſwade,
Becauſe I could not then, yet ought, when thou (moſt royall King)
Euen from the tent, *Achilles* loue, didſt violently bring,
Againſt my counſell, vrging thee, by all meanes to relent:
But you (obeying your high mind) would venture the euent,
Diſhonoring our ableſt Greeke, a man th'immortals grace:
Againe, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embrace
Affection to our generall good, and bring his force to field:
Both which, kind words and pleaſing gifts, muſt make his vertues yeeld.
Agamemnon to Neſtor. O father (anſwered the King) my wrongs thou tell'ſt me right;
Mine owne offence, mine owne tongue grants; one man muſt ſtand in fight
For our whole armie; him I wrongd, him *Ioue* loues from his hart:
He ſhewes it in thus honoring him; who liuing thus apart,
Proues vs but number: for his want, makes all our weakneſſe ſeene:
Yet after my confeſt offence, ſoothing my humorours ſpleene,

Ile

Ile ſweeten his affects againe, with preſents infinite,
Which (to approue my firme intent) Ile openly recite;
Seuen ſacred Tripods free from fire, ten talents of fine gold,
Twentie bright caldrons, twelue yong horſe, well ſhap't and well controld,
And victors too; for they haue wonne, the price at many a race:
That man ſhould not be poore, that had, but what their winged pace
Hath added to my treaſury; nor feele ſweet golds defect.
Seuen Lesbian Ladies he ſhall haue, that were the moſt ſelect,
And in their needles rarely skild: whom (when he tooke the towne
Of famous Lesbos) I did chuſe; who wonne the chiefe renowne,
For beautie from their whole faire ſexe; amongſt whom Ile reſigne
Faire *Bryſis*; and I deeply ſweare (for any fact of mine
That may diſcourage her receit) ſhe is vntoucht, and reſts
As he reſign'd her. To theſe gifts (if *Ioue* to our requeſts
Vouchſafe performance, and affoord, the worke for which we waite;
Of winning Troy) with braſſe and gold, he ſhall his nauie freight;
And (entring when we be at ſpoile) that princely hand of his
Shall chuſe him twentie Troian Dames, excepting *Tyndaris*,
The faireſt Pergamus infolds: and if we make retreat
To *Argos* (cald of all the world, the Nauill, or chiefe ſeat)
He ſhall become my ſonne in law, and I will honour him
Euen as *Oreſtes*, my ſole ſonne, that doth in honours ſwim.
Three daughters in my wel-built court, vnmarried are, and faire;
Laodice, *Chryſothemis*, that hath the golden haire,
And *Iphianaſſa*: of all three, the worthieſt let him take
All ioyntureleſſe, to *Peleus* Court: I will her ioyncture make;
And that ſo great, as neuer yet, did any maide preferre;
Seuen cities right magnificent, I will beſtow on her:
Enope, and Cardamile; Hyra for herbes renownd;
The faire Æpæa, Pedaſus, that doth with grapes abound:
Antæa, girded with greene meades: Phera, ſurnam'd Diuine;
All whoſe bright turrets, on the ſeas, in ſandie Pylos ſhine:
Th'inhabitants in flockes and heards, are wondrous confluent;
Who like a God will honour him, and him with gifts preſent;
And to his throne will contribute, what tribute he will rate;
All this I gladly will performe, to pacifie his hate:
Let him be milde and tractable: tis for the God of ghoſts
To be vnrul'd, implacable, and ſeeke the bloud of hoaſts;
Whom therefore men do much abhorre: then let him yeeld to me;
I am his greater, being a King, and more in yeares then he.

Gifts offered to Achilles.

Braue King (ſaid *Neſtor*) theſe rich gifts, muſt make him needs relent:
Chuſe then fit legates inſtantly, to greete him at his Tent;
But ſtay, admit my choice of them; and let them ſtrait be gone:
Ioue-loued *Phœnix* ſhall be chiefe; then *Aiax Telamon*,
And Prince *Vlyſſes*; and on them, let theſe two heralds wait,
Graue *Odius* and *Euribates*. Come Lords, take water ſtrait,
Make pure your hands; and with ſweet words, appeaſe *Achilles* mind;
Which we will pray, the king of Gods, may gently make inclin'd.

Neſtor makes choice of Ambaſſadors to Achilles.

All

All lik't his ſpeech, and on their hands, the Heralds water ſhed:
The youths, crownd cups of ſacred wine, to all diſtributed:
But, hauing ſacrific'd and drunke, to euerie mans content,
(With many notes by *Neſtor* giuen) the Legats forwards went:
With courtſhip in fit geſtures vſd, he did prepare them well,
But moſt *Vlyſſes*; for his grace, did not ſo much excell:
Such rites beſeeme Ambaſſadors: and *Neſtor* vrged theſe,
That their moſt honours might reflect, enrag'd *Æacides*.
They went along the ſhore, and praid, the God that earth doth bind
In brackiſh chaines, they might not faile, but bow his mightie mind.
The quarter of the Myrmidons, they reacht, and found him ſet
Achilles at his Harpe. Delighted with his ſolemne harpe, which curiouſly was fret
With workes conceited, through the verge: the bawdricke that embrac't
His loftie necke, was ſiluer twiſt: this (when his hand laid waſte
Achilles loue of *Muſicke.* *Actions* citie) he did chuſe, as his eſpeciall priſe,
Himſelfe ſings the deeds of Heroes. And (louing ſacred muſicke well) made it his exerciſe:
To it he ſung the glorious deeds, of great Heroes dead,
And his true mind, that practiſe faild, ſweet contemplation fed.
With him alone, and oppoſite; all ſilent ſat his friend,
Attentiue, and beholding him, who now his ſong did end.
Th'Ambaſſadors did forwards preaſſe, renown'd *Vlyſſes* led,
And ſtood in view: their ſodaine ſight, his admiration bred;
Who with his harpe and all aroſe: ſo did *Menetius* ſonne
When he beheld them: their receipt, *Achilles* thus begun.
Achilles gentle receit of *Vlyſſes*, *Aiax*, &c. Health to my Lords: right welcome men, aſſure your ſelues you be;
Though ſome neceſſitie I know, doth make you viſite me,
Incenſt with iuſt cauſe gainſt the Greeks. This ſaid, a ſeuerall ſeate
With purple cuſhions he ſet forth, and did their eaſe intreate:
And ſaid, Now friend, our greateſt bolle, with wine vnmixt, and neate,
Appoſe theſe Lords; and of the depth, let euerie man make proofe:
Theſe are my beſt-eſteemed friends, and vnderneath my roofe.
Principes ipſi ſeruilia munera obeunt, vt alibi. *Patroclus* did his deare friends will: and he that did deſire
To cheare the Lords (come faint from fight) ſet on a blaſing fire
A great braſſe pot, and into it, a chine of mutton put,
And fat Goates fleſh: *Automedon*, held, while he peeces cut
To roſt and boile, right cunningly: then of a well fed ſwine,
A huge fat ſhoulder he cuts out, and ſpits it wondrous fine;
His good friend made a goodly fire: of which the force once paſt,
He laid the ſpit low, neare the coales, to make it browne at laſt:
Then ſprinkled it with ſacred ſalt, and tooke it from the rackes:
This roſted and on dreſſer ſet, his friend *Patroclus* takes
Bread in faire baskets; which ſet on, *Achilles* brought the meate;
And to diuineſt *Ithacus*, tooke his oppoſed ſeate
Sacrifice before meate. Vpon the bench: then did he will, his friend to ſacrifice;
Who caſt ſweet incenſe in the fire, to all the Deities.
Thus fell they to their readie food: hunger and thirſt allaid,
Aiax to *Phenix* made a ſigne, as if too long they ſtaid,
Before they told their Legacie. *Vlyſſes* ſaw him winke,

And

And (filling the great boule with wine) did to *Achilles* drinke.
Health to *Achilles*; but our plights, ſtand not in need of meate, *Pyſſa quoius.*
Who late ſupt at *Atrides* tent, though for thy loue we eate
Of many things, whereof a part, would make a compleat feaſt:
Nor can we ioy in theſe kind rites, that haue our hearts oppreſt
(O Prince) with feare of vtter ſpoile: tis made a queſtion now
If we can ſaue our fleet or not, vnleſſe thy ſelfe endow
Thy powers with wonted fortitude: now Troy and her conſorts,
Bold of thy want, haue pitcht their tents, cloſe to our fleet and forts,
And made a firmament of fires; and now no more they ſay
Will they be priſon'd in their wals, but force their violent way
Euen to our ſhips; and *Ioue* himſelfe, hath with his lightnings ſhowd
Their bold aduentures happie ſignes; and *Hector* growes ſo prowd
Of his huge ſtrength, borne out by *Ioue*, that fearfully he raues;
Preſuming neither men nor Gods, can interrupt his braues.
Wilde rage inuades him, and he prayes, that ſoone the ſacred morne
Would light his furie; boaſting then, our ſtreamers ſhall be torne,
And all our nauall ornaments, fall by his conquering ſtroke;
Our ſhips ſhall burne, and we our ſelues, lie ſtifl'd in the ſmoke.
And I am ſeriouſly affraid, heauen will performe his threats;
And that tis fatall to vs all, farre from our natiue ſeates
To periſh in victorious Troy: but riſe, though it be late,
Deliuer the afflicted Greeks, from Troyes tumultuous hate.
It will hereafter be thy griefe, when no ſtrength can ſuffiſe
To remedie th'effected threats, of our calamities;
Conſider theſe affaires in time, while thou maiſt vſe thy powre,
And haue the grace to turne, from Greece, fates vnrecouered houre.
O friend? thou knoweſt, thy royall Sire, forewarnd what ſhould be done,
That day he ſent thee from his Court, to honour *Atreus* ſonne:
My ſonne (ſaid he) the victory, let *Ioue* and *Pallas* vſe
At their high pleaſures; but do thou, no honor'd meanes refuſe
That may aduance her; in fit bounds, containe thy mightie mind;
Nor let the knowledge of thy ſtrength, be factiouſly inclind,
Contriuing miſchiefes; be to fame, and generall good profeſt;
The more will all ſorts honour thee; Benignitie is beſt.
Thus charg'd thy ſire, which thou forgetſt: yet now thoſe thoughts appeaſe
That torture thy great ſpirit with wrath: which if thou wilt forceaſe,
The King will merit it with gifts; (and if thou wilt giue eare)
Ile tell how much he offers thee, yet thou ſitſt angrie here.
Seuen Tripods that no fire muſt touch; twiſe ten pans fit for flame:
Ten talents of fine gold; twelue horſe, that euer ouercame,
And brought huge priſes from the field, with ſwiftnes of their feete:
That man ſhould beare no poore account, nor want golds quickning ſweete,
That had but what he won with them: ſeuen worthieſt Lesbian Dames,
Renown'd for skill in houſwifrie, and beare the ſoueraigne fames,
For beautie, from their generall ſexe; which at thy ouerthrow
Of wel-built Lesbos he did chuſe; and theſe he will beſtow;
And with theſe, her he tooke from thee, whom (by his ſtate ſince then)

He ſweares he toucht not, as faire Dames, vſe to be toucht by men.
All theſe are readie for thee now: and if at length we take,
By helpes of Gods, this wealthie towne, thy ſhips ſhall burthen make
Of gold and braſſe at thy deſires, when we the ſpoile diuide:
And twentie beautious Troian Dames, thou ſhalt ſelect beſide,
(Next *Hellen*) the moſt beautifull; and (when return'd we be
To Argos) be his ſonne in law: for he will honour thee
Like his *Oreſtes*, his ſole ſonne, maintaind in height of bliſſe:
Three daughters beautifie his Court, the faire *Chryſothemis*,
Laodice, and *Iphianeſſe*; of all, the faireſt take
To *Peleus* thy graue fathers Court, and neuer ioynture make:
He will the iointure make himſelfe, ſo great, as neuer Sire
Gaue to his daughters nuptials: ſeuen cities left entire;
Cardamile, and *Enope*, and *Hyra* full of flowers;
Anthea, for ſweet meadowes praiſd; and *Phera*, deckt with towers;
The bright *Epea*; *Pedaſſus*, that doth God *Bacchus* pleaſe,
All on the the Sandie *Pylos* ſoyle, are ſeated neare the ſeas:
Th'inhabitants, in droues and flocks, exceeding wealthie be,
Who like a God with worthie gifts, will gladly honour thee;
And tribute of eſpeciall rate, to thy high ſcepter pay:
All this he freely will performe, thy anger to allay.
But if thy hate to him be more, then his gifts may repreſſe,
Yet pittie all the other Greeks, in ſuch extreme diſtreſſe;
Who with religion honour thee: and to their deſperate ill,
Thou ſhalt triumphant glorie bring; and *Hector* thou maiſt kill,
When pride makes him encounter thee: fild with a banefull ſprite,
Who vaunts, our whole-fleet brought not one, equall to him in fight.

Achilles anſwers Vlyſſes Oration.

Swift-foot *Æacides* replide: Diuine *Laertes* ſonne,
T'is requiſite I ſhould be ſhort, and ſhew what place hath wonne
Thy ſerious ſpeech: affirming nought, but what you ſhall approue
Eſtabliſht in my ſettled heart; that in the reſt I moue
No murmure nor exception: for like hell mouth I loath,
Who holds not in his words and thoughts, one indiſtinguiſht troth.
What fits the freeneſſe of my mind, my ſpeech ſhall make diſplaid;
Nor *Atreus* ſonne, nor all the Greeks, ſhall winne me to their aid:
Their ſuite is wretchedly enforc't, to free their owne deſpaires;
And my life neuer ſhall be hir'd, with thankleſſe deſperate praires:
For neuer had I benefite, that euer foild the foe;
Euen ſhare hath he that keepes his tent, and he to field doth go;
With equall honour cowards die, and men moſt valiant:
The much performer, and the man, that can of nothing vant.
No ouerplus I euer found, when with my minds moſt ſtrife,
To do them good, to dangerous fight, I haue expoſd my life.
But euen as to vnfeatherd birds, the carefull dam brings meate,
Which when ſhe hath beſtow'd, her ſelfe, hath nothing left to eat:
So when my broken ſleepes haue drawne, the nights extremeſt length;
And ended many bloodie daies, with ſtill-employed ſtrength,
To guard their weakneſſe: and preſerue, their wiues contents infract;

I haue bene robd before their eyes; twelue cities I haue ſackt,
Aſſaild by ſea; eleuen by land, while this ſiege held at Troy:
And of all theſe, what was moſt deare, and moſt might crowne the ioy
Of *Agamemnon*, he enioyd; who here behind remaind:
Which when he tooke, a few he gaue, and many things retaind:
Other, to Optimates and Kings, he gaue, who hold them faſt;
Yet mine he forceth; onely I, ſit with my loſſe diſgrac't.
But ſo he gaine a louely Dame, to be his beds delight,
It is enough; for what cauſe elſe, do Greeks and Troians fight?
Why brought he hither ſuch an hoaſt? was it not for a Dame?
For faire-hair'd *Hellen?* and doth loue, alone the hearts inflame
Of the *Atrides* to their wiues, of all the men that moue?
Euery diſcreet and honeſt mind, cares for his priuate loue,
As much as they: as I my ſelfe, lou'd *Bryſis* as my life,
Although my captiue; and had will, to take her for my wife:
Whom, ſince he forc't, preuenting me; in vaine he ſhall prolong
Hopes to appeaſe me, that know well, the deepneſſe of my wrong.
But good *Vlyſſes*, with thy ſelfe, and all you other Kings,
Let him take ſtomacke to repell, Troyes firie threatenings:
Much hath he done without my helpe; built him a goodly fort,
Cut a dike by it, pitcht with pales, broad, and of deepe import:
And cannot all theſe helpes repreſſe, this kil-man *Hectors* fright?
When I was arm'd amongſt the Greekes, he would not offer fight
Without the ſhadow of his wals; but to the Scæan ports,
Or to the holy Beech of *Ioue*, come backt, with his conſorts;
Where once he ſtood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat;
And to make new proofe of our powers, the doubt is not ſo great.
To morrow then with ſacrifice, perform'd t'imperiall *Ioue*
And all the Gods, Ile lanch my fleet, and all my men remoue;
Which (if thou wilt vſe ſo thy ſight, or think'ſt it worth reſpect)
In forehead of the morne thine eyes, ſhall ſee with ſailes erect
Amidſt the fiſhie Helleſpont, helpt with laborious oares:
And if the ſea-god ſend free ſaile, the fruitfull Pthian ſhores
Within three dayes we ſhall attaine; where I haue ſtore of priſe,
Left, when with preiudice I came, to theſe indignities;
There haue I gold as well as here, and ſtore of ruddie braſſe,
Dames ſlender, elegantly girt, and ſteele as bright as glaſſe;
Theſe will I take as I retire, as ſhares I firmly ſaue;
Though *Agamemnon* be ſo baſe, to take the gifts he gaue.
Tell him all this, and openly; I on your honors charge,
That others may take ſhame to heare, his luſts command ſo large:
And if there yet remaine a man, he hopeth to deceiue,
(Being dide in endleſſe impudence) that man may learne to leaue
His truſt and Empire: but alas, though like a wolfe he be,
Shameleſſe and rude; he durſt not take, my priſe, and looke on me.
I neuer will partake his works, nor counſels, as before;
He once deceiu'd, and iniur'd me, and he ſhall neuer more
Tie my affections with his words; enough is the increaſe

Of one ſucceſſe in his deceits; which let him ioy in peace,
And beare it to a wretched end; wiſe *Ioue* hath reft his braine,
To bring him plagues; and theſe his gifts, I (as my foes) diſdaine:
Euen in the numneſſe of calme death, I will reuengefull be,
Though ten or twentie times ſo much, he would beſtow on me:
All he hath here, or any where; or *Orchomen* containes,
To which men bring their wealth for ſtrength; or all the ſtore remaines
In circuite of Ægyptian Thebes, where much hid treaſure lies,
Whoſe wals containe an hundred ports, of ſo admir'd a ſize,
Two hundred ſouldiers may, a front, with horſe and chariots paſſe.
Nor, would he amplifie all this, like ſand, or duſt, or graſſe;
Should he reclaime me, till his wreake, payd me for all the paines,
The free and moſt ingenuous ſpirit of Achilles
That with his contumely burnd, like poiſon in my veines.
Nor ſhall his daughter be my wife, although ſhe might contend
With golden *Venus* for her forme; or if ſhe did tranſcend
Blew-eyd *Minerua* for her works: let him a Greeke ſelect
Fit for her, and a greater King. For if the Gods protect
My ſafetie to my fathers court, he ſhall chuſe me a wife.
Many faire Achiue Princeſſes, of vnimpeached life,
In Helle and in Pthia liue, whoſe Sires do cities hold,
Of whom I can haue whom I will. And more, an hundred fold,
My true mind in my countrie likes, to take a lawfull wife,
Then in another nation; and there delight my life
With thoſe goods that my father got, much rather then die here.
Not all the wealth of wel-built Troy, poſſeſt when peace was there:
All that *Apolles* marble Fane, in ſtonie Pythos holds,
I value equall with the life, that my free breaſt infolds.
Sheepe, Oxen, Tripods, creſt-deckt horſe, though loſt, may come againe:
But when the white guard of our teeth, no longer can containe
Our humane ſoule, away it flies; and once gone, neuer more
To her fraile manſion any man, can her loſt powres reſtore.
And therefore ſince my mother-queene (fam'd for her ſiluer feet)
Told me two fates about my death, in my direction meet:
The one, that if I here remaine, t'aſſiſt our victorie,
My ſafe returne ſhall neuer liue, my fame ſhall neuer die:
If my returne obtaine ſucceſſe, much of my fame decayes,
But death ſhall linger his approach, and I liue many dayes.
This being reueal'd, twere fooliſh pride, t'abridge my life for praiſe.
Then with my ſelfe, I will aduiſe, others to hoiſe their ſaile;
For, gainſt the height of Ilion, you neuer ſhall preuaile:
Ioue with his hand protecteth it, and makes the ſouldiers bold.
This tell the King in euery part: for ſo graue Legates ſhould;
That they may better counſels vſe, to ſaue their fleet and friends
By their owne valours; ſince this courſe, drown'd in my anger ends.
Phœnix may in my tent repoſe; and, in the morne, ſtere courſe
For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, Ile vſe no force.
All wondred at his ſterne reply; and *Phœnix* full of feares,
His words would be more weake then iuſt, ſupplide their wants with teares.

If

If thy returne incline thee thus, (*Peleus* renowned ioy)
And thou wilt let our ſhips be burnd, with harmfull fire of Troy,
Since thou art angrie, O my ſonne; how ſhall I after be
Alone in theſe extremes of death, relinquiſhed by thee?
I, whom thy royall father ſent, as orderer of thy force,
When to *Atrides* from his Court, he left thee, for this courſe;
Yet young, and when in skill of armes, thou didſt not ſo abound;
Nor hadſt the habite of diſcourſe, that makes men ſo renownd:
In all which, I was ſet by him, t'inſtruct thee as my ſonne,
That thou mightſt ſpeake when ſpeech was fit, and do, when deeds were done;
Not ſit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for skill to moue:
I would not then be left by thee; deare ſonne, begot in loue;
No not if God would promiſe me, to raze the prints of time
Caru'd in my boſome, and my browes; and grace me with the prime
Of manly youth, as when at firſt, I left ſweet *Helles* ſhore
Deckt with faire Dames, and fled the grudge, my angrie father bore;
Who was the faire *Amyntor* cald, ſurnam'd *Ormenides*:
And for a faire-haird harlots ſake, that his affects could pleaſe,
Contemnd my mother his true wife; who ceaſleſſe vrged me
To vſe his harlot *Clytia*, and ſtill would claſpe my knee
To do her will; that ſo my Sire, might turne his loue to hate
Of that lewde Dame; conuerting it, to comfort her eſtate.
At laſt, I was content to proue, to do my mother good,
And reconcile my fathers loue; who ſtraight ſuſpitious ſtood,
Purſuing me with many a curſe, and to the Furies praide
No Dame might loue, nor bring me ſeed: the Deities obayd
That gouerne hell: infernall *Ioue*, and ſterne *Perſephone*.
Then durſt I in no longer date, with my ſterne father be:
Yet did my friends, and neare allies: encloſe me with deſires
Not to depart: kild ſheepe, bores, beeues; roſt them at ſolemne fires:
And from my fathers tuns we drunke, exceeding ſtore of wine.
Nine nights they guarded me by turns; their fires did ceaſleſſe ſhine,
One in the porch of his ſtrong hall, and in the portall one,
Before my chamber: but when day, beneath the tenth night ſhone,
I brake my chambers thick-fram'd dores, and through the hals guard paſt,
Vnſeene of any man or maide. Through Greece, then rich, and vaſt,
I fled to Pthia, nurſe of ſheepe: and came to *Peleus* Court,
Who entertaind me heartily, and in as gracious ſort
As any Sire his onely ſonne; borne when his ſtrength is ſpent,
And bleſt with great poſſeſſions, to leaue to his deſcent.
He made me rich, and to my charge, did much command commend:
I dwelt in th'vtmoſt region, rich *Pthia* doth extend;
And gouernd the Dolopians; and made thee what thou art,
O thou that like the Gods art fram'd: ſince (deareſt to my heart)
I vſde thee ſo, thou lou'dſt none elſe; nor any where wouldſt eate,
Till I had crownd my knee with theee, and karu'd thee tenderſt meate,
And giuen thee wine ſo much, for loue, that in thy infancie
(Which ſtill diſcretion muſt protect, and a continuall eye)

Phœnix Oration to Achilles.

Morem ſeu obſeruat, qui de præteritis libenter ſolent meminiſſe.

My boſome louingly ſuſtain'd; the wine thine could not beare:
Then, now my ſtrength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare;
Much haue I ſufferd for thy loue, much labour'd, wiſhed much;
Thinking ſince I muſt haue no heire, (the Gods decrees are ſuch)
I would adopt thy ſelfe my heire: to thee my heart did giue
What any Sire could giue his ſonne; in thee I hop't to liue:
O mitigate thy mightie ſpirits: it fits not one that moues
The hearts of all, to liue vnmou'd, and ſuccour hates, for loues:
The Gods themſelues are flexible, whoſe vertues, honors, powers,
Are more then thine: yet they will bend, their breaſts as we bend ours.
Perfumes, benigne deuotions, ſauors of offrings burnd,
And holy rites, the engines are, with which their hearts are turnd,
By men that pray to them; whoſe faith, their ſinnes haue falſified:
Prayers, how neceſſary and helpful: if ſhund or neglected, how wreakefull. For, prayers are daughters of great *Ioue*; lame, wrinkled, ruddie eyd,
And euer following iniury; who (ſtrong and ſound of feet)
Flies through the world, afflicting men: beleeuing prayers, yet
(To all that loue that ſeed of *Ioue*) the certaine bleſſing get
Ioues daughters, and cald Lita. To haue *Ioue* heare, and helpe them too: but if he ſhall refuſe,
And ſtand inflexible to them, they flie to *Ioue*, and vſe
Their powres againſt him; that the wrongs, he doth to them, may fall
On his owne head, and pay thoſe paines, whoſe cure he failes to call.
Then great *Achilles*, honour thou, this ſacred ſeed of *Ioue*,
And yeeld to them; ſince other men, of greateſt minds they moue:
If *Agamemnon* would not giue, the ſelfe ſame gifts he vowes,
But offer other afterwards; and in his ſtil-bent browes
Entombe his honour and his word; I would not thus exhort
(With wrath appeaſde) thy aide to Greece, though plagu'd in heavieſt ſort:
But, much he preſently will giue; and after, yeeld the reſt:
T'aſſure which, he hath ſent to thee, the men thou loueſt beſt,
And moſt renownd of all the hoaſt, that they might ſoften thee:
Then let not both their paines and prayers, loſt and deſpiſed be.
Before which, none could reprehend, the tumult of thy heart:
But now to reſt inexpiate, were much too rude a part.
Of ancient worthies we haue heard, when they were more diſpleaſde,
(To their high fames) with gifts and prayers, they haue bene ſtill appeaſde.
For inſtance, I remember well, a fact perform'd of old,
Another narration, de bello Ætolico. Which to you all my friends Ile tell: The Curets warres did hold
With the well-fought Etolians; where mutuall liues had end
About the citie *Calidon*; th'Etolians did defend
Their flouriſhing countrie; which to ſpoile, the Curets did contend.
Diana with the golden throne (with *Oeneus* much incenc't,
Since with his plenteous lands firſt fruits, ſhe was not reuerenc't;
Yet other Gods, with Hecatombes, had feaſts; and ſhe alone,
(Great *Ioues* bright daughter) left vnſeru'd; or by obliuion,
Or vndue knowledge of her dues) much hurt in heart ſhe ſwore:
And ſhe enrag'd, excited much: ſhe ſent a ſyluan Bore
Aper Calidonius From their greene groues, with wounding tuskes, who vſually did ſpoile
King *Oeneus* fields: his loftie woods, layd proſtrate on the ſoile;

Rent

Rent by the roots, trees freſh, adornd, with fragrant apple flow'rs:
Which *Meleager* (*Oeneus* ſonne) ſlue with aſſembled pow'rs
Of hunters, and of fierceſt hounds; from many cities brought:
For, ſuch he was, that with few liues, his death could not be bought;
Heapes of dead humanes, by his rage, the funerall piles applide:
Yet (ſlaine at laſt) the Goddeſſe ſtird, about his head, and hide
A wondrous tumult; and a warre, betwixt the Curets wrought
And braue Ætolians: all the while, fierce *Meleager* fought,
Ill far'd the *Curets:* neare the wals, none durſt aduance his creſt
Though they were many: but when wrath, inflam'd his hautie breſt,
(Which oft the firme mind of the wiſe, with paſſion doth infeſt)
Since twixt his mother Queene and him, aroſe a deadly ſtrife;
He left the Court, and priuately, liu'd with his lawfull wife:
Faire *Cleopatra*, femall birth, of bright *Marpiſſas* paine,
And of *Idæus*; who, of all, terreſtriall men, did raigne
(At that time) king of fortitude; and, for *Marpiſſas* ſake,
Gainſt wanton *Phœbus*, king of flames, his bow in hand did take,
Since he had rauiſht her, his ioy; whom her friends, after, gaue
The ſurname of *Alcyone*; becauſe they could not ſaue
Their daughter from *Alcyones* Fate: in *Cleopatras* armes
Lay *Meleager*, feeding on, his anger for the harmes
His mother praid might fall on him; who, for her brother ſlaine
By *Meleager*, grieu'd, and praid, the Gods to wreake her paine,
With all the horror could be pour'd, vpon her furious birth:
Still knockt ſhe, with her impious hands, the many-feeding earth,
To vrge ſterne *Pluto* and his Queene, t'incline their vengefull eares;
Fell on her knees, and all her breaſt, dewd with her fierie teares
To make them maſſacre her ſonne; whoſe wrath enrag'd her thus.
Erynnis (wandring through the aire) heard, out of *Erebus*,
Pray'rs, fit for her vnpleaſed mind; yet *Meleager* lay,
Obſcurd in furie; then the bruit, of the tumultuous fray,
Rung through the turrets as they ſcal'd; then came the Ætolian Peeres,
To *Meleager* with low ſuits, to riſe and free their feares:
Then ſent they the chiefe Prieſts of Gods, with offered gifts t'attone
His differing furie; bad him chuſe, in ſweet-ſoild *Calidon*,
Of the moſt fat and yeeldie ſoile, what with an hundred ſteares,
Might in a hundred dayes be plowde; halfe, that rich vintage beares,
And halfe of naked earth to plow: yet yeelded not his ire.
Then to his loftie chamber dore, aſcends his royall Sire
With ruthfull plaints: ſhooke the ſtrong barres; then came his ſiſters cries,
His mother then, and all intreate: yet ſtill more ſtiffe he lies:
His friends, moſt reuerend, moſt eſteem'd; yet none impreſſion tooke,
Till the high turrets where he lay, and his ſtrong chamber ſhooke
With the inuading enemie: who now forc't dreadfull way
Along the cittie: then his wife (in pittifull diſmay)
Beſought him weeping: telling him, the miſeries ſuſtaind
By all the citizens, whoſe towne, the enemie had gaind;
Men ſlaughterd, children bondſlaues made; ſweet Ladies forc't with luſt:

Fires climing towres, and turning them, to heapes of fruitleſſe duſt.
Theſe dangers ſoftned his ſteele heart: vp the ſtout Prince aroſe,
Indude his bodie with rich armes, and freed th'Ætolians woes:
His ſmotherd anger giuing aire, which gifts did not aſſwage,
But his owne perill. And becauſe, he did not diſ-ingage
Their liues for gifts, their gifts he loſt. But for my ſake (deare friend)
Be not thou bent to ſee our plights, to theſe extremes deſcend,
Ere thou aſſiſt vs; be not ſo, by thy ill angell, turnd
From thine owne honor: it were ſhame, to ſee our nauie burnd,
And then come with thy timeleſſe aide. For offerd preſents come,
And all the Greeks will honour thee, as of celeſtiall roome.
But if without theſe gifts thou fight, forc't by thy priuate woe,
Thou wilt be nothing ſo renown'd, though thou repell the foe.

Achilles to Phœnix.

Achilles anſwerd the laſt part, of this oration, thus:
Phœnix, renown'd and reuerend; the honors vrgde on vs
We need not; *Ioue* doth honor me, and to my ſafetie ſees,
And will whiles I retaine a ſpirit, or can command my knees.
Then do not thou, with teares and woes, impaſſion my affects,
Becoming gracious to my foe: nor fits it the reſpects
Of thy vowd loue, to honor him, that hath diſhonord me;
Leſt ſuch looſe kindneſſe loſe his heart, that yet is firme to thee.
It were thy praiſe to hurt, with me, the hurter of my ſtate;
Since halfe my honor and my Realme, thou maiſt participate.
Let theſe Lords then returne th'euent; and do thou here repoſe;
And when darke ſleepe breakes with the day; our counſels ſhall diſcloſe
The courſe of our returne or ſtay. This ſaid, he with his eye
Made to his friend, a couert ſigne, to haſten inſtantly
A good ſoft bed, that the old Prince, ſoone as the Peeres were gone,
Might take his reſt; when ſouldier-like, braue *Aiax Telamon*
Spake to *Vlyſſes*, as with thought; *Achilles* was not worth
The high direction of his ſpeech; that ſtood ſo ſternly forth,
Vnmou'd with th'Orators: and ſpake, not to appeaſe
Pelides wrath, but to depart: his arguments were theſe:

Aiax ſouldier-like ſpeech and faſhion.

High-iſſued *Laertiades!* let vs inſiſt no more
On his perſwaſion; I perceiue, the world would end before
Our ſpeeches end, in this affaire: we muſt with vtmoſt haſte
Returne his anſwer, though but bad: the Peeres are elſe-where plac't,
And will not riſe till we returne; great *Thetis* ſonne hath ſtor'd
Prowd wrath within him, as his wealth, and will not be implor'd;
Rude that he is; nor his friends loue, reſpects, do what they can:
Wherein paſt all, we honourd him. O vnremorſefull man!
Another for his brother ſlaine, another for his ſonne,
Accepts of ſatisfaction: and he the deed hath done
Liues in belou'd ſocietie, long after his amends;
To which, his foes high heart for gifts, with patience condeſcends:
But thee a wild and cruell ſpirit, the Gods for plague haue giuen,
And for one girle; of whoſe faire ſexe, we come to offer ſeauen,
The moſt exempt for excellence, and many a better priſe.

Then

Then put a ſweet mind in thy breaſt, reſpect thy owne allies,
Though others make thee not remiſſe: a multitude we are,
Sprung of thy royall familie, and our ſupremeſt care
Is to be moſt familiar, and hold moſt loue with thee,
Of all the Greeks, how great an hoſt, ſoeuer here there be.
He anſwerd; Noble *Telamon*, Prince of our ſouldiers here: *Achilles to Aiax*
Out of thy heart I know thou ſpeakſt, and as thou holdſt me deare:
But ſtill as often as I thinke, how rudely I was vſd,
And like a ſtranger for all rites, fit for our good, refuſd:
My heart doth ſwell againſt the man, that durſt be ſo profane
To violate his ſacred place: not for my priuate bane;
But ſince wrackt vertues generall lawes, he ſhameleſſe did infringe:
For whoſe ſake I will looſe the reines, and giue mine anger ſwinge,
Without my wiſedomes leaſt impeach. He is a foole, and baſe,
That pitties vice-plagu'd minds, when paine, not loue of right giues place.
And therefore tell your king, my Lords, my iuſt wrath will not care
For all his cares: before my tents, and nauie charged are
By warlike *Hector*; making way, through flockes of Grecian liues,
Enlightned by their nauall fire: but when his rage arriues
About my tent, and ſable barke, I doubt not but to ſhield
Them and my ſelfe: and make him flie, the there-ſtrong bounded field.
This ſaid, each one but kiſt the cup, and to the ſhips retir'd,
Vlyſſes firſt. *Patroclus* then, the men and maids requir'd
To make graue *Phœnix* bed with ſpeed, and ſee he nothing lacks:
They ſtraite obeyd, and thereon laid, the ſubtile fruite of flax,
And warme ſheep-fels for couering: and there the old man ſlept,
Attending till the golden Morne, her vſuall ſtation kept.
Achilles lay in th'inner roome, of his tent richly wrought;
And that faire Ladie by his ſide, that he from Lesbos brought,
Bright *Diomeds*, *Phorbas* ſeed: *Patroclus* did embrace
The beautious *Iphis*, giuen to him, when his bold friend did race
The loftie Syrus, that was kept, in *Enyeius* hold.
Now at the tent of *Atreus* ſonne, each man with cups of gold *Agamemnon to Vlyſſes.*
Receiu'd th'Ambaſſadors returnd; all cluſterd neare to know
What newes they brought: which firſt the king, would haue *Vlyſſes* ſhow.
Say moſt praiſe-worthie *Ithacus*; the Grecians great renowne,
Will he defend vs? or not yet, will his prowd ſtomacke downe?
Vlyſſes made replie; Not yet, will he appeaſed be, *Vlyſſes to Agamemnon.*
But growes more wrathfull, prizing light, thy offerd gifts and thee;
And wils thee to conſult with vs, and take ſome other courſe
To ſaue our armie and our fleete: and ſayes, with all his force,
The morne ſhall light him on his way, to *Pthias* wiſhed ſoile:
For neuer ſhall high-ſeated Troy, be ſackt with all our toile:
Ioue holds his hand twixt vs and it: the ſouldiers gather heart.
Thus he replies: which *Aiax* here, can equally impart,
And both theſe Heralds: *Phœnix* ſtayes, for ſo was his deſire
To go with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire.
All wondred he ſhould be ſo ſterne: at laſt bold *Diomed* ſpake:

Would

Diomed to Agamemnon.

Would God, *Atrides*, thy requeſt, were yet to vndertake;
And all thy gifts vnofferd him, he's proud enough beſide:
But this ambaſſage thou haſt ſent, will make him burſt with pride.
But let vs ſuffer him to ſtay, or go at his deſire:
Fight when his ſtomacke ſerues him beſt; or when *Ioue* ſhall inſpire:
Meane while our watch being ſtrongly held, let vs a little reſt
After our food: ſtrength liues by both; and vertue is their gueſt.
Then, when the roſie-fingerd Morne, holds out her ſiluer light,
Bring forth thy hoſt, encourage all; and be thou firſt in fight.
The kings admir'd the fortitude, that ſo diuinely mou'd
The skilfull horſeman *Diomed*; and his aduice approu'd:
Then with their nightly ſacrifice, each toooke his ſeuerall tent;
Where all receiu'd the ſoueraigne gifts, ſoft *Somnus* did preſent.

The end of the ninth Booke.

8 AP 58

THE

THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

TH' Atrides watching, wake the other Peeres:
And (in the Fort, consulting of their feares)
Two kings they send, most stout, and honord most,
For royall skowts, into the Troian hoast:
Who meeting Dolon (Hectors *bribed Spie)*
Take him; and learne, how all the Quarters lie.
He told them, in the Thracian regiment
Of rich king Rhesus, *and his royall Tent;*
Striuing for safetie; but they end his strife,
And rid poore Dolon, *of a dangerous life.*
Then with digressiue wyles, they vse their force
On Rhesus *life, and take his sweete horse.*

Another Argument.

Kappa *the Night exploits applies;*
Rhesus *and* Dolons *tragedies.*

THE other Princes at their ships, soft fingerd sleepe did bind,
But not the Generall; *Somnus* silkes, bound not his laboring mind,
That turnd, and returnd, many thoughts. And as quicke lightnings
From well-deckt-*Iunos* soueraigne, out of the thickned skie, (flie
Preparing some exceeding raine, or haile, the fruite of cold:
Or downe-like Snow, that sodainly, makes all the fields looke old;
Or opes the gulfie mouth of warre, with his ensulphur'd hand
In dazling flashes, pour'd from clouds, on any punisht land:
So from *Atrides* troubled heart, through his darke sorowes, flew
Redoubled sighes: his intrailes shooke, as often as his view
Admir'd the multitude of fires, that gilt the Phrygian shade,
And heard the sounds of fifes, and shawmes, and tumults soldiers made.
But when he saw his fleet and host, kneele to his care and loue,
He rent his haire vp by the roots, as sacrifice to *Ioue*:
Burnt in his firie sighes, still breath'd, out of his royall heart;
And first thought good, to *Nestors* care, his sorowes to impart:
To trie if royall diligence, with his approu'd aduise,
Might fashion counsels, to preuent, their threatned miseries.
So vp he rose, attir'd himselfe, and to his strong feet tide
Rich shoes, and cast vpon his backe, a ruddie Lions hide,
So ample, it his ankles reacht: then tooke his royall speare.
Like him was *Menelaus* pierc't, with an industrious feare,

Agamemnons cares.
These are the lightnings before snow, &c. that Scaliger's Criticus so worthily taxeth; citing the place falsly, as in the 3. booke annotations, &c.

Agamemnon habite rising in the night.
He wearing a Lions hide.

Nor

Nor ſat ſweet ſlumber on his eyes; leſt bitter Fates ſhould quite
The Greekes high fauours, that for him, reſolu'd ſuch endleſſe fight.
Menelaus a Leopards. And firſt a freckled Panthers hide, hid his brode backe athwart:
His head, his braſen helme did arme; his able hand his dart;
Then made he all his haſte to raiſe, his brothers head as rare,
That he who moſt exceld in rule, might helpe t'effect his care.
He found him at his ſhips crookt-ſterne, adorning him with armes;
Who ioyd to ſee his brothers ſpirits, awak't without alarmes:
Well weighing th'importance of the time. And firſt the yonger ſpake:
Why brother, are ye arming thus? is it to vndertake
Menelaus to Agamemnon. The ſending of ſome ventrous Greeke, t'explore the foes intent?
Alas I greatly feare, not one, will giue that worke conſent,
Expoſd alone to all the feares, that flow in gloomie night:
He that doth this, muſt know death well; in which ends euerie fright.
Brother (ſaid he) in theſe affaires, we both muſt vſe aduice;
Agamemnon to Menelaus. *Ioue* is againſt vs, and accepts, great *Hectors* ſacrifice;
For I haue neuer ſeene, nor heard, in one day, and by one,
So many high attempts well vrg'd, as *Hectors* power hath done
Againſt the hapleſſe ſons of Greece: being chiefly deare to *Ioue*;
And without cauſe; being neither fruite, of any Godeſſe loue,
Nor helpfull God: and yet I feare, the deepneſſe of his hand
Ere it be rac't out of our thoughts, will many yeares withſtand.
But brother, hie thee to thy ſhips, and *Idomen* diſeaſe
With warlike *Aiax*: I will haſte, to graue *Neleides*;
Exhorting him to riſe, and giue, the ſacred watch command;
For they will ſpecially embrace, incitement at his hand;
And now his ſonne, their captaine is; and *Idomens* good friend
Bold *Merion*; to whoſe diſcharge, we did that charge commend.
Commandſt thou then (his brother askt) that I ſhall tarrie here
Attending thy reſolu'd approach, or elſe the meſſage beare
Directions for commandin warrs extremity. And quickly make returne to thee? He anſwerd: Rather ſtay,
Leſt otherwiſe we faile to meete: for many a different way
Lies through our labyrinthian hoſt; ſpeake euer as you go;
Command ſtrong watch; from Sire to ſonne, vrge all t'obſerue the foes
Familiarly, and with their praiſe, exciting euerie eye;
Not with vnſeaſon'd violence, of prowd authoritie.
We muſt our patience exerciſe, and worke, our ſelues with them,
Ioue in our births combin'd ſuch care, to eithers Diadem.
Thus he diſmiſt him, knowing well, his charge before he went,
Neſtors armes, and readineſſe to vſe them. Himſelfe to *Neſtor*, whom he found, in bed within his tent:
By him, his damaske curets hung, his ſhield, a paire of darts;
His ſhining caske, his arming waſte: in theſe he led the hearts
Of his apt ſouldiers to ſharpe warre, not yeelding to his yeares.
He quickly ſtarted from his bed, when to his watchfull eares
Vntimely feet told ſome approach: he tooke his lance in hand,
And ſpake to him; Ho, what art thou? that walk'ſt at midnight? ſtand;
Is any wanting at the guards? or lack'ſt thou any Peere?
Speake, come not ſilent towards me: ſay what intendſt thou heare?

He

He anſwerd, O *Nelcides*, graue honour of our hoſt: *Agamemnon to Neſtor.*
T'is *Agamemnon* thou maiſt know, whom *Ioue* afflicteth moſt
Of all the wretched men that liue; and will, whilſt any breath
Giues motion to my toiled lims, and bearęs me vp from death.
I walke the round thus, ſince ſweet ſleepe, cannot incloſe mine eyes,
Nor ſhut thoſe Organs care breaks ope, for our calamities.
My feare is vehement for the *Greeks*: my heart (the fount of heate)
With his extreme affects, made cold; without my breaſt doth beate;
And therefore are my ſinewes ſtrooke, with trembling: euerie part
Of what my friends may feele, hath act, in my diſperſed heart.
But if thou thinkſt of any courſe, may to our good redound,
(Since neither thou thy ſelfe canſt ſleepe) come, walke with me the round;
In way whereof we may confer, and looke to euerie guard:
Leſt watching long, and wearineſſe, with labouring ſo hard,
Drowne their oppreſſed memories, of what they haue in charge.
The libertie we giue the foe, (alas) is ouer large;
Their campe is almoſt mixt with ours; and we haue forth noiſpies,
To learne their drifts; who may perchance, this night intend ſurpriſe.
Graue *Neſtor* anſwerd: Worthie king, let good hearts beare our ill: *Neſtor to Agamemnon.*
Ioue is not bound to perfect all, this buſie *Hectors* will;
But I am confidently giuen, his thoughts are much diſmaid
With feare, leſt our diſtreſſe incite, *Achilles* to our aide:
And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours with further pride.
But I will gladly follow thee, and ſtirre vp more beſide:
Tydides, famous for his lance; *Vlyſſes*, *Telamon*,
And bold *Phyleus* valiant heire: or elſe if any one
Would haſte to call king *Idomen*, and *Aiax*, ſince their ſaile
Lie ſo remou'd; with much good ſpeed, it might our haſte auaile.
But (though he be our honord friend,) thy brother I will blame,
Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his vtter ſhame
He ſhould commit all paines to thee, that ſhould himſelfe imploy,
Paſt all our Princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy;
And be ſo farre from needing ſpurres, to theſe his due reſpects,
He ſhould apply our ſpirits himſelfe, with pray'rs, and vrg'd affects.
Neceſſitie (a law to lawes, and not to be endur'd)
Makes proofe of all his faculties; not ſound, if not inur'd.
Good father (ſaid the king) ſometimes, you know I haue deſir'd *Agamemnons excuſe of his brother.*
You would improue his negligence, too oft to eaſe retir'd:
Nor is it for defect of ſpirit, or compaſſe of his braine,
But with obſeruing my eſtate, he thinks, he ſhould abſtaine
Till I commanded, knowing my place: vnwilling to aſſume,
For being my brother, any thing, might proue he did preſume.
But now he roſe before me farre, and came, t'auoid delaies:
And I haue ſent him for the man, your ſelfe deſir'd to raiſe:
Come, we ſhall find them at the guards, we plac't before the fort:
For thither my direction was, they ſhould with ſpeed reſort.
Why now (ſaid *Neſtor*) none will grudge, nor his iuſt rule withſtand;
Examples make excitements ſtrong, and ſweeten a command.

Thus put he on his arming truſſe, faire ſhoes vpon his feet,
About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meet,
Of purple, large, and full of folds; curld with a warmefull nap;
A garment that gainſt cold in nights, did ſouldiers vſe to wrap:
Then tooke he his ſtrong lance in hand; made ſharpe with proued ſteele,
And went along the *Grecian* fleet. Firſt at *Vlyſſes* keele,
He cald; to breake the ſilken fumes, that did his ſences bind:
The voice through th'Organs of his eares, ſtraight rung about his mind.
Vlyſſes to Agamemnon and Neſtor. Forth came *Vlyſſes*, asking him; Why ſtirre ye thus ſo late?
Suſtaine we ſuch enforciue cauſe? He anſwerd, Our eſtate
Neſtor to Vlyſſes. Doth force this perturbation; vouchſafe it worthie friend,
And come, let vs excite one more, to counſell of ſome end
To our extremes, by fight, or flight. He, backe, and tooke his ſhield,
The manner of Diomeds lodging. And both tooke courſe to *Diomed*; they found him laid in field
Farre from his tent: his armour by; about him was diſpread
A ring of ſouldiers; euerie man, his ſhield beneath his head:
His ſpeare fixt by him as he ſlept, the great end in the ground:
The point, that briſled the darke earth, caſt a reflection round,
Like pallid lightnings throwne from *Ioue*; thus this Heroe lay,
And vnder him a big Oxe hide: his royall head had ſtay
On Arras hangings, rolled vp: whereon he ſlept ſo faſt,
Neſtor chideth Diomed. That *Neſtor* ſtird him with his foote, and chid to ſee him caſt
In ſuch deepe ſleepe, in ſuch deepe woes: and askt him why he ſpent
All night in ſleepe, or did not heare, the *Troians* neare his tent?
Their Campe drawne cloſe vpon their dike, ſmall ſpace twixt foes and foes?
Diomed to Neſtor. He, ſtarting vp, ſaid, Strange old man, that neuer tak'ſt repoſe;
Thou art too patient of our toile; haue we not men more yong,
To be imploid from king to king? thine age hath too much wrong.
Neſtor to him. Said like a king, replied the Sire: for I haue ſonnes renownd;
Note the life of theſe repreſentations. And there are many other men, might go this toileſome round:
But you muſt ſee, imperious *Need*, hath all at her command:
Νῦν ξυνὸς ἰὼν πᾶν ἐς ἄμμι τέτυκται Now on the eager razors edge, for life or death we ſtand.
went into a Prouerbe, vſed by Theocritus, in Dioſcuris out of Homer. Then go (thou art the yonger man,) and if thou loue my caſe,
Call ſwift-foot *Aiax* vp thy ſelfe, and young *Phyleides*.
This ſaid, he on his ſhoulders caſt, a yellow Lions hide,
Big, and reacht earth; then tooke his ſpeare; and *Neſtors* will applide:
Raiſd the Heroes, brought them both. All met, the round they went,
And found not any captaine there, aſleepe or negligent:
But waking, and in armes, gaue eare, to euerie loweſt ſound.
Simile. And as keene dogs, keepe ſheepe in Cotes, or folds, of Hurdles bound:
And grin at euerie breach of aire, enuious of all that moues:
Still liſtning when the rauenous beaſt, ſtalks through the hilly groues:
Then men and dogs ſtand on their guards, and mightie tumults make,
Sleepe wanting weight to cloſe one winke: ſo did the Captaines wake,
That kept the watch the whole ſad night: all with intentiue eare
Conuerted to the enemies tents, that they might timely heare
If they were ſtirring to ſurpriſe: which *Neſtor* ioyd to ſee.
Why ſo (deare ſons) maintaine your watch; ſleepe not a winke (ſaid he)

Rather

Rather then make your fames, the ſcorne, of *Troian* periurie.
This ſaid, he formoſt paſt the dike, the others ſeconded;
Euen all the kings that had bene cald, to counſell, from the bed:
And with them went *Meriones*, and *Neſtors* famous ſonne:
For both were cald by all the kings, to conſultation.
Beyond the dike they chuſde a place, neare as they could from blood;
Where yet appear'd the fals of ſome, and whence (the crimſon flood
Of Grecian liues being pour'd on earth, by *Hectors* furious chace)
He made retreate, when night repour'd, grim darkneſſe in his face.
There ſate they downe, and *Nestor* ſpake: O friends remaines not one,
That will relie on his bold mind, and view the campe alone,
Of the prowd *Troians?* to approue, if any ſtragling mate
He can ſurpriſe neare th'vtmoſt tents; or learne the briefe eſtate
Of their intentions for the time, and mixe like one of them
With their outguards, expiſcating, if the renown'd extreme,
They force on vs, will ſerue their turnes; with glorie to retire,
Or ſtill encampe thus farre from Troy? This may he well enquire,
And make a braue retreate vntoucht; and this would win him fame
Of all men canapied with heauen; and euerie man of name
In all this hoſt ſhall honor him, with an enriching meed,
A blacke Ewe and her ſucking Lambe, (rewards that now exceed
All other beſt poſſeſſions, in all mens choice requeſts)
And ſtill be bidden by our kings, to kind and royall feaſts.
All reuerenc't one anothers worth; and none would ſilence breake,
Leſt worſt ſhould take beſt place of ſpeech: at laſt did *Diomed* ſpeake:
Neſtor, thou ask'ſt if no man here, haue heart ſo well inclin'd
To worke this ſtratageme on Troy: yes, I haue ſuch a mind:
Yet if ſome other Prince would ioyne; more probable will be
The ſtrengthned hope of our exploite: two may together ſee
(One going before another ſtill) ſlie danger euerie way;
One ſpirit vpon another workes; and takes with firmer ſtay
The benefit of all his powers: for though one knew his courſe,
Yet might he well diſtruſt himſelfe; which th'other might enforce.
This offer euerie man aſſum'd, all would with *Diomed* go:
The two *Aiaces*, *Merion*, and *Menelaus* too:
But *Neſtors* ſonne enforc't it much, and hardie *Ithacus*,
Who had to euerie ventrous deed, a mind as venturous.
Amongſt all theſe, thus ſpake the king, *Tydides*, moſt belou'd,
Chuſe thy aſſociate worthily; a man the moſt approu'd
For vſe and ſtrength in theſe extremes. Many thou ſeeſt ſtand forth:
But chuſe not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth,
Leſt with thy nice reſpect of right, to any mans degree,
Thou wrongſt thy venture, chuſing one, leaſt fit to ioyne with thee,
Although perhaps a greater king: this ſpake he with ſuſpect,
That *Diomed* (for honors ſake) his brother would ſelect.
Then ſaid *Tydides*; Since thou giu'ſt, my iudgement leaue to chuſe,
How can it ſo much truth forget, *Vlyſſes* to refuſe?
That beares a mind ſo moſt exempt, and vigorous in th'effect,

Neſtor to the Guards.

Neſtor to the Grecian Princes

Diomed to Neſtor.

The graue exemple of Agamemnon to Diomed.

Diomeds choice of Vlyſſes.

Of all high labors, and a man, *Pallas* doth moſt reſpect:
We ſhall returne through burning fire, if I with him combine:
He ſets ſtrength in ſo true a courſe, with counſels ſo diuine.
Vlyſſes loth to be eſteemd, a louer of his praiſe,
Vlyſſes modeſtie in accepting. With ſuch exceptions humbled him, as did him higher raiſe:
And ſaid; *Tydides* praiſe me not, more then free truth will beare,
Nor yet empaire me: they are Greeks, that giue iudiciall eare.
But come, the morning haſts; the ſtars, are forward in their courſe,
Two parts of night are paſt; the third, is left t'imploy our force.
The explorators armed. Now borrowed they, for haſte, ſome armes: bold *Thraſymedes* lent
Aduentrous *Diomed* his ſword, (his owne was at his tent)
His ſhield, and helme, tough and well tann'd, without or plume or creſt,
And cald a murrion; archers heads, it vſed to inueſt.
Meriones lent *Ithacus*, his quiuer and his bow;
His helmet faſhiond of a hide: the workman did beſtow
Much labour in it, quilting it, with bowſtrings; and without,
With ſnowie tuskes of white-mouthd Bores, twas armed round about
Right cunningly: and in the midſt, an arming cap was plac't,
That with the fixt ends of the tuskes, his head might not be rac't.
This (long ſince) by *Autolycus*, was brought from Eleon,
When he laid waſte *Amyntors* houſe, that was *Ormenus* ſonne.
In Scandia, to *Cytherius*, ſurnam'd *Amphydamas*,
Autolycus did giue this helme: he, when he feaſted was
By honord *Molus*, gaue it him, as preſent of a gueſt:
Molus to his ſonne *Merion*, did make it his bequeſt.
Augurium ex cantu Ardeæ. With this *Vlyſſes* arm'd his head; and thus they (both addreſt)
Tooke leaue of all the other kings: to them a glad oſtent,
(As they were entring on their way) *Minerua* did preſent,
A Hernſhaw conſecrate to her; which they could ill diſcerne
Through ſable night: but by her clange, they knew it was a Herne.
Vlyſſes inuoketh Pallas. *Vlyſſes* ioy'd, and thus inuok't: Heare me great ſeed of *Ioue*,
That euer doſt my labors grace, with preſence of thy loue:
And all my motions doſt attend; ſtill loue me (ſacred Dame)
Eſpecially in this exploit, and ſo protect our fame,
We both may ſafely make retreate, and thriftily imploy
Out boldneſſe in ſome great affaire, banefull to them of Troy.
Diomed to Pallas. Then praid illuſtrate *Diomed*: Vouchſafe me likewiſe eare,
O thou vnconquerd Queene of armes: be with thy fauors neare,
As to my royall fathers ſteps, thou wentſt a bountious guide,
When th'Achiues, and the Peeres of Thebes, he would haue pacifide,
Sent as the Greeks Ambaſſador, and left them at the flood
Of great Æſopus; whoſe retreat, thou mad'ſt to ſwim in blood
Of his enambuſht enemies: and if thou ſo protect
My bold endeuours; to thy name, an Heiffer, moſt ſelect,
That neuer yet was tam'd with yoke, brode fronted, one yeare old,
Ile burne in zealous ſacrifice, and ſet the hornes in gold.
The Goddeſſe heard, and both the kings, their dreadleſſe paſſage bore,
Through ſlaughter, ſlaughterd carkaſſes; armes; and diſcolord gore.

Nor

Nor *Hector* let his Princes ſleepe, but all to counſell cald:
And askt, What one is here will vow, and keepe it vnap pald,
To haue a gift fit for his deed; a chariot and two horſe,
That paſſe for ſpeed the reſt of *Greece?* what one dares take take this courſe,
For his renowne (beſides his gifts) to mixe amongſt the foe,
And learne if ſtill they hold their guards? or with this ouerthrow
Determine flight, as being too weake, to hold vs longer warre?
All ſilent ſtood, at laſt ſtood forth, one *Dolon*, that did dare
This dangerous worke; *Eumedes* heire, a Herald much renownd:
This *Dolon* did in gold and braſſe, exceedingly abound;
But in his forme was quite deform'd; yet paſſing ſwift to run:
Amongſt fiue ſiſters he was left, *Eumedes* onely ſon;
And he told *Hector*, his free heart, would vndertake t'explore
The *Greeks* intentions; but (ſaid he) thou ſhalt be ſworne before,
By this thy ſcepter, that the horſe, of great *Æacides*
And his ſtrong chariot, bound with braſſe, thou wilt (before all theſe)
Reſigne me as my valours priſe: and ſo I reſt vnmou'd
To be thy ſpie, and not returne, before I haue approu'd
(By venturing to *Atrides* ſhip, where their conſults are held)
If they reſolue ſtill to reſiſt; or flie, as quite expeld.
He put his ſcepter in his hand, and cald the thunders God
(*Saturnias* husband to his oath, thoſe horſe ſhould not be ro de
By any other man then he; but he for euer ioy
(To his renowne) their ſeruices, for his good done to *Troy*.
Thus ſwore he, and forſwore himſelfe; yet made baſe *Dolon* bold:
Who on his ſhoulders hung his bow, and did about him fold
A white wolues hide; and with a helme, of weaſels skins did arme
His weaſels head; then tooke his dart, and neuer turnd to harme
The *Greeks* with their related drifts: but being paſt the troopes
Of horſe and foote, he promptly runs; and as he runs he ſtoopes
To vndermine *Achilles* horſe; *Vlyſſes* ſtraight did ſee,
And ſaid to *Diomed*; this man, makes footing towards thee,
Out of the tents; I know not well, if he be vſde as ſpie
Bent to our fleet; or come to rob, the ſlaughterd enemie.
But let vs ſuffer him to come, a little further on,
And then purſue him. If it chance, that we be ouergone
By his more ſwiftneſſe; vrge him ſtill, to run vpon our fleet,
And (leſt he ſcape vs to the towne) ſtill let thy Iaueline meet
With all his offers of retreate. Thus ſtept they from the plaine
Amongſt the ſlaughterd carkaſſes; *Dolon* came on amaine,
Suſpecting nothing; but once paſt, as farre as Mules outdraw
Oxen at plough; being both put on, neither admitted law,
To plow a deepe ſoild furrow forth; ſo farre was *Dolon* paſt;
Then they purſude, which he perceiu'd, and ſtaid his ſpeedleſſe haſt;
Subtly ſuppoſing *Hector* ſent, to countermand his ſpie:
But in a Iauelins throw or leſſe, he knew them enemie.
Then laid he on his nimble knees; and they purſude like wind.
As when a brace of greyhounds are, laid in, with Hare or Hind;

Hector to the Troians.

Dolon offers to be ſurperuisor.

Hector ſweares to Dolon.

Dolon armes.

Vlyſſes to Diomed.

Simile.

Close-mouth'd, and skild to make the best, of their industrious course;
Serue eithers turne, and set on hard; lose neither ground nor force:
So constantly did *Tydeus* sonne, and his towne-razing Peere,
Pursue this spie; still turning him, as he was winding neare
His couert: till he almost mixt, with their out-courts of guard.

Diomed to Dolon. Then *Pallas* prompted *Diomed*, lest his due worths reward
Should be empaird, if any man, did vant he first did sheath
His sword in him, and he be cald, but second in his death:
Then spake he (threatning with his lance,) or stay, or this comes on,
And long thou canst not run, before, thou be by death out-gone.
This said, he threw his Iaueline forth: which mist, (as *Diomed* would)
Aboue his right arme making way; the pile stucke in the mould:
He staid and trembled, and his teeth, did chatter in his head.

Dolons surprise and offer. They came in blowing, seisd him fast; he, weeping, offered
A wealthy ransome for his life, and told them he had brasse,
Much gold, and iron, that fit for vse, in many labours was;
From whose rich heapes his father would, a wondrous portion giue,
If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his sonne did liue.

Vlysses to Dolon. *Vlysses* bad him cheare his heart. Thinke not of death, said he,
But tell vs true, why runst thou forth, when others sleeping be?
Is it to spoile the carkasses? or art thou choicely sent,
T'explore our drifts? or of thy selfe, seek'st thou some wisht euent?

Dolons answer. He trembling answerd: Much reward, did *Hectors* oth propose,
And vrg'd me much against my will, t'indeuour to disclose,
If you determin'd still to stay, or bent your course for flight,
As all dismaid with your late foile, and wearied with the fight:
For which exploite, *Pelides* horse, and chariot, he did sweare
I onely euer should enioy. *Vlysses* smil'd to heare
So base a swaine haue any hope, so high a prise t'aspire;

Vlysses to Dolon. And said, his labors did affect, a great and precious hire:
And that the horse *Pelides* rein'd, no mortall hand could vse
But he himselfe; whose matchlesse life, a Goddesse did produce.
But tell vs, and report but truth, where lefist thou *Hector* now?
Where are his armes? his famous horse? on whom doth he bestow
The watches charge? where sleepe the Kings? intend they still to lie
Thus neare encampt? or turne suffisd, with their late victorie?

Dolons relation. All this, said he, Ile tell most true. At Ilus monument
Hector with all our Princes sits, t'aduise of this euent;
Who chuse that place remou'd, to shun, the rude confused sounds
The common souldiers throw about: but, for our watch, and rounds,
Whereof (braue Lord) thou mak'st demand; none orderly we keepe:
The Troians that haue roofes to saue, onely abandon sleepe,
And priuately without command, each other they exhort
To make preuention of the worst; and in this slender sort
Is watch, and guard maintaind with vs. Th'auxiliarie bands
Sleepe soundly, and commit their cares, into the Troians hands;
For they haue neither wiues with them, nor children to protect;
The lesse they need to care, the more, they succour dull neglect.

But

But tell me (ſaid wiſe *Ithacus*,) are all theſe forreine powres
Appointed quarters by themſelues, or elſe commixt with yours?
And this (ſaid *Dolon*) too (my Lords,) Ile ſeriouſly vnfold:
The *Paeons* with the crooked bowes, and *Cares*, quarters hold
Next to the ſea; the *Leiegets*, and *Caucons* ioyn'd with them,
And braue Pelaſgians; *Thimbers* meade, remou'd more from the ſtreame,
Is quarter to the *Licians*; the loftie *Myſian* force;
The *Phrygians* and *Meonians*, that fight with armed horſe.
But what need theſe particulars? if ye intend ſurpriſe
Of any in our Troian campe; the *Thracian* quarter lies
Vtmoſt of all, and vncommixt, with Troian regiments,
That keepe the voluntary watch: new pitcht are all their tents.
King *Rheſus*, *Eioneus* ſon, commands them; who hath ſteeds
More white then ſnow, huge, and well ſhap't; their firie pace exceeds
The winds in ſwiftneſſe: theſe I ſaw: his Chariot is with gold
And pallid ſiluer richly fram'd, and wondrous to behold.
His great and golden armour is, not fit a man ſhould weare;
But for immortall ſhoulders fram'd: come then, and quickly beare
Your happie priſoner to your fleet: or leaue him here faſt bound
Till your well vrg'd and rich returne, proue my relation ſound.
Tydides dreadfully replide: Thinke not of paſſage thus,
Though of right acceptable newes, thou haſt aduertiſde vs;
Our hands are holds more ſtrict then ſo: and ſhould we ſet thee free
For offerd ranſome; for this ſcape, thou ſtill wouldſt ſcouting be
About our ſhips; or do vs ſcathe, in plaine oppoſed armes;
But if I take thy life, no way, can we repent thy harmes.
With this, as *Dolon* reacht his hand, to vſe a ſuppliants part,
And ſtroke the beard of *Diomed*; he ſtrooke his necke athwart,
With his forc't ſword; and both the nerues, he did in ſunder wound;
And ſuddenly his head, deceiu'd, fell ſpeaking on the ground:
His weſels helme they tooke, his bow, his wolues skin, and his lance;
Which to *Minerua*, *Ithacus*, did zealouſly aduance
With lifted arme into the aire; and to her thus he ſpake;
Goddeſſe, triumph in thine owne ſpoiles: to thee we firſt will make
Our inuocations, of all powers, thron'd on th'Olympian hill;
Now to the *Thracians*, and their horſe, and beds, conduct vs ſtill.
With this, he hung them vp aloft, vpon a Tamricke bow,
As eyefull Trophies: and the ſprigs, that did about it grow,
He proined from the leauie armes, to make it eaſier viewd,
When they ſhould haſtily retire, and be perhaps purſude.
Forth went they, through blacke bloud and armes; and preſently eſpir'd
The guardleſſe Thracian regiment, faſt bound with ſleepe, and tir'd:
Their armes lay by, and triple rankes, they as they ſlept did keepe,
As they ſhould watch and guard their king; who, in a fatall ſleepe,
Lay in the midſt; their charriot horſe, as they coach fellowes were,
Fed by them; and the famous ſteeds, that did their Generall beare,
Stood next him, to the hinder part, of his rich chariot tied.
Vyſſes ſaw them firſt, and ſaid: *Tydides*, I haue ſpied

Ithacus.

Dolon.

Virgilianum.

Diomeds ſterne reply to Dolon.

Dolons ſlaughter by Diomed.

Vyſſes offers Dolons armes to Pallas.

Vyſſes to Diomed.

The horſe that *Dolon* (whom we ſlue) aſſur'd vs we ſhould ſee:
Now vſe thy ſtrength; now idle armes, are moſt vnfit for thee:
Priſe thou the horſe; or kill the guard; and leaue the horſe to me.
Minerua with the Azure eyes, breath'd ſtrength into her King,
Who fild the tent with mixed death: the ſoules, he ſet on wing,
Iſſued in grones, and made aire ſwell, into her ſtormie floud:
Horror, and ſlaughter had one power; the earth did bluſh with bloud.
As when a hungrie Lion flies, with purpoſe to deuoure
On flocks vnkept, and on their liues, doth freely vſe his power:
So *Tydeus* ſonne aſſaild the foe; twelue ſoules before him flew;
Vlyſſes waited on his ſword; and euer as he ſlew,
He drew them by their ſtrengthleſſe heeles, out of the horſes ſight;
That when he was to leade them forth, they ſhould not with affright
Bogle, nor ſnore, in treading on, the bloudie carkaſes;
For being new come, they were vnuſde, to ſuch ſterne ſights as theſe.
Diomed ſlaughters Rheſus king of Thrace. Through foure ranks now did *Diomed*, the king himſelfe attaine;
Who (ſnoring in his ſweeteſt ſleepe) was like his ſouldiers ſlaine.
An ill dreame by *Minerua* ſent, that night, ſtood by his head,
Which was *Oenides* royall ſonne, vnconquer'd *Diomed*.
Meane while *Vlyſſes* looſd his horſe; tooke all their raines in hand,
And led them forth: but *Tydeus* ſonne, did in contention ſtand
With his great mind, to do ſome deed, of more audacitie;
If he ſhould take the chariot, where his rich armes did lie,
And draw it by the beame away, or beare it on his backe;
Or if of more dull Thracian liues, he ſhould their boſomes ſacke.
Minerua to Diomed. In this contention with himſelfe, *Minerua* did ſuggeſt,
And bad him thinke of his retreate; leſt from their tempted reſt,
Some other God ſhould ſtirre the foe, and ſend him backe diſmaid.
He knew the voice; tooke horſe, and fled; the *Troians* heauenly aid
(*Apollo* with the ſiluer bow) ſtood no blind ſentinell
To their ſecure and drowſie hoaſt; but did diſcouer well
Minerua following *Diomed*; and angrie with his act,
The mightie hoaſt of *Ilion*, he entred; and awak't
The couſen germane of the king, a counſellor of *Thrace*,
Hopocoon; who when he roſe; and ſaw the deſert place
Where *Rheſus* horſe did vſe to ſtand, and th'other diſmall harmes,
Alarmes amongeſt the Troians. Men ſtrugling with the pangs of death; he ſhriekt out thicke alarmes;
Cald *Rheſus? Rheſus?* but in vaine: then ſtill, arme, arme, he cride:
The noiſe and tumult was extreme, on euery ſtartled ſide
Of *Troyes* huge hoaſt; from whence in throngs, all gatherd and admir'd,
Who could performe ſuch harmfull facts, and yet be ſafe retir'd.
Now, comming where they ſlue the ſcout, *Vlyſſes* ſtayd the ſteeds;
Tydides lighted, and the ſpoiles (hung on the *Tamricke* reeds)
He tooke and gaue to *Ithacus*; and vp he got againe;
Then flew they ioyfull to their fleet: *Neſtor* did firſt attaine
Neſtor to the Greeks. The ſounds the horſe hooſes ſtrooke through aire, and ſaid; My royall Peeres?
Do I but dote? or ſay I true? me thinks about mine eares
The ſounds of running horſes beate. O would to God they were

Our

Our friends thus ſoone returnd with ſpoiles: but I haue heartie feare,
Leſt this high tumult of the foe, doth their diſtreſſe intend.
He ſcarce had ſpoke, when they were come: Both did from horſe deſcend,
All, with embraces and ſweet words, to heauen their worth did raiſe.
Then *Neſtor* ſpake; Great *Ithachus*, euen heapt with Grecian praiſe;
How haue you made theſe horſe your priſe? pierc't you the dangerous hoſt,
Where ſuch gemmes ſtand? or did ſome God, your high attempts accoſt,
And honord you with this reward? why, they be like the Rayes
The Sunne effuſeth. I haue mixt, with Troians all my daies;
And now, I hope you will not ſay, I alwaies lye abord
Though an old ſoldier I confeſſe: yet did all Troy afford
Neuer the like to any ſence, that euer I poſſeſt;
But ſome good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours bleſt:
For he that ſhadowes heauen with clouds, loues both, as his delights:
And ſhe that ſupples earth with blood, can not forbeare your ſights.
Vlyſſes anſwerd, Honord Sire, the willing Gods can giue *Vlyſſes to Neſtor.*
Horſe much more worth, then theſe men yeeld, ſince in more power they liue:
Theſe horſe are of the Thracian breed; their king *Tydides* ſlue,
And twelue of his moſt truſted guard: and of that meaner crew
A skowt for thirteenth man we kild, whom *Hector* ſent to ſpie
The whole eſtate of our deſignes, if bent to fight or flie.
Thus (followed with whole troopes of friends,) they with applauſes paſt
The ſpacious dike, and in the tent, of *Diomed* they plac't
The horſe without contention, as his deſeruings meed:
Which (with his other horſe ſet vp) on yellow wheat did feed.
Poore *Dolons* ſpoiles *Vlyſſes* had; who ſhrin'd them on his ſterne,
As trophies vow'd to her that ſent, the good-aboding Herne.
Then entred they the meere maine ſea, to cleanſe their honord ſweate
From off their feet, their thighes and neckes: and when their vehement heate
Was calm'd, and their ſwolne hearts refreſht; more curious baths they vſd;
Where odorous and diſſoluing Oyles, they through their lims diffuſde.
Then, taking breakfaſt, a big boule, fild with the pureſt wine,
They offerd to the maiden Queene, that hath the azure eyne.

The end of the tenth Booke.

8 AP 58



THE

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS.

The Argvment.

ATrides *and his other Peeres of name,*
Leade forth their men; whom Eris *doth inflame.*
Hector (*by* Iris *charge*) *takes deedlesse breath,*
Whiles Agamemnon *plies the worke of death:*
Who with the first beares his imperiall head.
Himselfe, Vlysses, *and King* Diomed,
Euripylus, *and* Æsculapius *sonne,*
(*Enforc't with wounds*) *the furious skirmish shun.*
Which martiall sight, when great Achilles *viewes,*
A little his desire of fight renewes:
And forth he sends his friend, to bring him word
From old Neleides, *what wounded Lord*
He in his chariot from the skirmish brought:
Which was Machaon. Nestor *then besought*
He would perswade his friend to wreake their harmes,
Or come himselfe, deckt in his dreadfull armes.

Another Argument.

Lambda *presents the Generall,*
In fight the worthiest man of all.

AVrora, out of restfull bed, did from bright *Tython* rise,
To bring each deathlesse essence light, and vse, to mortall eyes;
When *Ioue* sent *Eris* to the Greekes, sustaining in her hand
Sterne signes of her designes for warre: she tooke her horrid stand
Vpon *Vlysses* huge blacke Barke, that did at anchor ride,
Amidst the fleet; from whence her sounds, might ring on euery side;
Both to the tents of *Telamon*, and th'authors of their smarts;
Who held, for fortitude and force, the nauies vtmost parts.

Eris (contention) sings and excites the Grecians.

The red-eyd Goddesse seated there, thunderd th'Orthian song,
High, and with horror, through the eares, of all the Grecian throng;
Her verse with spirits inuincible, did all their breasts inspire;
Blew out all darknesse from their lims, and set their hearts on fire;
And presently was bitter warre, more sweet a thousand times
Then any choice in hollow keeles, to greet their natiue climes.

Agamemnon armes for the field.

Atrides summon'd all to armes; to armes himselfe disposde:
First on his legs he put bright Greaues, with siluer buttons closde;
Then with rich Curace arm'd his breast, which *Cynir as* bestow'd
To gratifie his royall guest; for euen to Cyprus flow'd

Th'vn-

Th'vnbounded fame of thoſe deſignes, the Greeks propoſde for *Troy*;
And therefore gaue he him thoſe armes, and wiſht his purpoſe ioy.
Ten rowes of azure mixt with blacke: twelue golden like the Sunne:
Twiſe ten of tin, in beaten paths, did through this armour runne.
Three ſerpents to the gorget crept, that like three rain-bowes ſhin'd,
Such as by *Ioue* are fixt in clouds, when wonders are diuin'd.
About his ſhoulders hung his ſword; whereof the hollow hilt
Was faſhion'd all with ſhining barres, exceeding richly gilt:
The ſcaberd was of ſiluer plate, with golden hangers grac't:
Then tooke he vp his weightie ſhield, that round about him caſt
Defenſiue ſhadowes: ten bright zones, of gold-affecting braſſe
Were driuen about it; and of tin (as full of gloſſe as glaſſe)
Sweld twentie boſſes out of it: in center of them all,
One of blacke mettall had engrauen (full of extreme appall)
An vgly Gorgon, compaſſed, with Terror and with Feare:
At it, a ſiluer Bawdricke hung, with which he vſde to beare
(Wound on his arme) his ample ſhield; and in it there was wouen
An azure Dragon, curl'd in folds; from whoſe one necke, was clouen
Three heads contorted in an orbe: then plac't he on his head
His foure-plum'd caske; and in his hands, two darts he managed,
Arm'd with bright ſteele, that blaz'd to heauen: then *Iuno* and the maide
That conquers Empires; trumpets ſeru'd, to ſummon out their aide,
In honor of the Generall: and on a ſable cloud
(To bring them furious to the field) ſate thundring out aloud.
Then all enioyn'd their charioteers, to ranke their chariot horſe
Cloſe to the dike: forth marcht the foot; whoſe front they did r'enforce
With ſome horſe troupes: the battell then, was all of Charioteers,
Lin'd with light horſe: but *Iupiter*, diſturb'd this forme with feares;
And from aires vpper region, did bloudie vapors raine;
For ſad oſtent, much noble life, ſhould ere their times be ſlaine.
The *Troian* hoaſt, at *Ilus* tombe, was in *Battalia* led
By *Hector* and *Polydamas*, and old *Anchiſes* ſeed,
Who God-like was eſteem'd in *Troy*; by graue *Antenors* race,
Diuine *Agenor*, *Polybus*, vnmaried *Acamas*,
Proportion'd like the ſtates of heauen: in front of all the field,
Troyes great *Priamides* did beare, his al-wayes-equall ſhield,
Still plying th'ordering of his power. And as amids the skie *Simile.*
We ſometimes ſee an ominous ſtarre, blaze cleare and dreadfully,
Then run his golden head in clouds, and ſtraight appeare againe:
So *Hector* otherwhiles did grace, the vaunt-guard, ſhining plaines;
Then in the rere-guard hid himſelfe, and labour'd euery where,
To order and encourage all: his armor was ſo cleare,
And he applide each place ſo faſt; that like a lightning throwne
Out of the ſhield of *Iupiter*, in euery eye he ſhone.
And as vpon a rich mans crop, of barley or of wheate, *Another comparison.*
(Oppoſde for ſwiftneſſe at their worke,) a ſort of reapers ſweate,
Beare downe the furrowes ſpeedily, and thicke their handfuls fall:
So at the ioyning of the hoaſts, ran Slaughter through them all;

None

None ſtoopt to any fainting thought, of foule inglorious flight,
But equall bore they vp their heads, and far'd like wolues in fight:
Sterne *Eris*, with ſuch weeping fights, reioyc't to feed her eies;
Who onely ſhew'd her ſelfe in field, of all the Deities.
The other in Olympus tops, ſate ſilent, and repin'd,
That *Ioue* to do the *Troians* grace, ſhould beare ſo fixt a mind.
He car'd not, but (enthron'd apart) triumphant ſat in ſway
Ioues proſpect. Of his free power; and from his ſeate, tooke pleaſure to diſplay
The citie ſo adorn'd with towres, the ſea with veſſels fild;
The ſplendor of refulgent armes, the killer and the kild.
As long as bright *Aurora* rul'd, and ſacred day increaſt,
So long their darts made mutuall wounds, and neither had the beſt:
Periphraſis of Noone. But when in hill-enuiron'd vales, the timber-feller takes
A ſharpe ſet ſtomacke to his meate, and dinner ready makes,
His ſinewes fainting, and his ſpirits, become ſurcharg'd and dull;
Time of accuſtom'd eaſe arriu'd; his hands with labour full:
Then by their valours *Greeks* brake through, the *Troian* rankes, and chear'd
Their generall Squadrons through the hoaſt: then firſt of all appear'd
The perſon of the King himſelfe; and then the *Troians* loſt
Eyanor, by his royall charge, a leader in the hoſt:
Agamemnons ſlaughters. Who being ſlaine, his chariotere (*Oileus*) did alight,
And ſtood in skirmiſh with the king; the king did deadly ſmite
His forehead with his eager lance, and through his helme it ranne,
Enforcing paſſage to his braine, quite through the hardned pan;
His braine mixt with his clotterd bloud, his body ſtrewd the ground.
There left he them; and preſently he other obiects found;
Iſus and *Antiphus*, two ſonnes, king *Priam* did beget;
One lawfull, th'other wantonly; both in one chariot met
Their royall foe; the baſer borne, *Iſus* was chariotere,
Achilles. And famous *Antiphus* did fight: both which, king *Peleus* heire,
(Whilome in *Ida* keeping flocks) did deprehend and bind
With pliant Oſiers; and for prize, them to their Sire reſign'd.
Atrides with his well aim'd lance, ſmote *Iſus* on the breſt
Aboue the nipple; and his ſword, a mortall wound impreſt
Beneath the eare of *Antiphus*: downe from their horſe they fell.
The king had ſeene the youths before, and now did know them well,
Remembring them the priſoners, of ſwift *Æacides*,
Who brought them to the ſable fleet, from *Idas* foodie leas.
Simile. And as a Lion hauing found, the furrow of a Hind,
Where ſhe hath calu'd two little twins; at will and eaſe doth grind
Their ioynts ſnatcht in his ſollide iawes; and cruſheth into miſt
Their tender liues; their dam (though neare) not able to reſiſt;
But ſhooke with vehement feare her ſelfe, flies through the Oaken chace
From that fell ſauage, drown'd in ſweat; and ſeekes ſome couert place:
So when with moſt vnmatched ſtrength, the *Grecian* Generall bent
Gainſt theſe two Princes, none durſt ayd, their natiue kings deſcent;
But fled themſelues before the Greeks: and where theſe two were ſlaine,
Pyſander and *Hypolochus*, (not able to reſtraine

Their

Their head-ſtrong horſe, the ſilken teines, being from their hands let fall)
Were brought by their vnruly guides, before the Generall.
Antimachus begat them both; *Antimachus* that tooke
Rich guifts, and gold of *Hellens* loue; and would by no meanes brooke
Iuſt reſtitution ſhould be made, of *Menelaus* wealth,
Bereft him, with his rauiſht Queene, by * *Alexanders* ſtealth. * Paris.
Atrides, Lion-like did charge, his ſonnes; who on their knees
Fell from their chariot, and beſought, regard to their degrees;
Who, being *Antimachus* his ſonnes, their father would affoord
A worthie ranſome for their liues; who in his houſe did hoord
Much hidden treaſure; braſſe, and gold, and ſteele, wrought wondrous choiſe.
Thus wept they, vſing ſmoothing terms; and heard this rugged voice
Breath' from the vnrelenting king: If you be of the breed *Agamemnon to Pyſander and Hippolochus.*
Of ſtout *Antimachus*, that ſtaid, the honorable deed
The other Peeres of *Ilion*, in counſell had decreed,
To render *Hellen*, and her wealth; and would haue baſely ſlaine
My brother and wiſe *Ithacus*, Ambaſſadors, t'attaine
The moſt due motion: now receiue, wreake for his ſhamefull part.
This ſaid, in poore *Pyſanders* breaſt, he fixt his wreakfull dart;
Who vpward ſpread th'oppreſſed earth: his brother croucht for dread,
And as he lay, the angrie king, cut off his armes and head,
And let him like a football lie, for euerie man to ſpurne.
Then to th'extremeſt heate of fight, he did his valour turne,
And led a multitude of *Greeks*; where foote did foote ſubdue,
Horſe ſlaughterd horſe, *Need* featherd flight, the batterd center flew
In clouds of duſt about their eares, raiſd from the horſes hooues,
That beat a thunder out of earth, as horrible as *Ioues*.
The king (perſwading ſpeedie chace) gaue his perſwaſions way
With his owne valour, ſlaughtring ſtill: As in a ſtormie day,
In thicke-ſet woods a rauenous fire, wraps in his fierce repaire
The ſhaken trees, and by the rootes, doth toſſe them into aire:
Euen ſo beneath *Atrides* ſword, flew vp *Troyes* flying heeles:
Their horſe drew emptie chariots, and ſought their thundring wheeles
Some freſh directors through the field, where leaſt the purſuite driues:
Thicke fell the *Troians*, much more ſweet, to Vultures, then their wiues.
Then *Ioue* drew *Hector* from the darts, from duſt, from death and blood,
And from the tumult: ſtill the king, firme to the purſuite ſtood;
Till at old *Ilus* monument, in midſt of all the field,
They reacht the wild Figtree, and long'd, to make their towne their ſhield.
Yet there they reſted not; the king, ſtill cride; Purſue, purſue,
And all his vnreproued hands, did blood and duſt embrue.
But when they came to *Sceas* ports, and to the Beech of *Ioue*,
There made they ſtand; there euerie eye, fixt on each other, ſtroue
Who ſhould outlooke his mate amaz'd: through all the field they fled.
And as a Lion, when the night, becomes moſt deafe and dead, *Simile.*
Inuades Oxe heards, affrighting all, that he of one may wreake
His dreadfull hunger; and his necke, he firſt of all doth breake;
Then laps his blood and entrailes vp: ſo *Agamemnon* plide

The manage of the *Troian* chace, and ſtill the laſt man di'd;
The other fled; a number fell, by his imperiall hand:
Some groueling downwards from their horſe: ſome vpwards ſtrew'd the ſand.
High was the furie of his lance: but hauing beat them cloſe
Beneath their walls, the both worlds Sire, did now againe repoſe
On fountaine-flowing *Idas* tops, being newly ſlid from heauen,
And held a lightning in his hand: from thence this charge was giuen
Ioue to the Rainbow. To *Iris* with the golden wings: *Thaumantia*, flie (ſaid he)
And tell *Troys Hector*, that as long, as he enrag'd ſhall ſee
The ſouldier-louing *Atreus* ſonne, amongſt the formoſt fight,
Depopulating troopes of men: ſo long he muſt excite
Some other to reſiſt the foe, and he no armes aduance:
But when he wounded takes his horſe, attain'd with ſhaft or lance:
Then will I fill his arme with death, euen till he reach the Fleet,
And peacefull night treads buſie day, beneath her ſacred feet.
The wind-foot ſwift *Thaumantia*, obeyd, and vſd her wings
To famous *Ilion*, from the mount, enchaſte with ſiluer ſprings:
And found in his bright chariot, the hardie *Troian* knight:
To whom ſhe ſpake the words of *Ioue*, and vaniſht from his ſight.
He leapt vpon the ſounding earth, and ſhooke his lengthfull dart,
And euerie where he breath'd exhorts, and ſtird vp euerie heart:
A dreadfull fight he ſet on foote, his ſouldiers ſtraight turnd head:
The *Greekes* ſtood firme, in both the hoaſts, the field was perfected.
But *Agamemnon* formoſt ſtill, did all his ſide exceed:
And would not be the firſt in name, vnleſſe the firſt in deed.
Now ſing faire Preſidents of verſe, that in the heauens embowre,
Who firſt encountred with the king, of all the aduerſe powre:
Iphydamas, *Antenors* ſonne, ample and bigly ſet,
Brought vp in paſture-ſpringing-*Thrace*, that doth ſoft ſheepe beget:
In graue *Ciſſæus* noble houſe, that was his mothers Sire;
(Faire *Theano*) and when his breaſt, was heightned with the fire
Of gaiſome youth; his grand-Sire gaue, his daughter to his loue:
Who ſtraight his bridall chamber left; *Fame*, with affection ſtroue,
And made him furniſh twelue faire ſhips, to lend faire *Troy* his hand.
His ſhips he in *Percope* left, and came to *Troy* by land:
And now he tried the fame of *Greece*, encountring with the king,
Who threw his royall lance and miſt: *Iphydamas* did fling,
And ſtrooke him on the arming waſte, beneath his coate of braſſe,
Which forc't him ſtay vpon his arme, ſo violent it was:
Yet pierc't it not his wel-wrought zone; but when the lazie head
Tried hardneſſe with his ſiluer waſte, it turnd againe like lead.
He follow'd, graſping the ground end: but with a Lions wile,
That wreſts away a hunters ſtaffe; he caught it by the pile,
Iphydamas ſlain by Agamemnon And pluckt it from the caſters hand; whom with his ſword he ſtrooke
Beneath the eare, and with his wound, his timeleſſe death he tooke:
He fell and ſlept an iron ſleepe; wretched young man, he dide
Farre from his newly-married wife, in aide of forreine pride;
And ſaw no pleaſure of his loue; yet was her ioynture great:

An

An hundred Oxen gaue he her, and vow'd in his retreate
Two thousand head of sheepe and Goates, of which he store did leaue:
Much gaue he of his loues first fruits, and nothing did receiue.
When *Coon* (one that for his forme, might feast an amorous eye,
And elder brother of the slaine) beheld this tragedie:
Deepe sorrow sate vpon his eyes; and (standing laterally,
And to the Generall vndiscernd) his Iauelin he let flie:
That twixt his elbow and his wrist, transfixt his armelesse arme:
The bright head shin'd on th'other side. The vnexpected harme
Impreste some horror in the king: yet so he ceast not fight,
But rusht on *Coon* with his lance, who made what haste he might
(Seising his slaughterd brothers foote) to draw him from the field,
And cald the ablest to his aide; when vnder his round shield
The kings brasse Iauelin, as he drew, did strike him helplesse dead:
Who made *Ipbydamas* the blocke, and cut off *Coons* head.
Thus vnder great *Atrides* arme, *Antenors* issue thriu'd,
And to suffise precisest fate', to *Plutos* mansion diu'd.
He with his lance, sword, mightie stones, pour'd his Heroicke wreake
On other Squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warme blood did breake
Through his cleft veines: but when the wound, was quite exhaust and crude;
The eager anguish did approue, his Princely fortitude.
As when most sharpe and bitter pangs, distract a labouring Dame;
Which the diuine *Ilithiæ*, that rule the painefull frame
Of humane chid-birth poure on her: th'*Ilithiæ* that are
The daughters of *Saturnia*: with whose extreme repaire
The woman in her trauell striues, to take the worst it giues:
With thought it must be, tis loues fruite, the end for which she liues;
The meane to make her selfe new borne: what comforts will redound:
So *Agamemnon* did sustaine, the torment of his wound.
Then tooke he chariot, and to Fleet, bad haste his charioteere;
But first pour'd out his highest voice, to purchase euerie eare:
Princes and Leaders of the *Greekes*, braue friends, now from our fleet *Agamemnon to the Greeke Princes.*
Do you expell this bostrous sway: *Ioue* will not let me meet
Illustrate *Hector*, nor giue leaue, that I shall end the day
In fight against the *Ilian* power: my wound is in my way.
This said, his readie charioteere, did scourge his spritefull horse,
That freely to the sable fleet, performd their fierie course:
To beare their wounded Soueraigne, apart the Martiall thrust,
Sprinkling their powerfull breasts with foame, and snowing on the dust.
When *Hector* heard of his retreate, thus he for fame contends: *Hector to the Troians.*
Troians, Dardanians, Lycians, all my close-fighting friends,
Thinke what it is to be renownd: be souldiers all of name:
Our strongest enemie is gone; *Ioue* vowes to do vs fame:
Then in the *Grecian* faces driue, your one-hou'd violent steeds,
And fare aboue their best, be best, and glorifie your deeds.
Thus as a dog-giuen Hunter sets, vpon a brace of Bores,
His white-toothd hounds-pufs, showts, breaths terms, & on his emprese pores,
All his wild art to make them pinch: so *Hector* vrg'd his host

To charge the *Greeks*, and he himſelfe, moſt bold, and actiue moſt:
He brake into the heate of fight: as when a tempeſt raues,
Stoops from the clouds, and all on heapes, doth cuffe the purple waues.
Who then was firſt, and laſt, he kild, when *Ioue* did grace his deed?
Aſſeus, and *Autonous*; *Opys*, and *Clytus* ſeed:
Prince *Dolops*, and the honord Sire, of ſweet *Euryalus*:
(*Ophelſtes*) *Agelaus* next; and ſtrong *Hipponous*:
Orus, *Eſſymnus*, all of name. The common ſouldiers fell,
As when the hollow flood of aire, in *Zephires* cheeks doth ſwell,
And ſparſeth all the gatherd clouds, white *Notus* power did draw;
VVraps waues in waues, hurls vp the froath, beat with a vehement flaw:
So were the common ſouldiers wrackt, in troops, by *Hectors* hand.
Then ruine had enforc't ſuch works, as no *Greeks* could withſtand:
Then in their fleete they had bene houſd, had not *Laertes* ſonne
Stird vp the ſpirit of *Diomed*, with this impreſſion.
Tydides, what do we ſuſtaine, forgetting what we are?
Stand by me (deareſt in my loue:) twere horrible impaire
For our two valours to endure, a cuſtomarie flight,
To leaue our nauie ſtill ingag'd, and but by fits to fight.
He anſwerd; I am bent to ſtay, and any thing ſuſtaine:
But our delight to proue vs men, will proue but ſhort and vaine;
For *Ioue* makes *Troians* inſtruments; and virtually then,
Wields arms himſelfe: our croſſe affaires, are not twixt men and men.
This ſaid, *Thimbræus* with his lance, he tumbled from his horſe;
Neare his left nipple wounding him: *Vlyſſes* did enforce
Faire *Molion*, minion to this king, that *Diomed* ſubdude:
Both ſent they thence, till they returnd: who now the king purſude
And furrowed through the thickned troopes. As when two chaced Bores
Turne head gainſt kennels of bold hounds, and race way through their gores:
So (turnd from flight) the forward kings, ſhew'd *Troians* backward death:
Nor fled the *Greeks* but by their wils, to get great *Hector* breath.
Then tooke they horſe and chariot, from two bold citie foes,
Merops Percoſius mightie ſonnes: their father could diſcloſe,
Beyond all men, hid Auguries; and would not giue conſent
To their egreſſion to theſe wars: yet wilfully they went;
For Fates, that order ſable death, enforc't their tragedies:
Tydides ſlue them with his lance, and made their armes his priſe.
Hypporochus, and *Hyppodus*, *Vlyſſes* reft of light:
But *Ioue*, that out of *Ida* lookt, then equalliſde the fight;
A *Grecian* for a *Troian* then, paide tribute to the Fates:
Yet royall *Diomed* ſlue one, euen in thoſe euen debates,
That was of name more then the reſt; *Pæons* renowned ſonne,
The Prince *Agaſtrophus*: his lance, into his hip did run:
His Squire detaind his horſe apart, that hindred him to flie;
Which he repented at his heart: yet did his feet applie
His ſcape with all the ſpeed they had, alongſt the formoſt bands;
And there his loued life diſſolu'd. This, *Hector* vnderſtands,
And ruſht with clamor on the king; right ſoundly ſeconded

Vlyſſes and Diomeds ſlaughters.

Simile.

Vlyſſes to Diomed.

Diomeds anſwer to Vlyſſes.

Hector ſlue.

With

With troupes of *Troians*: which perceiu'd, by famous *Diomed*;
The deepe conceit of *Ioues* high will, ſtifned his royall haire;
Who ſpake to neare-fought *Ithacus*; The fate of this affaire
Is bent to vs: come let vs ſtand, and bound his violence.
Thus threw he his long Iauelin forth; which ſmote his heads defence
Full on the top, yet pierc't no skin; braſſe, tooke repulſe with braſſe;
His helme (with three folds made, and tharpe,) the gift of *Phœbus* was.
The blow made *Hector* take the troupe; ſunke him vpon his hand,
And ſtrooke him blind: the king purſude, before the formoſt band,
His darts recouerie: which he found, laid on the purple plaine:
By which time, *Hector* was reuiu'd, and taking horſe againe,
Was farre commixt within his ſtrength, and fled his darkſome graue.
He followd with his thirſtie lance, and this eluſiue Braue:
Diomed to Vlyſſes.

Once more be thankfull to thy heeles, (proud dog) for thy eſcape:
Miſchiefe ſate neare thy boſome now; and now another rape
Hath thy *Apollo* made of thee, to whom thou well maiſt pray,
When through the ſinging of our darts, thou findſt ſuch guarded way:
But I ſhall meet with thee at length, and bring thy lateſt houre,
If with like fauour any God, be fautor of my powre:
Meane while, ſome other ſhall repay, what I ſuſpend in thee.
Diomed inſults on Hector.

This ſaid, he ſet the wretched ſoule, of *Paons* iſſue free;
Whom his late wound, not fully ſlue: but *Priams* amorous birth,
Againſt *Tydides* bent his bow, hid with a hill of earth;
Part of the ruinated tombe, for honor'd *Ilus* built:
And as the Curace of the ſlaine (engrauen and richly gilt)
Tydides from his breaſt had ſpoild, and from his ſhoulders raft,
His target and his ſolide helme, he ſhot; and his keene ſhaft
(That neuer flew from him in vaine) did naile vnto the ground
The kings right foot: the ſpleenfull knight, laught ſweetly at the wound,
Crept from his couert, and triumpht: Now art thou maimd, ſaid he,
And would to God my happie hand, had ſo much honor'd me,
To haue infixt it in thy breaſt, as deepe as in thy foote,
Euen to th'expulſure of thy ſoule: then bleſt had bene my ſhoote
Of all the *Troians*: who had then, breath'd from their long vnreſts,
Who feare thee as the braying Goates, abhorre the king of beaſts.
Paris at Diomed.

Paris inſults on Diomed.

Vndanted *Diomed* replide: You Brauer, with your bow,
You ſlick-hair'd louer: you that hunt, and fleere at wenches ſo:
Durſt thou but ſtand in armes with me, thy ſilly archerie
Would giue thee little cauſe to vaunt: as little ſuffer I
In this ſame tall exploit of thine, perform'd when thou wert hid:
As if a woman or a child, that knew not what it did,
Had toucht my foote: a cowards ſteele, hath neuer any edge:
But mine (t'aſſure it ſharpe) ſtill layes, dead carkaſſes in pledge;
Touch it: it renders liueleſſe ſtraight: it ſtrikes the fingers ends
Of hapleſſe widowes in their cheeks; and children blind of friends:
The ſubiect of it makes earth red; and aire with ſighes inflames:
And leaues lims more embrac't with birds, then with enamour'd Dames.
Diomeds reply.

Lance-fam'd *Vlyſſes* now came in, and ſtept before the king;

Kneeld oppoſite, and drew the ſhaft: the eager paine did ſting
Through all his bodie; ſtraight he tooke, his royall chariot there,
And with direction to the fleete, did charge his chariotere.
Now was *Vlyſſes* deſolate, feare made no friend remaine:
Vlyſſes to himſelfe. He thus ſpake to his mightie mind: What doth my ſtate ſuſtaine?
If I ſhould flie this ods in feare, that thus comes cluſtring on,
Twere high diſhonour: yet twere worſe, to be ſurpriſd alone:
Tis *Ioue* that driues the reſt to flight: but thats a faint excuſe;
Why do I tempt my mind ſo much? pale cowards fight refuſe.
He that affects renowne in warre, muſt like a rocke be fixt;
Wound, or be wounded: valours truth, puts no reſpect betwixt.
In this contention with himſelfe, in flew the ſhadie bands
Of targateres, who fieg'd him round, with miſchiefe-filled hands.
As when a crew of gallants watch, the wild muſe of a Bore;
Their dogs put after in full crie, he ruſheth on before:
Whets, with his lather-making iawes, his crooked tuskes for blood:
And (holding firme his vſuall haunts) breakes through the deepned wood:
They charging, though his hote approch, be neuer ſo abhord:
So, to aſſaile the *Ioue*-lou'd *Greeke*, the *Ilians* did accord,
And he made through them: firſt he hurt, vpon his ſhoulder blade,
Deiops a blameleſſe man at armes: then ſent to endleſſe ſhade
Socus wounds Vlyſſes. *Thoon* and *Eunomus*: and ſtrooke, the ſtrong *Cherſidamas*,
As from his chariot he leapt downe, beneath his targe of braſſe:
Who fell, and crawld vpon the earth, with his ſuſtaining palmes,
And left the fight: nor yet his lance, left dealing Martiall almes:
But *Socus* brother by both ſides, yong *Carops* did impreſſe:
Then Princely *Socus* to his aide, made brotherly acceſſe,
And (coming neare) ſpake in his charge; O great *Laertes* ſonne,
Inſatiate in ſlie ſtratagems, and labours neuer done:
This houre, or thou ſhalt boaſt to kill, the two *Hypaſides*,
And prize their armes, or fall thy ſelfe, in my reſolu'd acceſſe.
This ſaid, he threw quite through his ſhield, his fell and well-driuen lance:
Which held way through his curaces, and on his ribs did glance:
Plowing the fleſh alongſt his ſides: but *Pallas* did repell
All inward paſſage to his life. *Vlyſſes* knowing well
The wound vndeadly; (ſetting backe, his foote to forme his ſtand)
Thus ſpake to *Socus*: O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand:
That ſtay'ſt my victorie on *Troy*: and where thy charge was made
In doubtfull terms (or this or that) this ſhall thy life inuade.
This frighted *Socus* to retreate; and in his faint reuerſe,
The lance betwixt his ſhoulders fell, and through his breaſt did perſe:
Downe fell he ſounding, and the king, thus playd with his miſeaſe:
Vlyſſes inſultation. O *Socus*, you that make by birth, the two *Hypaſides*:
Now may your houſe and you perceiue, death can outflie the flier:
Ah wretch, thou canſt not ſcape my vowes: old *Hypaſus* thy ſire,
Nor thy well honord mothers hands; in both which lies thy worth,
Shall cloſe thy wretched eyes in death; but Vultures dig them forth,
And hide them with their darkſome wings: but when *Vlyſſes* dies,

Diuineſt

Diuineſt *Greeks* ſhall tombe my corſe, with all their obſequies.
Now from his bodie and his ſhield, the violent lance he drew,
That Princely *Socus* had infixt: which drawne, a crimſon dew
Fell from his boſome on the earth: the wound did dare him ſore.
And when the furious *Troians* ſaw, *Vlyſſes* forced gore:
(Encouraging themſelues in groſſe) all his deſtruction vowd;
Then he retir'd, and ſummond aides thriſe ſhowted he allowd,
(As did denote a man ingag'd:) thriſe *Menelaus* eare
Obleru'd his aid-ſuggeſting voice: and *Aiax* being neare,
He told him of *Vlyſſes* ſhowts, as if he were encloſd
From all aſſiſtance: and aduiſd, their aids might be diſpoſd
Againſt the Ring that circled him: left, charg'd with troopes alone
(Though valiant) he might be oppreſt, whom *Greece* ſo built vpon.
He led, and *Aiax* ſeconded: they found their *Ioue*-lou'd king
Circled with foes. As when a den, of bloodie Lucerns cling
About a goodly palmed Hart, hurt with a hunters bow,
Whoſe ſcape, his nimble feet inforce, whilſt his warme blood doth flow,
And his light knees haue power to moue: but (maiſtred of his wound,
Emboſt within a ſhadie hill) the Lucerns charge him round,
And teare his fleſh; when inſtantly, fortune ſends in the powres
Of ſome ſterne Lion, with whoſe ſight, they flie, and he deuours:
So charg'd the Ilians *Ithacus*, many and mightie men:
But then made *Menelaus* in, and horrid *Aiax* then,
Bearing a target like a tower: cloſe was his violent ſtand,
And euerie way the foe diſperſt; when, by the royall hand,
Kind *Menelaus* led away, the hurt *Laertes* ſonne,
Till his faire ſquire had brought his horſe: victorious *Telamon*
Still plied the foe, and put to ſword, a young *Priamides*;
Doriclus, *Priams* baſtard ſonne: then did his lance impreſſe
Pandocus, and ſtrong *Pyraſus*; *Lyſander* and *Palertes*,
As when a torrent from the hils, ſwolne with *Saturnian* ſhowres,
Fals on the fields; beares blaſted Oakes, and witherd roſine flowres,
Looſe weeds, and all diſperſed filth, into the Oceans force:
So, matchleſſe *Aiax* beat the field, and ſlaughterd men and horſe.
Yet had not *Hector* heard of this, who fought on the left wing
Of all the hoſt, neare thoſe ſweet herbs, *Scamanders* flood doth ſpring:
Where many foreheads trode the ground, and where the skirmiſh burnd
Neare *Neſtor*, and king *Idomen*; where *Hector* ouerturnd
The Grecian ſquadrons; authoring, high ſeruice with his lance,
And skilfull manadge of his horſe: nor yet the diſcrepance
He made in death betwixt the hoſts, had made the *Greeks* retire,
If faire-haird *Hellens* ſecond ſpouſe, had not repreſt the fire
Of bold *Machaons* fortitude, who with a three-forkt head
In his right ſhoulder wounded him: then had the *Grecians* dread,
Leſt in his ſtrength declin'd, the foe, ſhould ſlaughter their hurt friend:
Then *Cretes* king vrg'd *Neleides*, his chariot to aſcend,
And getting neare him, take him in, and beare him to their tents;
A Surgeon is to be preferd, with phyſicke ornaments,

Aiax and Menelaus to the reſcue of Vlyſſes.

Before a multitude: his life, giues hurt liues natiue bounds,
With ſweet inſperſion of fit balmes, and perfect ſearch of wounds.
Thus ſpake the royall *Idomen*: *Neleides* obeyd,
And to his chariot preſently, the wounded Greeke conuaid
The ſonne of *Eſculapius*, the great Phiſition:
To fleet they flew. *Cebriones*, perceiu'd the ſlaughter done
By *Aiax* on the other troopes, and ſpake to *Hector* thus:
Whiles we encounter *Grecians* here, ſterne *Telamonius*
Is yonder raging, turning vp, in heapes our horſe and men:
I know him by his ſpacious ſhield: let vs turne chariot then
Where both of horſe and foote the fight, moſt hotely is propoſde,
In mutuall ſlaughters: harke, their throats, from cries are neuer cloſd.
This ſaid, with his ſhrill ſcourge he ſtrooke, the horſe that faſt enſude,
Stung with his laſhes, toſſing ſhields, and carkaſſes imbrude:
The chariot tree was drownd in blood, and th'arches by the ſeate,
Diſperpled from the horſes houes, and from the wheelebands beate.
Great *Hector* long'd to breake the rankes, and ſtartle their cloſe fight:
Who horribly amaz'd the *Greeks*, and plyed their ſuddaine fright
With buſie weapons, euer wingd: his lance, ſword, weightie ſtones:
Yet charg'd he other Leaders bands, not dreadfull *Telamons*,
With whom he wiſely ſhund foule blowes: but *Ioue* (that weighs aboue
All humane pow'rs) to *Aiax* breaſt, diuine repreſſions droue,
And made him ſhun, who ſhund himſelfe: he ceaſt from fight amaz'd:
Caſt on his backe his ſeauen-fold ſhield, and round about him gaz'd,
Like one turnd wilde; lookt on himſelfe, in his diſtract retreate:
Knee before knee did ſcarcely moue: as when from heards of Neate
Whole threaues of Bores and mungrils chace, a Lion skulking neare,
Loth he ſhould taint the wel-priſd fat, of any ſtall-fed ſteere,
Conſuming all the night in watch; he (greedie of his prey)
Oft thruſting on, is oft thruſt off: ſo thicke the Iauelins play
On his bold charges, and ſo hote, the burning firebrands ſhine,
Which he (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne;
And early his great heart retires: ſo *Aiax* from the foe,
For feare their fleet ſhould be inflam'd: gainſt his ſwolne heart did go.

Another ſimile expreſſing the maner of Aiax retreate.

As when a dull mill Aſſe comes neare, a goodly field of corne
Kept from the birds by childrens cries; the boyes are ouerborne
By his inſenſible approach, and ſimply he will eate:
About whom many wands are broke, and ſtill the children beate;
And ſtill the ſelfe-prouiding Aſſe, doth with their weakneſſe beare,
Not ſtirring till his panch be full; and ſcarcely then will ſtere.
So the huge ſonne of *Telamon*, amongſt the *Troians* far'd;
Bore ſhowers of darts vpon his ſhield, yet ſcornd to flie, as skar'd;
And ſo kept ſoftlie on his way; nor would he mend his pace
For all their violent purſuits, that ſtill did arme the chace
With ſinging lances: but at laſt, when their Cur-like preſumes,
More vrg'd, the more forborne; his ſpirits, did rarifie their fumes,
And he reuokt his actiue ſtrength; turnd head, and did repell
The horſe troopes that were new made in: twixt whom the fight grew fell;

And

And by degrees he ſtole retreate, yet with ſuch puiſſant ſtay
That none could paſſe him to the fleet: in both the armies ſway
He ſtood, and from ſtrong hands receiu'd, ſharpe Iauelins on his ſhield;
Where many ſtucke, throwne on before; many fell ſhort in field,
Ere the white bodie they could reach; and ſtucke, as telling how
They purpoſd to haue piere't his fleſh: his perill pierced now
The eyes of Prince *Eurypilus*, *Euemons* famous ſonne;
Who came cloſe on, and with his dart, ſtrooke Duke *Apiſaon*,
Whoſe ſurname was *Phauſiades*; euen to the concrete blood
That makes the liuer: on the earth, out guſht his vitall blood.
Eurypilus made in, and eaſd, his ſhoulders of his armes:
Which *Paris* ſeeing, he drew his bow, and wreakt in part the harmes
Of his good friend *Phauſiades*: his arrow he let flie,
That ſmote *Eurypilus*, and brake, in his attainted thie:
Then tooke he troope, to ſhun blacke death, and to the flyers cride; *Eurypilus to the Greekes.*
Princes, and Leaders of the *Greeks*, ſtand, and repulſe the tide
Of this our honour-wracking chace; *Aiax* is drownd in darts,
I feare paſt ſcape: turne honord friends, helpe out his ventrous parts.
Thus ſpake the wounded *Greeke*; the ſound, caſt on their backs their ſhields,
And raiſd their darts: to whoſe reliefe, *Aiax* his perſon wields:
Then ſtood he firmely with his friends, retiring their retire:
And thus both hoſts indifferent ioynd, the fight grew hote as fire.
Now had *Neleides* ſweating ſteeds, brought him and his hurt friend
Amongſt their Fleet; *Æacides*, that wiſhly did intend
(Standing aſterne his tall neckt ſhip) how deepe the skirmiſh drew
Amongſt the *Greeks*; and with what ruth, the inſecution grew:
Saw *Neſtor* bring *Machaon* hurt, and from within did call
His friend *Patroclus*: who like *Mars*, in forme celeſtiall *Achilles to Patroclus.*
Came forth with firſt ſound of his voice (firſt ſpring of his decay)
And askt his Princely friends deſire: Deare friend, ſaid he, this day
I doubt not will enforce the *Greeks*, to ſwarme about my knees:
I ſee vnſufferd Need imployd, in their extremities.
Go ſweet *Patroclus* and enquire, of old *Neleides*,
Whom he brought wounded from the fight: by his backe parts, I gueſſe
It is *Machaon*: but his face, I could not well deſerie,
They paſt me in ſuch earneſt ſpeed. *Patroclus* preſently
Obeyd his friend, and ran to know. They now deſcended were,
And *Neſtors* ſquire, *Eurimidon*, the horſes did vngeare:
Themſelues ſtood neare th'extremeſt ſhore, to let the gentle aire
Drie vp their ſweat; then to the tent; where *Hecamed* the faire
Set chaires, and for the wounded Prince, a potion did prepare.
This *Hecamed*, by wars hard fate, fell to old *Neſtors* ſhare,
When *Thetis* ſonne ſackt *Tenedos*. She was the Princely ſeed
Of worthie king *Arſynous*, and by the *Greeks* decreed
The prize of *Neſtor*: ſince all men, in counſell he ſurpaſt.
Firſt, a faire table ſhe appoſd, of which, the feet were grac't
With blewiſh mettall, mixt with blacke: and on the ſame ſhe put
A braſſe fruit diſh, in which ſhe ſeru'd, a holſome Onion cut,

For

For pittance to the potion, and honey newly wrought;
And bread, the fruite of ſacred meale: then to the boord ſhe brought
A right faire cup, with gold ſtuds driuen; which *Neſtor* did transfer
From *Pylos*; on whoſe ſwelling ſides, foure handles fixed were;
And vpon euerie handle ſate, a paire of doues of gold;
Some billing, and ſome pecking meate. Two gilt feet did vphold
The antique body: and withall, ſo weightie was the cup,
That being propoſd brim full of wine, one ſcarſe could lift it vp:
Yet *Neſtor* drunke in it with eaſe, ſpite of his yeares reſpect.
In this the Goddeſſe-like faire Dame, a potion did confect
With good old wine of *Prammius*; and ſcrap't into the wine
Cheeſe made of Goates milke; and on it, ſperſt flow'r exceeding fine:
In this ſort for the wounded Lord, the potion ſhe prepar'd,
And bad him drinke: for companie, with him old *Neſtor* ſhar'd.
Thus phyſically quencht they thirſt, and then their ſpirits reuiu'd
With pleaſant conference. And now, *Patroclus* being arriu'd,
Made ſtay at th'entrie of the tent: old *Neſtor* ſeeing it,
Roſe, and receiu'd him by the hand, and faine would haue him ſit.
He ſet that courteſie aſide; excuſing it with haſt;
Since his much to be reuerenc't friend, ſent him to know who paſt
(Wounded with him in chariot) ſo ſwiftly through the ſhore;
Whom now, ſaid he, I ſee and know, and now can ſtay no more:
You know good father, our great friend, is apt to take offence:
Whoſe fierie temper will inflame, ſometimes with innocence.

Neſtor to Patroclus.

He anſwerd, When will *Peleus* ſonne, ſome royall pittie ſhow
On his thus wounded countrimen? Ah, is he yet to know
How much affliction tires our hoſt? how our eſpeciall aide
(Tainted with lances, at their tents) are miſerably laide?
Vlyſſes, *Diomed*, our King, *Euripylus*, *Machaon*:
All hurt, and all our worthieſt friends; yet no compaſſion
Can ſupple thy friends friendleſſe breaſt. Doth he reſerue his eye
Till our fleet burne, and we our ſelues, one after other die?
Alas, my forces are not now, as in my yonger life.
Oh would to God I had that ſtrength, I vſed in the ſtrife
Betwixt vs and the *Elians*, for Oxen to be driuen;
When *Itumonius* loftie ſoule, was by my valour giuen
As ſacrifice to deſtinie; *Hypporocus* ſtrong ſonne,
That dwelt in *Elis*, and fought firſt, in our contention.
We forrag'd (as proclaimed foes) a wondrous wealthie boote;
And he, in reſcue of his Herds, fell breathleſſe at my foote.
All the Dorpe Bores with terror fled; our prey was rich and great,
Twiſe fiue and twentie flocks of ſheepe; as many herds of neate;
As many goates, and naſtie ſwine; a hundred fiftie mares
All ſorrell, moſt with ſucking foales; and theſe ſoone-monied wares,
We draue into *Neileus* towne, faire *Pylos*; all by night.
My fathers heart was glad to ſee, ſo much good fortune quite
The forward mind of his young ſonne, that vſde my youth in deeds,
And would not ſmother it in moods. Now drew the Suns bright ſteeds

Light

Light from the hils; our heralds now, accited all that were
Endamag'd by the *Elians*; our Princes did appeare;
Our boote was parted; many men, th' *Epeians* much did owe,
That (being our neighbors) they did ſpoile; afflictions did ſo flow
On vs poore *Pyleans* though but few. In brake great *Hercules*
To our ſad confines of late yeares, and wholly did ſuppreſſe
Our hapleſſe Princes: twice ſixe ſonnes, renownd *Neleius* breds;
Onely my ſelfe am left of all: the reſt ſubdude and dead.
And this was it that made ſo proud, the baſe *Epeian* bands:
On their neare neighbors, being oppreſt, to lay iniurious hands;
A heard of Oxen for himſelfe: a mightie flocke of ſheepe,
My Syre ſelected; and made choice, of ſhepheards for their keep:
And from the generall ſpoyle, he culd, three hundred of the beſt:
The *Elians* ought him infinite, moſt plagu'd of all the reſt.
Foure wager-winning horſe he loſt, and chariots interuented
Being led to an appointed race. The prize that was preſented
Was a religious threefoote vrne: *Augeas* was the king,
That did detaine them, and diſmiſt, their keeper ſorrowing
For his lou'd charge, loſt with foule words. Then both for words and deeds
My Sire being worthily incenſt, thus iuſtly he proceeds
To ſatisfaction, in firſt choice, of all our wealthie prize:
And as he ſhar'd much, much he left, his ſubiects to ſuffiſe;
That none might be oppreſt with power, or want his portion due:
Thus for the publike good we ſhar'd. Then we to temples drue
Our complete citie: and to heauen, we thankfull rights did burne
For our rich conqueſt. The third day, enſuing our returne
The *Elians* flew on vs in heapes: their generall Leaders were
The two *Moliones*, two boyes, vntrained in the feare
Of horrid warre, or vſe of ſtrength. A certaine citie ſhines
Vpon a loftie Prominent; and in th'extreme confines
Of ſandie *Pylos*, ſeated where, *Alpheus* flood doth run,
And cald *Thryeſſa*: this they ſieg'd, and gladly would haue wun:
But (hauing paſt through all our fields) *Minerua* as our ſpie,
Fell from *Olympus* in the night, and arm'd vs inſtantly:
Nor muſtred ſhe vnwilling men, nor vnprepar'd for force.
My Sire yet, would not let me arme, but hid away my horſe,
Eſteeming me no ſouldier yet: yet ſhin'd I nothing leſſe
Amongſt our Gallants, though on foote; *Minerua* mightineſſe
Led me to fight, and made me beare, a ſouldiers worthie name.
There is a floud fals into ſea, and his crookt courſe doth frame
Cloſe to *Arena*, and is cald, bright *Mynieus* ſtreame:
There made we halt: and there the Sun, caſt many a glorious beame
On our bright armours; horſe and foote, inſea'd together there:
Then marcht we on: By fierie noone, we ſaw the ſacred cleare
Of great *Alpheus*; where to *Ioue*, we did faire ſacrifice:
And to the azure God that rules, the vnder-liquid skies:
We offerd vp a ſolemne Bull; a bull t' *Alpheus* name,
And to the blew eyd maid we burnd, a heifer neuer tame.

Now

Now was it night, we ſupt, and ſlept, about the flood in armes;
The foe laide hard ſiege to our towne, and ſhooke it with alarmes:
But for preuention of their ſplenes, a mightie worke of warre
Appeard behind them. For as ſoone, as *Phœbus* fierie Carre
Caſt nights foule darknes from his wheeles (inuoking reuerend *Ioue*,
And the vnconquerd maide (his birth) we did th'euent approue,
And gaue them battell: firſt of all, I ſlue (the armie ſaw)
The mightie ſouldier *Mulius*, *Augeus* ſonne in law;
And ſpoyld him of his one-hou'd horſe: his eldeſt daughter was
Bright *Agamede*, that for skill, in ſimples did ſurpaſſe:
And knew as many kind of drugs, as earths brode center bred:
Him charg'd I with my braſſe arm'd lance, the duſt receiu'd him dead.
I (leaping to his chariot) amongſt the formoſt preſt:
And the great hearted *Elyans*, fled frighted, ſeeing their beſt
And lofti'ſt ſouldier taken downe, the Generall of their horſe.
I follow'd like a blacke whirlwind, and did for prize enforce
Full fiftie chariots, euerie one, furniſht with two arm'd men;
Who eate the earth, ſlaine with my lance; and I had ſlaughterd then
The two young boyes, *Moliones*, if their world circling Sire,
(Great *Neptune*) had not ſaft their liues; and couered their retire
With vnpierc't clouds: then *Ioue* beſtow'd a haughtie victorie
Vpon vs *Pyleans*. For ſo long, we did the chaſe apply,
Slaughtring and making ſpoile of armes; till ſweet *Bupraſius* ſoile,
Aleſius, and *Olenia*, were fam'd with our recoile.
For there *Minerua* turnd our power: and there the laſt I ſlew;
As when our battell ioyn'd, the firſt: the *Peleans* then withdrew
To *Pylos* from *Bupraſius*. Of all the Immortals then,
They moſt thankt *Ioue* for victorie; *Neſtor*, the moſt of men.
Such was I euer, if I were, employd with other Peeres,
And I had honour of my youth, which dies not in my yeares.
But Great *Achilles* onely ioyes, habilitie of act
In his braue Prime, and doth not daine, t'impart it where tis lackt.
No doubt he will extremely mourne, long after that blacke howre,
Wherein our ruine ſhall be wrought, and rue his ruthleſſe powre.
O friend, my memorie reuiues, the charge *Menetius* gaue
Thy towardneſſe; when thou ſetſt forth, to keepe out of the graue
Our wounded honour; I my ſelfe, and wiſe *Vlyſſes* were
Within the roome, where euerie word, then ſpoken we did heare:
For we were come to *Peleus* Court, as we did muſtering paſſe
Through rich *Achaia*; where thy Sire, renownd *Menetius* was,
Thy ſelfe and great *Æacides*; when *Peleus* the King
To thunder-louing *Ioue* did burne, an Oxe for offering,
In his Court-yard: a cup of gold, crownd with red wine he held
On th'holy Incenſorie pour'd. You, when the Oxe was feld,
Were dreſſing his diuided lims; we in the Portall ſtood.
Achilles ſeeing vs come ſo neare; his honorable blood,
Was ſtrooke with a reſpectiue ſhame, roſe, tooke vs by the hands,
Brought vs both in, and made vs ſit, and vſde his kind commands,

For

For ſeemely hoſpitable rights; which quickly were appoſd.
Then (after needfulneſſe of foode) I firſt of all diſcloſd
The royall cauſe of our repaire; mou'd you and your great friend,
To conſort our renown'd deſignes: both ſtraight did condeſcend;
Your fathers knew it, gaue conſent, and graue inſtruction
To both your valours. *Peleus* charg'd, his moſt vnequald ſonne,
To gouerne his victorious ſtrength, and ſhine paſt all the reſt
In honour, as in meere maine force. Then were thy partings bleſt
With deare aduices from thy Sire. My loued ſonne, ſaid he,
Achilles by his grace of birth, ſuperiour is to thee,
And for his force more excellent; yet thou more ripe in yeares:
Then with ſound counſels (ages fruits) imploy his honord yeares,
Command and ouerrule his moodes; his nature will obay
In any charge diſcreetly giuen, that doth his good aſſay.
Thus charg'd thy Sire, which thou forgetſt; yet now at laſt approue
(With forced reference of theſe) th'attraction of his loue.
Who knowes if ſacred influence, may bleſſe thy good intent,
And enter with thy gracious words, euen to his full conſent?
The admonition of a friend, is ſweet and vehement.
If any Oracle he ſhun, or if his mother Queene
Hath brought him ſome inſtinct from *Ioue*, that fortifies his ſpleene;
Let him reſigne command to thee, of all his *Myrmidons*,
And yeeld by that meanes ſome repulſe, to our confuſions;
Adorning thee in his bright armes, that his reſembled forme
May haply make thee thought himſelfe, and calme his hoſtile ſtorme:
That ſo a little we may eaſe, our ouercharged hands;
Draw ſome breath, not expire it all: the foe but faintly ſtands
Beneath his labours; and your charge, being fierce, and freſhly giuen,
They eaſly from our tents and fleet, may to their walls be driuen.
This mou'd the good *Patroclus* mind, who made his vtmoſt haſte,
T'informe his friend; and at the fleet, of *Ithacus* he paſt,
(At which there markets were diſpoſd, counſels and martiall courts,
And where to th'Altars of the Gods, they made diuine reſorts)
He met renownd *Eurypilus*, *Euemons* noble ſonne
Halting; his thigh hurt with a ſhaft: the liquid ſweate did run
Downe from his ſhoulders, and his browes: and from his raging wound
Forth flow'd his melancholy blood, yet ſtill his mind was ſound.
His ſight, in kinde *Patroclus* breaſt, to ſacred pittie turnd,
And (nothing more immartiall, for true ruth) thus he mournd;
Ah wretched progenie of *Greece*, Princes, deiected kings:
Was it your fates to nouriſh beaſts, and ſerue the outcaſt wings
Of ſauage Vultures here in *Troy*? Tell me, *Euemons* fame,
Do yet the *Greeks* withſtand his force, whom yet no force can tame?
Or are they hopeleſſe throwne to death, by his reſiſtleſſe lance?
Diuine *Patroclus* (he replide) no more can *Greece* aduance
Defenſiue weapons; but to fleet, they headlong muſt retire:
For thoſe that to this howre haue held, our fleet from hoſtile fire,
And are the bulwarks of our hoſt, lie wounded at their tents;

And *Troys* vnuanquiſhable powre, ſtill as it toiles augments.
But take me to thy blacke ſternd ſhip, ſaue me, and from my thie
Cut out this arrow; and the blood, that is ingor'd and drie,
Waſh with warme water from the wound: then gentle ſalues apply,
Which thou knoweſt beſt; thy Princely friend, hath taught thee ſurgerie;
Whom (of all Centaures the moſt iuſt) *Chyron* did inſtitute:
Thus to thy honorable hands, my eaſe I proſecute,
Since our Phyſitians cannot helpe: *Machaon* at his tent
Needs a Phyſitian himſelfe, being Leach and patient:
And *Podalirius* in the field, the ſharpe conflict ſuſtaines.
Strong *Menetiades* replide; How ſhall I eaſe thy paines?
What ſhall we do *Eurypilus?* I am to vſe all haſte,
To ſignifie to *Thetis* ſonne, occurrents that haue paſt
At *Neſtors* honorable ſuite: but be that worke atchieu'd,
When this is done, I will not leaue, thy torments vnrelieu'd.
This ſaid, athwart his backe he caſt, beneath his breaſt, his arme,
And nobly helpt him to his tent: his ſeruants ſeeing his harme,
Diſpread Ox-hides vpon the earth, whereon *Machaon* lay:
Patroclus cut out the ſharpe ſhaft, and clearely waſht away
With luke-warme water the blacke blood: then twixt his hands he bruſde
A ſharpe and mitigatorie roote: which when he had infuſde
Into the greene well-cleanſed wound, the paines he felt before
Were well, and inſtantly allaid, the wound did bleed no more.

The end of the eleuenth Boooke.

8 Ar 58



THE

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Troians *at the trench, their powres engage,*
Though greeted by a bird, of bad preſage.
In fiue parts they diuide, their powre, to skale,
And Prince Sarpedon *forceth downe the pale;*
Great Hector *from the Ports, teares out a ſtone,*
And with ſo dead a ſtrength, he ſets it gone
At thoſe brode gates the Grecians *made to guard*
Their tents and ſhips: that, broken, and vnbard,
They yeeld way to his powre; when all contend
To reach the ſhips: which all at laſt aſcend.

Another Argument.

My, *workes the* Troians *all the grace,*
And doth the Grecian *Fort deface.*

PAtroclus, thus emploid in cure, of hurt *Eurypilus*;
Both hoſts are all for other wounds, doubly contentious;
One, all wayes labouring to expell; the other to inuade: (made
Nor could the brode dike of the *Greeks*, nor that ſtrong wall they
To guard their fleete, be long vnrac't; becauſe it was not raiſd,
By graue direction of the Gods; nor were their Deities praiſd
(When they begun) with Hecatombes, that then they might be ſure
(Their ſtrength being ſeaſon'd wel with heaues) it ſhould haue force t'endure;
And ſo, the ſafeguard of their fleete, and all their treaſure there
Infallibly had bene confirm'd; when now, their bulwarks were
Not onely without powre of checke, to their aſſaulting foe
(Euen now, as ſoone as they were built) but apt to ouerthrow:
Such, as in verie little time, ſhall burie all their fight
And thought, that euer they were made: as long as the deſpight
Of great *Æacides* held vp, and *Hector* went not downe:
And that by thoſe two meanes ſtood ſafe, king *Priams* ſacred towne:
So long their rampire had ſome vſe, (though now it gaue ſome way:)
But when *Troyes* beſt men ſufferd Fate, and many *Greeks* did pay
Deare for their ſufferance; then the reſt, home to their countrie turnd,
The tenth yeare of their warres at *Troy*, and *Troy* was ſackt and burnd.
And then the Gods fell to their Fort: then they their powres imploy
To ruine their worke, and left leſſe, of that then they, of *Troy*.
Neptune and *Phœbus* tumbl'd downe, from the *Idalian* hils,
An inundation of all floods, that thence the brode ſea fils

Neptune and Phœbus ouerturne the Grecian rampire.

On their huge rampire; in one glut, all theſe together rorde,
The names of the riuers about Troy. *Rheſus*, *Heptaporus*, *Rhodius*, *Scamander*, (the adorde)
Careſus, *Simois*, *Grenicus*, *Æſepus*: of them all,
Apollo open'd the rough mouths; and made their luſtie fall
Rauiſh the duſtie champian, where, many a helme and ſhield,
And halfe-god race of men were ſtrew'd: and that all theſe might yeeld
Full tribute to the heauenly worke: *Neptune* and *Phœbus* wun
Ioue to vnburthen the blacke wombes, of clouds (fild by the Sun)
And poure them into all their ſtreames, that quickly they might ſend
The huge wall ſwimming to the Sea. Nine dayes their lights did ſpend
To nights, in tempeſts; and when all, their vtmoſt depth had made,
Ioue, *Phœbus*, *Neptune*, all came downe, and all in ſtate did wade
To ruine of that impious fort: Great *Neptune* went before,
Wrought with his trident, and the ſtones, trunkes, rootes of trees he tore
Out of the rampire: toſt them all, into the Helleſpont;
Euen all the prowd toile of the *Greeks*, with which they durſt confront
The to-be-ſhunned Deities: and not a ſtone remaind,
Of all their huge foundations, all with the earth were plaind.
Which done; againe the Gods turnd backe, the ſiluer-flowing floods,
By that vaſt channell, through whoſe vaults, they pourd abrode their broods,
And couerd all the ample ſhore, againe with duſtie ſand:
And this the end was of that wall, where now ſo many a hand
Was emptied of ſtones and darts, contending to inuade;
Where *Clamor* ſpent ſo high a throate; and where the fell blowes made
The new-built woodden turrets grone. And here the *Greeks* were pent,
Tam'd with the Iron whip of *Ioue*: that terrors vehement
Shooke ouer them by *Hector*s hand, who was (in euerie thought)
Hector like a whirlwind, and Lion. The terror-maiſter of the field, and like a whirlewind fought;
As freſh, as in his morns firſt charge. And as a ſauage Bore
Or Lion, hunted long; at laſt, with hounds and hunters ſtore,
Is compaſt round; they charge him cloſe: and ſtand (as in a towre
They had inchac't him) pouring on, of darts an Iron ſhowre:
His glorious heart yet, nought appald, and forcing forth his way:
Here ouerthrowes a troope, and there; a running ring doth ſtay
His vtter paſſage: when againe, that ſtay he ouerthrowes,
And then the whole field frees his rage: ſo *Hector* wearies blowes,
Runs out his charge vpon the Fort: and all his force would force
To paſſe the dike. Which being ſo deepe, they could not get their horſe
To venter on: but trample, ſnore, and on the verie brinke,
To neigh with ſpirit, yet ſtill ſtand off: nor would a humane thinke
The paſſage ſafe; or if it were, twas leſſe ſafe for retreate,
The dike being euerie where ſo deep; and (where twas leaſt deep) ſet
With ſtakes exceeding thicke, ſharpe, ſtrong, that horſe could neuer paſſe;
Much leſſe their chariots, after them: yet for the foote there was
Some hopefull ſeruice, which they wiſht. *Polydamas* then ſpake;
Polydamas ſaid counſell to Hector. *Hector*, and all our friends of *Troy*, we indiſcreetly make
Offer of paſſage with our horſe: ye ſee the ſtakes, the wall,
Impoſſible for horſe to take: nor can men fight at all,

The

The place being ſtreight, and much more apt, to let vs take our bane,
Then giue the enemie: and yet, if *Ioue* decree the wane
Of *Grecian* glory vtterly: and ſo bereaue their hearts,
That we may freely charge them thus, and then, will take our parts:
I would with all ſpeed, wiſh th'aſſault: that vgly ſhame might ſhed
(Thus farre from home) theſe *Grecians* bloods. But if they once turne head,
And ſallie on vs from their fleet, when in ſo deepe a dike
We ſhall lie ſtruggling; not a man, of all our hoaſt is like
To liue, and carrie backe the newes: and therefore, be it thus:
Here leaue we horſe, kept by our men, and all on foot let vs
Hold cloſe together, and attend, the grace of *Hectors* guide;
And then they ſhall not beare our charge, our conqueſt ſhall be did
In their liues purples. This aduice, pleaſd *Hector*, for twas ſound:
Who firſt obeyd it, and full arm'd, betooke him to the ground:
And then all left their chariots, when he was ſeene to leade;
Ruſhing about him, and gaue vp, each chariot and ſteed
To their directors to be kept, in all procinct of warre:
There, and on that ſide of the dike. And thus the reſt prepare
Their onſet: In fiue regiments, they all their powre diuide:
Each regiment allow'd three Chiefes; of all which, euen the pride,
Seru'd in great *Hectors* Regiment: for all were ſet on fire
(Their paſſage beaten through the wall) with hazardous deſire,
That they might once, but fight at fleete. With *Hector*, Captaines were,
Polydamas, and *Cebriones*, who was his chariotere:
But *Hector* found that place a worſe. Chiefes of the ſecond band,
Were *Paris*, and *Alcathous*, *Agenor*. The command
The third ſtrong Phalanx had, was giuen, to th'Augure *Hellenus*;
Deiphobus, that God-like man, and mightie *Aſius*;
Euen *Aſius Hyrtacides*, that from *Arisba* rode
The huge bay horſe, and had his houſe, where riuer *Selleës* flowde.
The fourth charge, good *Æneas* led, and with him were combinde
Archelochus, and *Acamas* (*Antenors* deareſt kinde)
And excellent at euerie fight. The fifth braue companie,
Sarpedon had to charge; who chuſde, for his commands ſupply,
Aſteropæus great in armes, and *Glaucus*; for both theſe
Were beſt of all men, but himſelfe: but he was fellowleſſe.
Thus fitted with their well wrought ſhields, downe the ſteepe dike they go;
And (thirſtie of the walls aſſault) beleeue in ouerthrow:
Not doubting but with headlong fals, to tumble downe the *Greeks*,
From their blacke nauie: in which truſt, all on; and no man ſeeks
To croſſe *Polydamas* aduice, with any other courſe,
But *Aſius Hyrtacides*, who (prowd of his bay horſe)
Would not forſake them; nor his man, that was their manager,
(Foole that he was) but all to fleete: and little knew how neare
An ill death ſat him, and a ſure; and that he neuer more
Muſt looke on loftie *Ilion*: but lookes, and all, before,
Put on th'all-couering miſt of Fate; that then did hang vpon
The lance of great* *Deucalides*: he fatally ruſht on

*Idomeneus.

The left hand way; by which the *Greeks*, with horſe and chariot,
Came vſually from field to fleet: cloſe to the gates he got,
Which both vnbard and ope he found; that ſo the eaſier might
An entrie be for any friend, that was behind in flight;
Yet not much eaſier for a foe: becauſe there was a guard
Maintaind vpon it, paſt his thought; who ſtill put for it hard,
Eagerly ſhowting: and with him, were fiue more friends of name
That would not leaue him, though none elſe, would hunt that way for fame
(In their free choice) but he himſelfe. *Oreſtes*, *Iamenus*,
And *Acamas*, *Aſiades*, *Thoon*, *Oenomaus*,
Were thoſe that followed *Aſius*: within the gates they found
Two eminently valorous, that from the race renownd
Of the right valiant *Lapithes*, deriu'd their high deſcent.
Such maketh Virgil Pandarus and Bitias. Fierce *Leonteus* was the one, like *Mars* in detriment;
The other mightie *Polepat*, the great *Pirithous* ſonne.
Theſe ſtood within the loftie gates, and nothing more did ſhun,
The charge of *Aſius* and his friends, then two high hill-bred Okes,
Well rooted in the binding earth, obey the airie ſtrokes
Of wind and weather, ſtanding firme, gainſt euerie ſeaſons ſpight:
Yet they poure on continued ſhowts, and beare their ſhields vpright:
When in the meane ſpace *Polypat*, and *Leonteus* cheard
Their ſouldiers to the fleets defence: but when the reſt had heard
The *Troians* in attempt to skale, *Clamor* and flight did flow
Amongſt the *Grecians*: and then (the reſt diſmaid) theſe two
Met *Aſius* entring; thruſt him backe, and fought before their doores:
Nor far'd they then like Okes, that ſtood, but as a brace of Bores
Coucht in their owne bred hill, that heare, a ſort of hunters ſhowt
And hounds in hote traile coming on; then from their dens breake out,
Trauerſe their force, and ſuffer not, in wildneſſe of their way,
About them any plant to ſtand: but thickets, offering ſtay,
Breake through, and rend vp by the roots; whet gnaſhes into aire,
Which *Tumult* fils, with ſhowts, hounds, horns, and all the hote affaire
Beates at their boſomes: ſo their armes, rung with aſſailing blowes;
And ſo they ſtird them in repulſe, right well aſſur'd that thoſe
Who were within, and on the wall, would adde their parts; who knew
They now fought for their tents, fleet, liues, and fame; and therefore threw
Stones from the wals and towres, as thicke, as when a drift wind ſhakes
Blacke-clouds in peeces, and plucks ſnow, in great and plumie flakes
From their ſoft boſomes, till the ground, be wholly cloth'd in white;
So earth was hid with ſtones and darts: darts from the *Troian* fight,
Stones from the *Greeks*, that on the helms, and boſſie *Troian* ſhields
Kept ſuch a rapping, it amaz'd, great *Aſius*, who now yeelds
Sighes, beates his thighes: and in a rage, his fault to *Ioue* applies.
Aſius neare his death blames Ioue for it. O *Ioue* (ſaid he) now cleare thou ſhew'ſt, thou art a friend to lies;
Pretending, in the flight of *Greece*, the making of it good,
To all their ruines: which I thought, could neuer be withſtood,
Apta ad rem comparatio. Yet they, as yellow Waſpes, or Bees (that hauing made their neſt
The gaſping Cranny of a hill) when for a hunters feaſt,

Hunters

Hunters come hote and hungrie in; and dig for honny Comes:
They flie vpon them, ſtrike and ſting: and from their hollow homes
Will not be beaten, but defend, their labours fruite, and brood:
No more will theſe be from their port, but either loſe their blood
(Although but two, againſt all vs) or be our priſoners made;
All this, to do his action grace, could not firme *Ioue* perſwade,
Who for the generall counſell ſtood; and (gainſt his ſingular braue)
Beſtow'd on *Hector* that daies fame. Yet he, and theſe behaue
Themſelues thus nobly at this port: but how at other ports,
And all alongſt the ſtony wall, ſole force, gainſt force and forts,
Rag'd in contention twixt both hoaſts: it were no eaſie thing,
(Had I the boſome of a God) to tune to life, and ſing.
The *Troians* fought not of themſelues, a fire from heauen was throwne
That ran amongſt them, through the wall, meere added to their owne.
The *Greeks* held not their owne: weake griefe, went with her witherd hand,
And dipt it deepely in their ſpirits; ſince they could not command
Their forces to abide the field, whom harſh *Neceſsitie*
(To ſaue thoſe ſhips ſhould bring them home) and their good forts ſupply
Draue to th'expulſiue fight they made; and this might ſtoope them more
Then *Need* it ſelfe could eleuate: for euen Gods did deplore
Their dire eſtates, and all the Gods, that were their aids in war: (far,
Who (though they could not cleare their plights) yet were their friends thus
Still to vphold the better ſort: for then did *Polepet* paſſe
A lance at *Damaſus*, whoſe helme, was made with cheekes of braſſe,
Yet had not proofe enough; the pyle, draue through it, and his skull;
His braine in blood drownd; and the man, ſo late ſo ſpiritfull,
Fell now quite ſpirit-leſſe to earth. So emptied he the veines
Of *Pylon*, and *Ormenus* liues: and then *Leonteus* gaines
The lifes end of *Hippomachus*, *Antimachus*-his ſonne;
His lance fell at his girdle ſtead, and with his end, begun
Another end: *Leonteus*, left him, and through the preaſe
(His keene ſword drawne) ran deſperatly, vpon *Antiphates*;
And liueleſſe tumbled him to earth. Nor could all theſe liues quench
His fierie ſpirit, that his flame, in *Menons* blood did drench,
And rag'd vp, euen to *Iamens*, and yong *Oreſtes* life;
All heapt together, made their peace, in that red field of ſtrife.
Whoſe faire armes while the victors ſpoild; the youth of *Ilion*
(Of which there ſeru'd the moſt and beſt) ſtill boldly built vpon
The wiſedome of *Polydamas*, and *Hectors* matchleſſe ſtrength;
And follow'd, fild with wondrous ſpirit; with wiſh, and hope at length
(The *Greeks* wall wun) to fire their fleet. But (hauing paſt the dike,
And willing now, to paſſe the wall) this prodigie did ſtrike
Their hearts with ſome deliberate ſtay: A high-flowne-Eagle ſorde
On their troopes left hand, and ſuſtaind, a Dragon all engorde,
In her ſtrong ſeres, of wondrous ſiſe, and yet had no ſuch checke
In life and ſpirit, but ſtill ſhe fought; and turning backe her necke
So ſtung the Eagles gorge, that downe, ſhe caſt her feruent prey,
Amongſt the multitude; and tooke, vpon the winds, her way;

Crying with anguiſh. When they ſaw, a branded Serpent ſprawle
So full amongſt them; from aboue, and from *Ioues* fowle let fall:
They tooke it an oſtent from him; ſtood frighted; and their cauſe
Polydamas thought iuſt, and ſpake; *Hector*, you know, applauſe
Of humour hath bene farre from me; nor fits it, or in warre,
Or in affaires of Court, a man, imploid in publicke care,
To blanch things further then their truth, or flatter any powre:
And therefore, for that ſimple courſe, your ſtrength hath oft bene ſowre
To me in counſels: yet againe, what ſhewes in my thoughts beſt,
I muſt diſcouer: let vs ceaſſe, and make their flight our reſt
For this dayes honor; and not now, attempt the *Grecian* fleet;
For this (I feare) will be th'euent; the prodigie doth meet
So full with our affaire in hand. As this high flying fowle,
Vpon the left wing of our hoſt, (implying our controwle)
Houerd aboue vs; and did truſſe, within her golden ſeres
A Serpent ſo embrew'd, and bigge, which yet (in all her feares)
Kept life, and feruent ſpirit to fight, and wrought her owne releaſe;
Nor did the Eagles Airie, feed: So though we thus farre preaſe
Vpon the *Grecians*; and perhaps, may ouerrune their wall,
Our high minds aiming at their fleet; and that we much appall
Their truſſed ſpirits; yet are they, ſo Serpent-like diſpoſd
That they willl fight, though in our ſeres; and will at length be loſd
With all our outcries; and the life, of many a *Troian* breaſt,
Shall with the Eagle flie, before, we carrie to our neſt
Them, or their nauie: thus expounds, the Augure this oſtent;
Whoſe depth he knowes; & theſe ſhould feare. *Hector*, with countenance bent
Thus anſwerd him: *Polydamas*, your depth in augurie
I like not; and know paſſing well, thou doſt not ſatisfie
Thy ſelfe in this opinion: or if thou think'ſt it true,
Thy thoughts, the Gods blind; to aduiſe, and vrge that as our due,
That breakes our duties; and to *Ioue*, whoſe vow and ſigne to me
Is paſt directly for our ſpeed: yet light-wingd birds muſt be
(By thy aduice) our Oracles, whoſe feathers little ſtay
My ſerious actions. What care I, if this, or th'other way
Their wild wings ſway them: if the right, on which the Sunne doth riſe,
Or, to the left hand, where he ſets? Tis *Ioues* high counſell flies
With thoſe wings, that ſhall beare vp vs: *Ioues*, that both earth and heauen,
Both men and Gods ſuſtaines and rules: One augurie is giuen
To order all men, beſt of all; fight for thy countries right.
But why fearſt thou our further charge? for though the dangerous fight
Strew all men here about the fleet, yet thou needſt neuer feare
To beare their Fates; thy warie heart, will neuer truſt thee, where
An enemies looke is; and yet fight: for, if thou dar'ſt abſtaine,
Or whiſper into any eare, an abſtinence ſo vaine
As thou aduiſeſt: neuer feare, that any foe ſhall take
Thy life from thee, for tis this lance. This ſaid, all forwards make,
Himſelfe the firſt: yet before him, exulting *Clamor* flew;
And thunder-louing-*Iupiter*, from loftie *Ida* blew

Polydamas to Hector.

Hector to Polydamas.

A ſtorme that vſher'd their aſſault, and made them charge like him:
It draue directly on the fleet, a duſt ſo fierce and dim,
That it amaz'd the *Grecians*: but was a grace diuine,
To *Hector* and his following troopes, who wholly did encline
To him, being now in grace with *Ioue:* and ſo put boldly on
To raze the rampire: in whoſe height, they fiercely ſet vpon
The Parrapets, and puld them downe, rac't euery formoſt fight;
And all the Buttereſſes of ſtone, that held their towers vpright;
They tore away, with Crowes of Iron; and hop't to ruine all.
The *Greeks* yet ſtood, and ſtill repaird, the foreſights of their wall
With hides of Oxen, and from thence, they pourd downe ſtones in ſhowres
Vpon the vnderminers heads. Within the formoſt towres,
Both the *Aiaces* had command; who anſwer'd euerie part,
Th'aſſaulters, and their ſouldiers; repreſt, and put in heart:
Repairing valour as their wall: ſpake ſome faire, ſome reprou'd,
Who euer made not good his place: and thus they all ſorts mou'd;
O countrimen, now need in aid, would haue exceſſe be ſpent:
The excellent muſt be admir'd; the meaneſt excellent;
The worſt, do well: in changing warre, all ſhould not be alike,
Nor any idle: which to know, fits all, leſt *Hector* ſtrike
Your minds with frights, as eares with threats; forward be all your hands,
Vrge one another: this doubt downe, that now betwixt vs ſtands,
Ioue will go with vs to their wals. To this effect, alow'd
Spake both the Princes: and as high (with this) th'expulſion flow'd.
And as in winter time, when *Ioue*, his cold-ſharpe iauelines throwes *Simile.*
Amongſt vs mortals; and is mou'd, to white earth with his ſnowes:
(The winds aſleepe) he freely poures, till higheſt Prominents,
Hill tops, low meddowes, and the fields, that crowne with moſt contents
The toiles of men: ſea ports, and ſhores, are hid, and euerie place,
But floods (that ſnowes faire tender flakes, as their owne brood, embrace:)
So both ſides couerd earth with ſtones, ſo both for life contend,
To ſhew their ſharpneſſe: through the wall, vprore ſtood vp an end.
Nor had great *Hector* and his friends, the rampire ouerrun,
If heauens great Counſellour, high *Ioue*, had not inflam'd his ſonne
Sarpedon (like the forreſts king, when he on Oxen flies)
Againſt the *Grecians:* his round targe, he to his arme applies
Braſſe-leau'd without: and all within, thicke Oxe-hides quilted hard:
The verge naild round with rods of gold, and with two darts prepard;
He leades his people: as ye ſee, a mountaine Lion fare,
Long kept from prey: in forcing which, his high mind makes him dare,
Aſſault vpon the whole full fold: though guarded neuer ſo
With well-arm'd men, and eager dogs; away he will not go,
But venture on, and either ſnatch, a prey, or be a prey:
So far'd diuine *Sarpedons* mind, reſolu'd to force his way
Through all the fore-fights, and the wall: yet ſince he did not ſee *Sarpedon ſpeaks to Glaucus, neuer equalled by any (in this kind) of all that haue written.*
Others as great as he, in name, as great in mind as he:
He ſpake to *Glaucus*: *Glaucus*, ſay, why are we honord more
Then other men of *Lycia*, in place? with greater ſtore

Of

Of meates and cups? with goodlier roofes? delightſome gardens? walks?
More lands, and better? ſo much wealth, that Court and countrie talks
Of vs, and our poſſeſſions; and euery way we go,
Gaze on vs as we were their Gods? this where we dwell, is ſo:
The ſhores of *Xanthus* ring of this; and ſhall not we exceed,
As much in merit, as in noiſe? Come, be we great in deed
As well as looke; ſhine not in gold, but in the flames of fight;
That ſo our neat-arm'd-*Lycians*, may ſay; See, theſe are right
Our kings, our Rulers; theſe deſerue, to eate, and drinke the beſt;
Theſe gouerne not inglorioufly: theſe, thus exceed the reſt,
Do more then they command to do. O friend, if keeping backe
Would keepe backe age from vs, and death; and that we might not wracke
In this lifes humane ſea at all: but that deferring now
We ſhund death euer; nor would I, halfe this vaine valour ſhow,
Nor glorifie a folly ſo, to wiſh thee to aduance:
But ſince we muſt go, though not here; and that, beſides the chance
Propoſd now, there are infinite fates, of other ſort in death,
Which (neither to be fled nor ſcap't) a man muſt ſinke beneath:
Come, trie we, if this ſort be ours: and either render thus,
Glorie to others, or make them, reſigne the like to vs.

Sarpedon and Glaucus charge together.

This motion, *Glaucus* ſhifted not, but (without words) obeyd;
Fore-right went both, a mightie troope, of *Lycians* followed.
Which, by *Meneſthеus* obſeru'd; his haire ſtood vp on end,
For at the towre where he had charge, he ſaw *Calamitie* bend
Her horrid browes in their approch. He threw his looks about
The whole fights neare, to ſee what Chiefe, might helpe the miſerie out
Of his poore ſouldiers, and beheld, where both th'*Aiaces* fought,
And *Teucer*, newly come from fleete: whom it would profit nought
To call, ſince Tumult on their helmes, ſhields, and vpon the ports
Laid ſuch lowde claps; for euerie way, defences of all ſorts
Were adding, as *Troy* tooke away; and *Clamor* flew ſo high
Her wings ſtrooke heauen, and drownd all voice. The two Dukes yet ſo nigh
And at the offer of aſſault; he to th'*Aiaces* ſent

Thoos ſent to the Aiaces for aide by Meneſthеus.

Thoos the herald, with this charge: Run to the regiment
Of both th'*Aiaces*, and call Both, for both were better here,
Since here will ſlaughter, inſtantly; be more enforc't then there.
The *Lycian* Captaines this way make, who in the fights of ſtand,
Haue often ſhew'd much excellence: yet if laborious hand
Be there more needfull then I hope, at leaſt afford vs ſome,
Let *Aiax Telamonius*, and th'Archer *Teucer* come.
The Herald haſted, and arriu'd; and both th'*Aiaces* told,
That *Peteus* noble ſonne deſir'd, their little labour would
Employ it ſelfe in ſuccouring him. Both their ſupplies were beſt,
Since death aſſaild his quarter moſt: for on it fiercely preſt
The well-prou'd mightie *Lycian* Chiefs. Yet if the ſeruice there
Allowd not both, he praid that one, part of his charge would beare,
And that was *Aiax Telamon*, with whom he wiſht would come,
The Archer *Teucer*. *Telamon*, left inſtantly his roome

To

To ſtrong *Lycomedes*, and will'd, *Aiax Oiliades*
With him to make vp his ſupply, and fill with courages
The *Grecian* hearts till his returne, which ſhould be inſtantly
When he had well relieu'd his friend. With this, the companie
Of *Teucer* he tooke to his aide: *Teucer*, that did deſcend
(As *Aiax* did) from *Telamon:* with theſe two did attend
Pandion, that bore *Teucers* bow. When to *Meneſtheus* towre
They came, alongſt the wall; they found, him, and his heartned powre
Toyling in making ſtrong their fort. The *Lycian* Princes ſet
Blacke whirlwind-like, with both their powers, vpon the Parapet.
Aiax, and all, reſiſted them. *Clamor* amongſt them roſe:
The ſlaughter, *Aiax* led; who firſt, the laſt deare ſight did cloſe
Of ſtrong *Epicles*, that was friend, to *Ioues* great *Lycian* ſonne.
Amongſt the high munition heape, a mightie marble ſtone
Lay higheſt, neare the Pinnacle; a ſtone of ſucha paiſe,
That one of this times ſtrongeſt men, with both hands, could not raiſe:
Yet this did *Aiax* rowſe, and throw; and all in ſherds did driue
Epicles foure-topt caske and skull; who (as ye ſee one diue
In ſome deepe riuer) left his height; life left his bones withall.
Teucer ſhot *Glaucus* (ruſhing vp, yet higher on the wall) *Glaucus wounded by Teucer.*
Where naked he diſcernd his arme, and made him ſteale retreat
From that hote ſeruice; leſt ſome *Greeke*, with an inſulting threat,
(Beholding it) might fright the reſt. *Sarpedon* much was grieu'd,
At *Glaucus* parting, yet fought on; and his great heart relieu'd *Sarpedon reuengeth Glaucus.*
A little with *Alcmaons* blood, ſurnam'd *Theſtorides*,
Whoſe life he hurld out with his lance; which following through the preaſe,
He drew from him. Downe from the towre, *Alcmaon* dead it ſtrooke;
His faire armes ringing out his death. Then fierce *Sarpedon* tooke
In his ſtrong hand the battlement, and downe he tore it quite:
The wall ſtript naked, and brode way, for entrie and full fight,
He made the many. Againſt him, *Aiax* and *Teucer* made;
Teucer, the rich belt on his breaſt, did with a ſhaft inuade:
But *Iupiter* auerted death; who would not ſee his ſonne
Die at the tailes of th'Achiue ſhips. *Aiax* did fetch his run,
And (with his lance) ſtrooke through the targe, of that braue *Lycian* king;
Yet kept he it from further paſſe; nor did it any thing
Diſmay his mind, although his men, ſtood off from that high way,
His valour made them; which he kept, and hop't that ſtormie day
Should euer make his glorie cleare. His mens fault thus he blam'd;
O *Lycians*, why are your hote ſpirits, ſo quickly diſinflam'd? *Sarpedon to his ſouldiers.*
Suppoſe me ableſt of you all: tis hard for me alone,
To ruine ſuch a wall as this; and make *Confuſion*,
Way to their Nauie; lend your hands. What many can diſpatch
One cannot thinke: the noble worke, of many, hath no match. Δαιμονιῶν τις ἐργον ἀριστον.
The wiſe kings iuſt rebuke did ſtrike, a reuerence to his will
Through all his ſouldiers; all ſtood in; and gainſt all th'Achiues ſtill
Made ſtrong their Squadrons; inſomuch, that to the aduerſe ſide
The worke ſhewd mightie; and the wall, when twas within deſcride,

No

No eaſie ſeruice; yet the *Greeks*, could neither free their wall,
Of theſe braue *Lycians*, that held firme, the place they firſt did skale:
Nor could the *Lycians* from their fort, the ſturdie *Grecians* driue,
Nor reach their fleet. But as two men, about the limits ſtriue
Of land that toucheth in a field; their meaſures in their hands,
They mete their parts out curiouſly, and either ſtiffely ſtands,
That ſo farre is his right in law; both hugely ſet on fire
About a paſſing little ground: ſo greedily aſpire
Both theſe foes, to their ſeuerall ends; and all exhauſt their moſt
About the verie battlements (for yet no more was loſt.)
With ſword, and fire they vext for them, their targes hugely round,
With Oxehides lin'd; and bucklers light, and many a ghaſtly wound
The ſterne ſteele gaue, for that one priſe; whereof though ſome receiu'd
Their portions on their naked backs; yet others were bereau'd
Of braue liues, face-turnd, through their ſhields: towres, bulwarks euery where
Were freckled with the blood of men; nor yet the *Greeks* did beare
Baſe back-turnd faces; nor their foes, would therefore be outfac't.
But as a Spinſter poore and iuſt, ye ſometimes ſee ſtrait lac't
About the weighing of her web, who (carefull) hauing charge,
For which, ſhe would prouide ſome meanes, is loth to be too large
In giuing, or in taking weight; but euer with her hand,
Is doing with the weights and wooll, till Both in iuſt paiſe ſtand:
So euenly ſtood it with theſe foes, till *Ioue* to *Hector* gaue
The turning of the skoles; who firſt, againſt the rampire draue;
And ſpake ſo lowd that all might heare: O ſtand not at the pale
(Braue *Troian* friends) but mend your hands: vp, and breake through the wall,
And make a bonfire of their fleet. All heard, and all in heapes
Got ſkaling ladders, and aloft. In meane ſpace, *Hector* leapes
Vpon the port, from whoſe out-part, he tore a maſſie ſtone
Thicke downwards, vpward edg'd; it was ſo huge an one
That two vaſt * yoemen of moſt ſtrength (ſuch as theſe times beget)
Could not from earth lift to a Cart: yet he did brandiſh it,
Alone (*Saturnius* made it light:) and ſwinging it as nought,
He came before the plankie gates, that all for ſtrength were wrought,
And kept the Port: two fold they were, and with two rafters bard;
High, and ſtrong lockt: he raiſd the ſtone, bent to the hurle ſo hard,
And made it with ſo maine a ſtrength, that all the gates did cracke;
The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake:
The hinges peece-meale flew, and through, the feruent little rocke
Thundred a paſſage; with his weight, th'inwall his breaſt did knocke:
And in ruſht *Hector*, fierce and grimme, as any ſtormie night;
His braſſe armes, round about his breaſt, reflected terrible light.
Each arme held vp, held each a dart: his preſence cald vp all
The dreadfull ſpirits his Being held, that to the threatned wall
None but the Gods might checke his way: his eyes were furnaces;
And thus he look't backe, cald in all: all fir'd their courages,
And in they flow'd: the *Grecians* fled, their fleet now, and their freight
Askt all their reſcue: *Greece* went downe, *Tumult* was at his height.

The end of the twelfth Booke.

Admiranda & penè inimitabilis comparatio (*ſaith Spond.*) and yet in the explication of it, he thinkes all ſuperfluous but three words, ὅσσ᾽ ὅτε χρὼς, exigua in loco: leauing out other words more expreſſiue with his old rule, vno pede, &c.

A ſimile ſuteriour to the other, in which, comparing mightieſt things with meaneſt, & the meaneſt illuſtrating the mightieſt: both meeting in one end of this lifes preſeruatiõ, and credit: our Hom. is beyond compariſon and admiration.

Hector to the Troians.

* δὺ ἀνὲρε δημοι, duo viri plebei.

THE XIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

NEptune (*in pittie of the* Greeks *hard plight*)
Like Calchas, *both th'* Aiaces, *doth excite*
And others; to repell, the charging foe.
Idomeneus, *bravely doth bestow*
His kingly forces; and doth sacrifice
Othryoneus *to the* Destinies;
With diuers other. Faire Deiphobus,
And his prophetique brother Hellenus
Are wounded. But the great Priamides,
(Gathering his forces) hartens their addresse
Against the enemie; and then, the field,
A mightie death, on either side doth yeeld.

Another Argument.

The Greeks *with* Troyes *bold powre dismaide,*
Are chear'd by Neptunes *secret aide.*

IOue helping *Hector*, and his host; thus close to th' *Achiue* fleet,
He let thē then their own strēgths try; & season there their sweet
With ceaslesse toils, and grieuances. For now he turnd his face,
Lookt down, & viewd the far-off land, of welrode mē in *Thrace*.
Of the renown'd [a] milk-nourisht men, the *Hippemolgians*,
Long-liu'd; most iust, and innocent. And close-fought *Mysians*:
Nor turnd he any more to *Troy*, his euer-shining eyes:
Because he thought, not any one, of all the Deities;
(When his care lest th'indifferent field) would aide on either side.
But this securitie in *Ioue*, the great *Sea-Rector* spide,
Who sate aloft, on th'vtmost top, of shadie *Samothrace*,
And viewd the fight. His chosen seate, stood in so braue a place,
That *Priams* cittie, th' *Achiue* ships, all *Ida* did appeare,
To his full view; who from the sea, was therefore seated there.
He tooke much ruth, to see the *Greeks*, by *Troy*, sustaine such ill,
And (mightily incenst with *Ioue*) stoopt strait from that steepe hill;
That shooke as he flew off: so hard, his parting prest the height.
The woods, and all the great hils neare, trembled beneath the weight
Of his immortall mouing feet: three steps he onely tooke,
Before he far-off *Ægas* reacht; but with the fourth, it shooke
With his drad entrie. In the depth, of those seas, he did hold
His bright and glorious pallace built, of neuer-rusting gold;
And there arriu'd, he put in Coach, his brazen-footed steeds,

Neptunes prospect.

The horſe of Neptune.

All golden man'd, and pac't with wings; and all in golden weeds
He cloth'd himſelfe. The golden ſcourge, (moſt elegantly done)
He tooke, and mounted to his ſeate: and then the God begun
To driue his chariot through the waues. From whirlepits euery way
The whales exulted vnder him, and knew their king: the Sea
For ioy did open; and his horſe, ſo ſwift, and lightly flew:
The vnder-axeltree of Braſſe, no drop of water drew.
And thus, theſe deathleſſe Courſers brought, their king to th' *Achiue* ſhips.
Twixt th' *Imber* Cliffs, and *Tenedos*, a certaine Cauerne creepes
Chorographia. Into the deepe ſeas gulphie breaſt, and there th'earth-ſhaker ſtaid
His forward ſteeds: tooke them from coach, and heauenly fodder laid
In reach before them. Their braſſe houes, he girt with giues of gold
Not to be broken, nor diſſolu'd; to make them firmely hold
A fit attendance on their king. Who went to th' *Achiue* hoſt,
Neptune goes to the Greekes. Which (like to tempeſts, or wild flames) the cluſtring *Troians* toſt;
Inſatiably valourous, in *Hectors* like command;
High ſounding, and reſounding ſhouts: for *Hope* chear'd euery hand
To make the *Greek* fleete now their priſe, and all the *Greeks* deſtroy.
But *Neptune* (circler of the earth) with freſh heart did employ
The *Grecian* hands. In ſtrength of voice, and body, he did take
Calchas reſemblance, and (of all) th' *Aiaces* firſt beſpake;
Who of themſelues were free enough: *Aiaces?* you alone
Neptune to the two Aiaces. Suſtaine the common good of *Greece*, in euer putting on
The memorie of *Fortitude:* and flying ſhamefull *Flight.*
Elſewhere, the deſperate hands of *Troy*, could giue me no affright,
The braue *Greeks* haue withſtood their worſt: but this our mightie wall
Being thus tranſcended by their powre; graue *Feare* doth much appall
My carefull ſpirits, leſt we feele, ſome fatall miſchiefe here;
Where *Hector* raging like a flame, doth in his charge appeare,
And boaſts himſelfe the beſt Gods ſonne. Be you conceited ſo,
And fire ſo, more then humane ſpirits; that God may ſeeme to do
In your deeds: and with ſuch thoughts chear'd, others to ſuch exhort,
And ſuch reſiſtance: theſe great minds, will in as great a ſort,
Strengthen your bodies, and force checke, to all great *Hectors* charge,
Though nere ſo ſpirit-like; and though *Ioue* ſtill, (paſt himſelfe) enlarge
His ſacred actions. Thus he toucht, with his forckt ſcepters point
The breſts of both; fild both their ſpirits, and made vp euery ioynt
Simile. With powre reſponſiue: when hawk-like, ſwift, and ſet ſharpe to flie,
That fiercely ſtooping from a rocke, inacceſſible, and hie,
Cuts through a field, and ſets a fowle, (not being of her kind)
Hard, and gets ground ſtill: *Neptune* ſo, left theſe two; eithers mind
Beyond themſelues raiſd. Of both which, *Oileus* firſt diſcern'd
Aiax Oileus to Aiax Telamonius. The masking Deitie: and ſaid, *Aiax?* ſome God hath warn'd
Our powres to fight, and ſaue our fleet. He put on him the hew
Of th'Augure *Calchas*: by his pace (in leauing vs) I knew
(Without all queſtion) twas a God: the Gods are eaſly knowne:
And in my tender breſt I feele, a greater ſpirit blowne,
To execute affaires of fight: I find my hands ſo free

To

To all high motion; and my feete, ſeeme featherd vnder me. *The two Aiaces to one another.*
This, *Telamonius* thus receiu'd: So, to my thoughts, my hands
Burne with deſire to toſſe my lance; each foote beneath me ſtands
Bare on bright fire, to vſe his ſpeed: my heart is raiſd ſo hie,
That to encounter *Hectors* ſelfe, I long inſatiately.
While theſe thus talkt, as, ouer-ioyd, with ſtudie for the fight,
(Which God had ſtird vp in their ſpirits) the ſame God did excite
The *Greekes* that were behind at fleet, refreſhing their free hearts
And ioynts; being euen diſſolu'd with toyle: and (ſeeing the deſprate parts
Playd by the *Troians*, paſt their wall) *Griefe* ſtrooke them; and their eyes
Sweat teares from vnder their ſad lids: their inſtant deſtinies
Neuer ſuppoſing they could ſcape. But *Neptune* ſtepping in,
With eaſe ſtird vp the able troopes; and did at firſt begin
With *Teucer*, and *Peneleus*; th'Heroe *Leitus*;
Deipirus, *Meriones*, and yong *Antilochus*;
All expert in the deeds of armes: O youths of *Greece* (ſaid he) *Neptune to the Grekes.*
What change is this? In your braue fight, I onely lookt to ſee
Our fleets whole ſafetie; and if you, neglect the harmefull field;
Now ſhines the day, when *Greece* to *Troy*, muſt all her honours yeeld.
O griefe! ſo great a miracle, and horrible to ſight,
As now I ſee; I neuer thought, could haue prophan'd the light:
The *Troians* braue vs at our ſhips, that haue bene heretofore,
Like faint and fearefull Deare in woods; diſtracted euermore
With euerie ſound: and yet ſcape not, but proue the torne-vp fare
Of *Lynces*, *Wolues*, and *Leopards*; as neuer borne to warre:
Nor durſt theſe *Troians* at firſt ſiege, in any leaſt degree,
Expect your ſtrength; or ſtand one ſhocke, of *Grecian* Chiualrie.
Yet now, farre from their walles they dare, fight at our fleet maintaine;
All by our Generals cowardiſe, that doth infect his men;
Who (ſtill at ods with him) for that, will needs themſelues neglect;
And ſuffer *Slaughter* in their ſhips. Suppoſe there was defect
(Beyond all queſtion) in our king, to wrong *Æacides*;
And he, for his particular wreake, from all aſſiſtance ceaſe:
We muſt not ceaſſe t'aſſiſt our ſelues. Forgiue our Generall then; *Good minded men apt to forgiue.*
And quickly too: apt to forgiue, are all good minded men.
Yet you (quite voide of their good minds) giue good, in you quite loſt,
For ill in others: though ye be, the worthieſt of your hoſt.
As old as I am, I would ſcorne, to fight with one that flies,
Or leaues the fight, as you do now. The Generall ſlothfull lies,
And you (though ſloughtfull to) maintaine, with him, a fight of ſplene.
Out, out, I hate ye from my heart; ye rotten minded men.
In this, ye adde an ill thats worſe, then all your ſloths diſlikes.
But as I know, to all your hearts, my reprehenſion ſtrikes;
So thither let iuſt ſhame ſtrike to; for while you ſtand ſtill here,
A mightie fight ſwarms at your fleete, great *Hector* rageth there,
Hath burſt the long barre and the gates. Thus *Neptune* rowſd theſe men;
[b] And round about th'*Aiaces* did, their Phalanxes maintaine,
Their ſtation firme; whom *Mars* himſelfe, (had he amongſt them gone)

Could not diſparage; nor *Ioues* Maide, that ſets men fiercer on:
For now the beſt were choſen out, and they receiu'd th'aduance
Of *Hector* and his men ſo full, that lance, was lin'd with lance;
Shields, thickned with oppoſed ſhields; targets to targets nail'd:
Helmes ſtucke to helmes; and man to man, grew; they ſo cloſe aſſail'd:
Plum'd caskes, were hang'd in eithers plumes: all ioyn'd ſo cloſe their ſtands;
Their lances ſtood, thruſt out ſo thicke, by ſuch all-daring hands.
All bent their firme breſts to the point; and made ſad fight their ioy
Of both: *Troy* all in heapes ſtrooke firſt, and *Hector* firſt of *Troy*.
And as a round peece of a rocke, which with a winters flood
Simile. Is from his top torne; when a ſhowre, powr'd from a burſten cloud,
Hath broke the naturall bond it held, within the rough ſteepe rocke;
And iumping, it flies downe the woods, reſounding euerie ſhocke;
And on, vncheckt, it headlong leapes, till in a plaine it ſtay:
And then (though neuer ſo impeld) it ſtirs not any way.
So *Hector*, hereto throated threats, to go to ſea in blood,
And reach the *Grecian* ſhips and tents; without being once withſtood:
But when he fell into the ſtrengths, the *Grecians* did maintaine,
And that they fought vpon the ſquare, he ſtood as fetterd then.
And ſo, the aduerſe ſons of *Greece*, laid on with ſwords and darts,
(Whoſe both ends hurt) that they repeld, his worſt; and he conuerts
His threats, by all meanes, to retreats; yet, made as he retir'd
Onely t'encourage thoſe behind; and thus thoſe men inſpir'd:
Troians? Dardanians? Lycians? all warlike friends, ſtand cloſe;
Hector to his friends. The *Greeks* can neuer beare me long, though towre-like they oppoſe;
This lance (be ſure) will be their ſpoile: if, euen the beſt of Gods,
(High-thundring *Iunos* husband) ſtirres, my ſpirite with true abodes.
With this, all ſtrengths and minds he mou'd; but yong *Deiphobus*,
Deiphobus his valor. (Old *Priams* ſonne) amongſt them all, was chiefly vertuous.
He bore before him his round ſhield; tript lightly through the preaſe,
At all parts couerd with his ſhield: And him *Meriones*
Charg'd with a glittring dart, that tooke, his bul-hide orbie ſhield,
Yet pierc't it not, but in the top, it ſelfe did peecemeale yeeld.
Deiphobus thruſt forth his targe, and fear'd the broken ends
Of ſtrong *Meriones* his lance, who now turnd to his friends;
The great Heroe, ſcorning much, by ſuch a chance to part
With lance and conqueſt: forth he went, to fetch another dart
Left at his tent. The reſt fought on, the *Clamor* heightned there
Teuters valor. Was moſt vnmeaſur'd; *Teucer* firſt, did fleſh the *Maſſacre*,
And ſlue a goodly man at armes, the ſouldier *Imbrius*,
The ſonne of *Mentor*, rich in horſe; he dwelt at *Pedaſus*
Before the ſonnes of *Greece* ſieg'd *Troy*; from whence he married
Medeſicaſté, one that ſprung, of *Priams* baſtard bed.
But when the *Greeke* ſhips, (double oar'd) arriu'd at *Ilion*,
To *Ilion* he returnd, and prou'd, beyond compariſon
Amongſt the *Troians*; he was lodg'd, with *Priam*, who held deare
His naturall ſonnes no more then him; yet him, beneath the eare
The ſonne of *Telamon* attain'd, and drew his lance. He fell

As

As when, an Aſh on ſome hils top, (it ſelfe topt wondrous well) Simile.
The ſteele hewes downe, and he preſents, his young leaues to the ſoyle:
So fell he, and his faire armes gron'd; which *Teucer* long'd to ſpoyle,
And in he ranne; and *Hector* in, who ſent a ſhining lance
At *Teucer*; who (beholding it) ſlipt by, and gaue it chance
On *Actors* ſonne *Amphimachus*, whoſe breaſt it ſtrooke; and in
Flew *Hector*, at his ſounding fall, with full intent to win
The tempting helmet from his head; but *Aiax* with a dart,
Reacht *Hector* at his ruſhing in, yet toucht not any part
About his bodie; it was hid, quite through with horrid braſſe;
The boſſe yet of his targe it tooke, whoſe firme ſtuffe ſtaid the paſſe,
And he turnd ſafe from both the trunks: both which the *Grecians* bore
From off the field; *Amphimachus*, *Meneſtheus* did reſtore,
And *Stichius*, to th' *Achaian* ſtrength: th' *Aiaces* (that were pleaſd
Still moſt, with moſt hote ſeruices) on *Troian Imbrius* ſeaſd:
And, as from ſharply-bitten hounds, a brace of Lions force Simile.
A new ſlaine Goate; and through the woods, beare in their iawes the corſe
Aloft, lift vp into the aire: ſo, vp, into the skies
Bore both th' *Aiaces*, *Imbrius*; and made his armes their priſe.
Yet (not content) *Oileades*, entag'd, to ſee there dead
His much belou'd *Amphimachus*; he hewd off *Imbrius* head,
Which (ſwinging round) bowle-like he toſt, amongſt the *Troian* preaſe,
And full at *Hectors* feete it fell. *Amphimachus* deceaſe
(Being nephew to the God of waues) much vext the Deities mind;
And to the ſhips and tents he marcht: yet more, to make inclinde
The *Grecians*, to the *Troian* bane. In haſting to which end,
Idomeneus met with him, returning from a friend,
Whoſe hamme late hurt, his men brought off; and hauing giuen command
To his Phyſitians for his cure, (much fir'd to put his hand
To *Troyes* repulſe) he left his tent. Him (like *Andremons* ſonne,
Prince *Thoas*, that in *Pleuron* rulde, and loftie *Calidon*,
Th' *Ætolian* powres; and like a God, was of his ſubiects lou'd)
Neptune encountred: and but thus, his forward ſpirit mou'd.
Idomeneus, Prince of *Crete*? O whither now are fled *Neptune to Idomeus*
Thoſe threats in thee, with which the reſt, the *Troians* menaced?
O *Thoas* (he replide) no on[illegible], of all our hoſt, ſtands now
In any queſtion of reproofe (as I am let to know)
And why is my intelligence falſe? We all know how to fight,
And (*Feare* diſanimating none) all do our knowledge right.
Nor can our harmes accuſe our ſloth; not one from worke we miſſe:
The great God onely workes our ill, whoſe pleaſure now it is,
That farre from home, in hoſtile fields, and with inglorious fate,
Some *Greeks* ſhould periſh. But do thou, O *Thoas* (that of late
Haſt prou'd a ſouldier, and was wont, where thou haſt *Sloth* beheld,
To chide it, and exhort to paines) now hate to be repeld,
And ſet on all men. He replied, I would to heauen, that he
Who euer this day doth abſtaine, from battell willinglie,
May neuer turne his face from *Troy*, but here become the prey

And skorne of dogs. Come then, take armes, and let our kind aſſay
Ioyne both our forces: though but two, yet being both combinde,
The worke of many ſingle hands, we may performe; we finde
That *Vertue* coaugmented thriues, in men of little minde:
But we, haue ſingly, matcht the great. This ſaid, the God again
(With all his conflicts) viſited, the ventrous fight of men.
The king turnd to his tent; rich armes, put on his breſt, and toooke
Two darts in hand, and forth he flew; his haſte on made him looke
Much like a fierie Meteor, with which, *Ioues* ſulphrie hand
Opes heauen, and hurles about the aire, bright flaſhes, ſhowing aland
Abodes; that euer run before, tempeſt, and plagues to men:
So, in his ſwift pace, ſhew'd his armes: he was encountred then
By his good friend *Meriones*, yet neare his tent; to whom
Thus ſpake the powre of *Idomen*: What reaſon makes thee come,
(Thou ſonne of *Molus*, my moſt lou'd) thus leauing fight alone?
Is't for ſome wound? the Iauelins head, (ſtill ſticking in the bone)
Deſir'ſt thou eaſe of? Bring'ſt thou newes? or what is it that brings
Thy preſence hither? Be aſſur'd, my ſpirite needs no ſtings
To this hote conflict. Of my ſelfe, thou ſeeſt I come; and loth
For any tents loue, to deſerue, the hatefull taint of *Sloth*.

He anſwerd, Onely for a dart, he that retreat did make,
(Were any left him at his tent:) for, that he had, he brake
On proud *Deiphobus* his ſhield. Is one dart all? (ſaid he)
Take one and twentie, if thou like, for in my tent they be;
They ſtand there ſhining by the walls: I tooke them as my priſe
From thoſe falſe *Troians* I haue ſlaine. And this is not the guiſe
Of one that loues his tent, or fights, afarre off with his foe:
But ſince I loue fight, therefore doth, my martiall ſtarre beſtow
(Beſides thoſe darts) helmes, targets boſt, and corſlets, bright as day.

So I (ſaid *Merion*) at my tent, and ſable barke, may ſay,
I many *Troian* ſpoiles retaine: but now, not neare they be,
To ſerue me for my preſent vſe; and therefore aske I thee.
Not that I lacke a fortitude, to ſtore me with my owne:
For euer in the formoſt fights, that render men renowne,
I fight, when any fight doth ſtirre: and this perhaps, may well
Be hid to others, but thou know'ſt, and I to thee appeale.

I know (replide the king) how much, thou weigh'ſt in euerie worth,
What needſt thou therefore vtter this? If we ſhould now chuſe forth
The worthieſt men for ambuſhes, in all our fleet and hoſt:
(For ambuſhes are ſeruices, that trie mens vertues moſt;
Since there, the fearefull and the firme, will, as they are, appeare:
The fearefull altering ſtill his hue, and reſts not any where;
Nor is his ſpirit capable, of th'ambuſh conſtancie,
But riſeth, changeth ſtill his place, and croucheth curiouſly
On his bent hanches; halfe his height, ſcarce ſeene aboue the ground,
For feare to be ſeene, yet muſt ſee: his heart with many a bound,
Offring to leape out of his breaſt, and (euer fearing death)
The coldneſſe of it makes him gnaſh, and halfe ſhakes out his teeth.

Where

Where men of valour, neither feare, nor euer change their lookes,
From lodging th'ambuſh till it riſe: buut ſince there muſt be ſtrokes,
Wiſh to be quickly in their midſt:) thy ſtrength and hand in theſe,
Who ſhould reproue? For if, farre off, or fighting in the preaſe,
Thou ſhouldſt be wounded, I am ſure, the dart that gaue the wound
Should not be drawne out of thy backe, or make thy necke the ground;
But meete thy bellie, or thy breaſt; in thruſting further yet
When thou art furtheſt, till the firſt, and before him thou get.
But on; like children, let not vs, ſtand bragging thus, but do;
Leſt ſome heare, and paſt meaſure chide, that we ſtand ſtill and wooe.
Go, chuſe a better dart, and make, *Mars* yeeld a better chance.
This ſaid, *Mars*-ſwift *Meriones*, with haſte, a brazen lance
Tooke from his tent; and ouertooke (moſt carefull of the wars)
Idomeneus. And ſuch two, in field, as harmfull *Mars*,
And *Terror*, his beloued ſonne, that without terror fights;
And is of ſuch ſtrength, that in warre, the frighter he affrights;
When, out of *Thrace*, they both take armes, againſt th'*Ephyran* bands;
Or gainſt the great-ſoul'd *Phlegians*: nor fauour their owne hands,
But giue the grace to others ſtill. In ſuch ſort to the fight,
Marcht theſe two managers of men; in armours full of light.
And firſt ſpake *Merion*: On which part, (ſonne of *Deucalion*)
Serues thy mind to inuade the fight? is't beſt to ſet vpon
The *Troians* in our battels aide, the right or left-hand wing,
For all parts I ſuppoſe employd. To this the *Cretan* king,
Thus anſwerd: In our nauies midſt, are others that aſſiſt,
The two *Aiaces*, *Teucer* too; with ſhafts, the experteſt
Of all the *Grecians*, and though ſmall, is great in fights of ſtand.
And theſe (though huge he be of ſtrengh) will ſerue to fill the hand
Of *Hectors* ſelfe, that *Priamiſt*, that ſtudier for blowes:
It ſhall be cald a deed of height, for him (euen ſuffring throwes
For knocks ſtill) to out labour them: and (bettring their tough hands)
Enflame our fleet: if *Ioue* himſelfe, caſt not his fier-brands
Amongſt our nauie; that affaire, no man can bring to field:
Great *Aiax Telamonius*, to none aliue will yeeld,
That yeelds to death; and whoſe life takes, *Ceres* nutritions
That can be cut with any iron, or paſht with mightie ſtones.
Not to *Æacides* himſelfe, he yeelds for combats ſet,
Though cleare he muſt giue place for pace, and free ſwinge of his feete.
Since then, the battell (being our place, of moſt care) is made good
By his high valour; let our aid, ſee all powres be withſtood,
That charge the left wing: and to that, let vs direct our courſe,
Where quickly, feele we this hote foe, or make him feele our force.
This orderd; ſwift-*Meriones*, went, and forewent his king;
Till both arriu'd, where one enioynd: when in the *Greeks* left wing,
The *Troians* ſaw the *Cretan* king, like fire in fortitude;
And his attendant in bright armes, ſo glorioufly indude,
Both chearing the ſiniſter troopes: all at the king addreſt,
And ſo the skirmiſh at their ſternes, on both parts were increaſt:

Simile.

That, as from hollow buſtling winds, engenderd ſtormes ariſe,
When duſt doth chiefly clog the waies, which vp into the skies
The wanton tempeſt rauiſheth; begetting *Night* of *Day*;
So came together both the foes: both luſted to aſſay,
And worke with quicke ſteele, eithers death. Mans fierce *Corruptreſſe Fight*
Set vp her briſtles in the field, with lances long and light,
Which thicke, fell foule on eithers face: the ſplendor of the ſteele,
In new skowrd curets, radiant caskes, and burniſht ſhields, did ſeele
Th'aſſailers eyes vp. He ſuſtaind, a huge ſpirit that was glad
To ſee that labour, or in ſoule, that ſtood not ſtricken ſad.
Thus theſe two diſagreeing Gods, old *Saturns* mightie ſonnes,
Afflicted theſe heroique men, with huge oppreſſions.
Ioue honouring *Æacides*, (to let the *Greeks* ſtill trie
Their want without him) would beſtow, (yet ſtill) the victorie
On *Hector*, and the *Troian* powre; yet for *Æacides*,
And honor of his mother Queene, great Goddeſſe of the ſeas,
He would not let proude *Ilion* ſee, the *Grecians* quite deſtroid:
And therefore, from the hoarie deepe, he ſufferd ſo imploid
Great *Neptune* in the *Grecian* aid; who grieu'd for them, and ſtorm'd
Extremely at his brother *Ioue*. Yet both, one Goddeſſe form'd,
And one ſoile bred: but *Iupiter*, precedence tooke in birth,
And had more * knowledge: for which cauſe, the other came not forth
Of his wet kingdome, but with care, of not being ſeene t'excite
The *Grecian* hoſt, and like a man, appeard, and made the fight.
So theſe Gods made mens valours great; but equald them with warre
As harmefull, as their hearts were good; and ſtretcht thoſe chaines as farre
On both ſides as their lims could beare: in which they were inuolu'd
Paſt breach, or looſing; that their knees, might therefore be diſſolu'd.
Then, though a halfe-gray man he were, *Cretes* ſoueraigne did excite
The *Greeks* to blowes; and flew vpon, the *Troians*, euen to flight:
For he, in ſight of all the hoſt, *Othryoneus* ſlew,
That from *Cabeſus*, with the fame, of thoſe warres, thither drew
His new-come forces, and requir'd, without reſpect of dowre,
Caſſandra, fair'ſt of *Priams* race; aſſuring with his powre,
A mightie labour: to expell, in their deſpite from *Troy*
The ſons of *Greece*. The king did vow, (that done) he ſhould enioy
His goodlieſt daughter. He, (in truſt, of that faire purchaſe) fought,
And at him threw the *Cretan* king, a lance, that ſingl'd out
This great aſſumer; whom it ſtrooke, iuſt in his nauils ſtead;
His brazen curets helping nought, reſignd him to the dead.
Then did the conquerour exclaime, and thus inſulted then:
Othryoneus, I will praiſe, beyond all mortall men,
Thy liuing vertues; if thou wilt, now perfect the braue vow
Thou mad'ſt to *Priam*, for the wife, he promiſd to beſtow.
And where he ſhould haue kept his word, there we aſſure thee here,
To giue thee for thy Princely wife, the faireſt, and moſt deare,
Of our great Generals femall race, which from his *Argiue* hall,
We all will waite vpon to *Troy*; if with our aids, and all,

* *The Empire of Ioue exceeded Neptunes (ſaith Plut. vpon this place) becauſe he was more ancient, and excellent in knowledg and wiſedome. And vpon this verſe, viz. ανα Ζευε ωεγιστε, &c. ſets downe this his moſt worthy to be noted opinion: viz. I thinke alſo that the bleſſednеſſe of eternall life, which God enioyes is this: that by any paſſime he forgets not notions preſently apprehended; for other wiſe the knowledge & vnderſtãding of things taken away; Immortality ſhold not be life, but Time, &c. Plut. de Iſide & Oſiride.*

Idomens inſultation on Othryoneus.

Thou

Thou wilt but race this well-built towne. Come therefore, follow me,
That in our ſhips, we may conclude, this royall match with thee:
Ile be no iote worſe then my word. With that he tooke his feere,
And dragg'd him through the feruent fight; In which, did *Aſius* meete
The victor, to inflict reuenge. He came on foote before
His horſe, that on his ſhoulders breath'd; ſo cloſely euermore
His coachman led them to his Lord: who held a huge deſire
To ſtrike the King, but he ſtrooke firſt; and vnderneath his chin,
At his throats height, through th'other ſide, his eager lance draue in; *Aſius ſlaine.*
And downe he buſl'd, like an Oake, a Poplar, or a Pine,
Hewne downe for ſhipwood, and ſo lay: his fall did ſo decline
The ſpirit of his chariotere; that leſt he ſhould incenſe
The victor to empaire his ſpoile, he durſt not driue from thence
His horſe and chariot: and ſo pleaſd, with that reſpectiue part
Antilochus, that for his feare, he reacht him with a dart, *Antilochus ſlaughters the charioteere of Aſius.*
About his bellies midſt; and downe, his ſad corſe fell beneath
The richly-builded chariot, there labouring out his breath.
The horſe *Antilochus* tooke off; when, (grieu'd for this euent)
Deiphobus drew paſſing neare, and at the victor ſent *Deiphobus at Antilochus, and kils Hypſenor.*
A ſhining Iauelin; which he ſaw, and ſhund; with gathring round
His body, in his all-round ſhield; at whoſe top, with a ſound,
It ouerflew; yet ſeiſing there, it did not idlely flie
From him that wing'd it; his ſtrong hand, ſtill draue it mortally
On Prince *Hypſenor*; it did pierce, his liuer, vnderneath
The veines it paſſeth: his ſhrunke knees, ſubmitted him to death.
And then did lou'd-*Deiphobus*, miraculouſly vant:
Now *Aſius* lies not vnreueng'd, nor doth his ſpirit want *Deiphobus his Brane.*
The ioy I wiſh it; though it be, now entring the ſtrong gate
Of mightie *Pluto:* ſince this hand, hath ſent him downe a mate.
This glorie in him grieu'd the *Greeks*, and chiefly the great mind
Of martiall *Antilochus*; whom, (though to griefe inclind)
He left not yet his friend, but ran, and hid him with his ſhield;
And to him came two louely friends, that freed him from the field:
Meciſteus, ſonne of *Echius*; and the right nobly borne
Alaſtor, bearing him to fleet, and did extremely mourne.
Idomeneus ſuncke not yet, but held his nerues entire;
His mind much leſſe deficient, being fed with firme deſire
To hide more *Troians* in dim night, or ſinke himſelfe, in guard
Of his lou'd countrimen. And then, *Alcathous* prepar'd
Worke for his valour; offring fate, his owne deſtruction.
A great Heroe, and had grace, to be the loued ſonne
Of *Æſietes*, ſonne in law, to Prince *Æneas* Sire;
Hippodamia marrying: who moſt enflam'd the fire
Of her deare parents loue; and tooke, precedence in her birth,
Of all their daughters; and as much, exceeded in her worth
(For beautie anſwerd with her mind; and both, with houſewiferie)
All the faire beautie of young Dames, that vſde her companie;
And therefore (being the worthieſt Dame) the worthieſt man did wed

Of

Of ample *Troy*. Him *Neptune* ſtoopt, beneath the royall force
Of *Idomen*; his ſparkling eyes, deluding; and the courſe
Of his illuſtrous lineaments, ſo, out of nature bound,
That backe, nor forward, he could ſtirre: but (as he grew to ground
Stood like a pillar, or high tree, and neither mou'd, nor fear'd:
When ſtrait the royall *Cretans* dart, in his mid breaſt appear'd;
It brake the curets that were proofe, to euerie other dart,
Yet now they cleft and rung; the lance, ſtucke ſhaking in his heart:
His heart with panting made it ſhake. But *Mars* did now remit
The greatneſſe of it, and the king, now quitting the bragge fit
Of glorie in *Deiphobus*, thus terribly exclam'd:

Idomeneus to Deiphobus.

Deiphobus, now may we thinke, that we are euenly fam'd,
That three for one haue ſent to *Diu*. But come, change blowes with me,
Thy vaunts for him thou ſlew'ſt were vaine: Come wretch, that thou maiſt ſee
What iſſue *Ioue* hath; *Ioue* begot, *Minos*, the ſtrength of *Crete:*
Minos begot *Deucalion*; *Deucalion* did beget
Me *Idomen* now *Cretas* king, that here my ſhips haue brought,
To bring thy ſelfe, thy father, friends, all *Ilions* pompe to nought.
Deiphobus at two wayes ſtood, in doubt to call ſome one
(With ſome retreat) to be his aide, or trie the chance alone.
At laſt, the firſt ſeem'd beſt to him; and backe he went to call,
Anchiſes ſonne to friend; who ſtood, in troope the laſt of all,

Æneas angrie being euer diſgraced by Priã.

Where ſtill he ſeru'd: which made him ſtill, incenſe againſt the king,
That, being amongſt his beſt, their Peere, he grac't not any thing
His wrong'd deſerts. *Deiphobus*, ſpake to him, ſtanding neare:

To him Deiphobus.

Æneas! Prince of *Troians!* if any touch appeare
Of glorie in thee: thou muſt now, aſſiſt thy ſiſters Lord,
And one, that to thy tendreſt youth, did carefull guard afford,
Alcathous, whom *Cretas* king, hath chiefly ſlaine to thee;
His right moſt challenging thy hand: come therefore follow me.
This much excited his good mind, and ſet his heart on fire,
Againſt the *Cretan*: who child-like, diſſolu'd not in his ire,

Simile.

But ſtood him firme: As when, in hils, a ſtrength-relying Bore,
Alone, and hearing hunters come (whom *Tumult* flies before)
Vp thruſts his briſtles, whets his tusks, ſets fire on his red eyes,
And in his braue-prepar'd repulſe, doth dogs and men deſpiſe.
So ſtood the famous for his lance; nor ſhund the coming charge
That reſolute *Æneas* brought; yet (ſince the ods was large)

Idomeneus calls his friends to aid

He cald, with good right, to his aide, war-skild *Aſcalaphus*,
Aphareus, *Meriones*, the ſtrong *Deipyrus*,
And *Neſtors* honorable ſonne: Come neare, my friends (ſaid he)
And adde your aids to me alone: *Feare* taints me worthilie,
Though firme I ſtand, and ſhew it not: *Æneas* great in fight,

Æneas yet a youth as Virgil makes him.

And one, that beares youth in his flowre, (that beares the greateſt might
Comes on, with aime, direct at me: had I his youthfull lim
To beare my mind, he ſhould yeeld *Fame*, or I would yeeld it him.
This ſaid, all held, in many ſoules, one readie helpfull mind,
Clapt ſhields and ſhoulders, and ſtood cloſe. *Æneas* (not inclind

With

With more presumption then the king) cald aid as well as he:
Diuine *Agenor*; *Hellens* loue; who followd instantly,
And all their forces following them: as after Bellwethers
The whole flocks follow to their drinke; which fight the shepheard cheres.
Nor was *Æneas* ioy lesse mou'd, to see such troopes attend
His honord person; and all these, fought close about his friend.
But two of them, past all the rest, had strong desire to shed
The blood of either; *Idomen*, and *Cythereas* seed.
Æneas first bestowd his lance, which th'other seeing, shund;
And that (throwne from an idle hand) stucke trembling in the ground.
But *Idomens* (discharg'd at him) had no such vaine successe,
Which *Oenomaus* entrailes found, in which it did impresse
His sharpe pile to his fall: his palms, tore his returning earth.
Idomeneus strait stept in, and pluckt his Iauelin forth,
But could not spoile his goodly armes, they prest him so with darts:
And now the long toile of the fight, had spent his vigorous parts,
And made them lesse apt to auoid, the foe that should aduance;
Or (when himselfe aduanc't againe) to run and fetch his lance.
And therefore in stiffe fights of stand, he spent the cruell day:
When (coming softly from the slaine) *Deiphobus* gaue way
To his brght Iauelin at the king, whom he could neuer brooke;
But then he lost his enuie too: his lance yet, deadly, tooke
Ascalaphus, the sonne of *Mars*; quite through his shoulder flew
The violent head, and downe he fell. Nor yet by all meanes knew
Wide throated *Mars*, his sonne was falne: but in *Olympus* top
Sad canapied with golden clouds. *Ioues* counsell had shut vp
Both him, and all the other Gods, from that times equall taske,
Which now about *Ascalaphus*, *Strife* set; his shining caske
Deiphobus had forc't from him: but instantly leapt in
Mars-swift *Meriones*, and strooke, with his long Iauelin,
The right arme of *Deiphobus*, which made his hand let fall
The sharp-topt helmet; the prest earth, resounding therewithall.
When, Vulture-like, *Meriones*, rusht in againe, and drew
(From out the low part of his arme) his Iauelin, and then flew
Backe to his friends. *Deiphobus* (faint with the bloods excesse
Falne from his wound) was carefully, conuaid out of the preasse
By his kind brother, by both sides, (*Polites*) till they gat
His horse and chariot, that were still, set fit for his retreate;
And bore him now to *Ilion*. The rest, fought fiercely on,
And set a mightie fight on foote. When next, *Anchises* sonne,
Apharens Caletorides (that ran vpon him) strooke
Iust in the throate with his keene lance, and strait his head forsooke
His vpright cariage; and his shield, his helme, and all with him,
Fell to the earth: where ruinous death, made prise of euerie lim.
Antilochus (discouering well, that *Thoons* heart tooke checke)
Let flie, and cut the hollow veine, that runs vp to his necke,
Along his backe part, quite in twaine: downe in the dust he fell,
Vpwards, and with extended hands, bad all the world farewell.

Æneas and Idomeneus in conflict.

Ascalaphus the sonne of Mars slaine by Æneas

Deiphobus wounded by Meriones.

Anti-

Antilochus ruſht nimbly in; and (looking round) made priſe
Of his faire armes; in which affaire, his round ſet enemies
Let flie their lances; thundering, on his aduanced targe,
But could not get his fleſh: the God, that ſhakes the earth, tooke charge
Of *Neſtors* ſonne, and kept him ſafe: who neuer was away,
But ſtill amongſt the thickeſt foes, his buſie lance did play;
Obſeruing euer when he might, far-off, or neare, offend;
And watching *Aſius* ſonne, in preaſe, he ſpide him, and did ſend
(Cloſe coming on) a dart at him, that ſmote in midſt his ſhield;
In which, the ſharpe head of the lance, the blew-hair'd God made yeeld,
Not pleaſd to yeeld his pupils life; in whoſe ſhield, halfe the dart
Stucke like a trunchion, burnd with fire; on earth lay th'other part.
He ſeeing no better end of all, retir'd; in feare of worſe;
But him, *Meriones* purſude; and his lance found full courſe
To th'others life: it wounded him; betwixt the priuie parts
And nauill; where (to wretched men, that wars moſt violent ſmarts
Muſt vndergo) wounds chiefly vexe. His dart, *Meriones*,
Purſude, and *Adamas* ſo ſtriu'd, with it, and his miſeaſe,
Simile. As doth a Bullocke puffe and ſtorme; whom, in diſdained bands,
The vpland heardſmen ſtriue to caſt: ſo (falne beneath the hands
Of his ſterne foe) *Aſiades*, did ſtruggle, pant, and raue,
But no long time; for when the lance, was pluckt out, vp he gaue
His tortur'd ſoule. Then *Troys* turne came; when with a *Thracian* ſword
The temples of *Deipyrus*, did *Hellenus* afford
So huge a blow; it ſtrooke all light, out of his cloudie eyes,
And cleft his helmet; which a *Greeke*, (there fighting) made his priſe,
(It fell ſo full beneath his feet.) *Atrides* grieu'd to ſee
That ſight; and (threatning) ſhooke a lance, at *Hellenus*; and he
A bow, halfe drew, at him; at once, out flew both ſhaft and lance:
The ſhaft, *Atrides* curets ſtrooke, and farre away did glance:
Hellenus wounded. *Atrides* dart, of *Hellenus*, the thruſt out bow-hand ſtrooke,
And through the hand, ſtucke in the bow; *Agenors* hand did plucke
From forth the nailed priſoner, the Iauelin quickly out;
And fairely with a little wooll, enwrapping round about
The wounded hand; within [c] a ſcarffe, he bore it; which his Squire
Had readie for him: yet the wound, would needs he ſhould retire.
Pyſander to reuenge his hurt, right on the King ran he;
A bloodie fate ſuggeſted him, to let him runne on thee
Sceptice. O * *Menelaus*, that he might, by thee, in dangerous warre,
Be done to death. Both coming on, *Atrides* lance did erre:
Piſander ſtrooke *Atrides* ſhield, that brake at point, the dart
Not running through; yet he reioyc't; as playing a victors part.
Atrides (drawing his faire ſword) vpon *Piſander* flew:
Piſander, from beneath his ſhield, his goodly weapon drew;
Two-edg'd, with right ſharpe ſteele, and long; the handle Oliue tree,
Well poliſht; and to blowes they go; vpon the top ſtrooke he
Atrides horſe-hair'd-featherd helme; *Atrides*, on his brow
(Aboue th'extreme part of his noſe) laid ſuch a heauie blow,

That

That all the bones craſht vnder it, and out his eyes did drop
Before his feete, in bloodie duſt; he after, and ſhrunke vp
His dying bodie: which the foote, of his triumphing foe
Opened; and ſtood vpon his breaſt, and off his armes did go:
This inſultation vſde the while: c At length forſake our fleete,
(Thus ye falſe *Troians*) to whom warre, neuer enough is ſweet:
Nor want ye more impieties, with which ye haue abuſde
Me, (ye bold dogs) that your chiefe friends, ſo honourably vſde:
Nor feare you hoſpitable *Ioue*, that lets ſuch thunders go:
But build vpon't, he will vnbuild, your towres, that clamber ſo;
For rauiſhing my goods, and wife, in flowre of all her yeares,
And without cauſe; nay when that faire, and liberall hand of hers
Had vſde you ſo moſt louingly; and now againe ye would,
Caſt fire into our fleet, and kill, our Princes if ye could.
Go too, one day you will be curb'd (though neuer ſo ye thirſt
Rude warre) by warre. O Father *Ioue*, they ſay thou art the firſt
In wiſedome, of all Gods and men; yet all this comes from thee;
And ſtill thou gratifieſt theſe men, how lewd ſo ere they be;
Though neuer they be cloid with ſinnes: nor can be ſatiate
(As good men ſhould) with this vile warre. Satietie of ſtate,
Satietie of ſleepe and loue, Satietie of eaſe,
Of muſicke, dancing, can find place; yet harſh warre ſtill muſt pleaſe
Paſt all theſe pleaſures, euen paſt theſe. They will be cloyd with theſe
Before their warre ioyes: neuer warre, giues *Troy* ſatieties.

Menelaus moſt ridiculous inſultation.

This ſaid, the bloody armes were off, and to his ſouldiers throwne,
He mixing in firſt fight againe: and then *Harpalion*,
(Kind King *Pylemens* ſonne) gaue charge; who, to thoſe warres of *Troy*,
His loued father followed; nor euer did enioy
His countries ſight againe; he ſtrooke, the targe of *Atreus* ſonne
Full in the midſt, his iauelins ſteele; yet had no powre to runne
The target through: nor had himſelfe, the heart to fetch his lance,
But tooke him to his ſtrength, and caſt, on euery ſide a glance,
Leſt any his deare ſides ſhould dart: but *Merion* as he fled,
Sent after him a brazen lance, that ranne his eager head,
Through his right hippe, and all along, the bladders region,
Beneath the bone; it ſettl'd him, and let his ſpirit gone,
Amongſt the hands of his beſt friends; and like a worme he lay,
Stretcht on the earth; which his blacke blood, embrewd and flow'd away.
His corſe the *Paphlagonians*, did ſadly waite vpon
(Repoſd in his rich chariot) to ſacred *Ilion*.
The king his father following, diſſolu'd in kindly teares,
And no wreake ſought for his ſlaine ſonne. But, at his ſlaughterers
Incenſed *Paris* ſpent a lance (ſince he had bene a gueſt,
To many *Paphlagonians*) and through the preaſſe it preſt,
There was a certaine Augures ſonne, that did for wealth excell,
And yet was honeſt; he was borne, and did at *Corinth* dwell:
Who (though he knew his harmefull fate) would needs his ſhip aſcend,
His father (*Polyidus*) oft, would tell him, that his end

Merions ſlayes Harpalion.

Would either ſeiſe him at his houſe, vpon a ſharpe diſeaſe;
Or elſe amongſt the *Grecian* ſhips, by *Troians* ſlaine. Both theſe
Together he deſir'd to ſhun; but the diſeaſe (at laſt,
And lingring death in it) he left, and warres quicke ſtroke embrac't:
The lance betwixt his eare and cheeke, ran in; and drane the mind
Of both thoſe bitter fortunes out: *Night* ſtrooke his whole powres blind.
Thus fought they like the ſpirit of fire, nor *Ioue*-lou'd *Hector* knew
How in the fleets left wing, the *Greekes*, his downe-put ſouldiers flew
Almoſt to victorie: the God, that ſhakes the earth, ſo well
Helpt with his owne ſtrength, and the *Greeks*, ſo fiercely did impell.
Yet *Hector* made the firſt place good, where both the ports and wall,
(The thicke rancke of the *Greeke* ſhields broke) he enterd, and did skall,
Where on the gray ſeas ſhore, were drawne (the wall being there but ſleight,)
Proteſilaus ſhips, and thoſe, of *Aiax*, where the fight
Of men and horſe were ſharpeſt ſet. There the *Bœotian* band,
By Iaons (for Ioonians) he intends the Athenians. Long-rob'd *Iaones*, *Locrians*, and (braue men of their hands)
The *Phthian*, and *Epeian* troopes, did ſpritefully aſſaile,
The God-like *Hector* ruſhing in; and yet could not preuaile
To his repulſe, though choiceſt men, of *Athens*, there made head:
The names of the Captaines at the fight at the wall, and their ſouldiers. Amongſt whom, was *Meneſthius* Chiefe; whom *Phidas* followed:
Stichius, and *Bias*, huge in ſtrength. Th'*Epeian* troopes were led
By *Meges*, and *Philides* cares, *Amphion*, *Dracius*.
Before the *Phthians*, *Medon* marcht, and *Meneptolemus*;
And theſe (with the *Bœotian* powres) bore vp the fleets defence.
Oileus, by his brothers ſide, ſtood cloſe, and would not thence
Simile, wherein the two Aiaces are compared to two draught oxen. For any moment of that time: but as through fallow fields,
Blacke Oxen draw a well-ioyn'd plough, and either, euenly yeelds
His thriftie labour; all heads coucht, ſo cloſe to earth, they plow
The fallow with their hornes, till out, the ſweate begins to flow;
The ſtretcht yokes cracke, and yet at laſt, the furrow forth is driuen:
So toughly ſtood theſe to their taske, and made their worke as euen.
But *Aiax Telamonius*, had many helpfull men,
That when ſweate ran about his knees, and labour flow'd, would then
Helpe beare his mightie ſeuen-fold ſhield: when ſwift *Oileades*
The Locrians which Oileus Aiax led, were all Archers. The *Locrians* left, and would not make, thoſe murthrous fights of preaſe,
Becauſe they wore no bright ſteele caskes, nor briſtl'd plumes for ſhow,
Round ſhields, nor darts of ſolid Aſh; but with the truſtie bow,
And iackes, well [d] quilted with ſoft wooll, they came to *Troy*, and were
(In their fit place) as confident, as thoſe that fought ſo neare;
And reacht their foes ſo thicke with ſhafts, that theſe were they that brake
The *Troian* orders firſt; and then, the braue arm'd men did make
Good worke with their cloſe fights before. Behind whom, hauing ſhot,
The *Locrians* hid ſtill; and their foes, all thought of fight forgot;
With ſhewes of thoſe farre ſtriking ſhafts, their eyes were troubled ſo:
And then, aſſur'dly, from the ſhips, and tents, th'inſulting foe,
Had miſerably fled to *Troy*, had not *Polydamas*
Polydamas to Hector. Thus ſpoke to *Hector*. *Hector* ſtill, impoſſible tis to paſſe
Good counſell vpon you: but ſay, ſome God prefers thy deeds:

In

In counsels wouldst thou passe vs toot In all things none exceeds.
To some, God giues the powre of warre; to some the sleight to dance;
To some, the art of instruments; some doth for voice aduance:
And that far-seeing God grants some, the wisedome of the minde,
Which no man can keepe to himselfe: that (though but few can finde)
Doth profite many, that preserues, the publique weale and state:
And that, who hath, he best can prise: but, for me, Ile relate
Onely my censure what's our best. The verie crowne of warre
Doth burne about thee; yet our men, when they haue reacht thus farre,
Suppose their valours crownd, and ceasse. A few still stir their feet,
And so a few with many fight; sperst thinly through the fleet.
Retire then; leaue speech to the route, and all thy Princes call;
That, here, in counsels of most weight, we may resolue of all.
If hauing likelihood to beleeue, that God wil conquest giue,
We shall charge through; or with this grace, make our retreate, and liue:
For (I must needs affirme) I feare, the debt of yesterday
(Since warre is such a God of change) the *Grecians* now will pay.
And since th'insatiate man of warre, remaines at fleet, if there
We tempt his safetie: no howre more, his hote soule can forbeare.
This sound stuffe *Hector* lik't, approu'd, iumpt from his chariot,
And said; *Polydamas!* make good, this place, and suffer not
One Prince to passe it; I my selfe, will there go, where you see
Those friends in skirmish; and returne (when they haue heard from me,
Command, that your aduice obeys) with vtmost speed: this said,
With day-bright armes, white plume, white skaffe, his goodly limbs arraid,
He parted from them, like a hill, remouing, all of snow:
And to the *Troian* Peres and Chiefes, he flew; to let them know
The Counsell of *Polydamas*. All turnd, and did reioyce;
To haste to *Panthus* gentle sonne, being cald by *Hectors* voyce.
Who (through the foresights making way) lookt for *Deiphobus*,
King *Hellenus*, *Asiades*, *Hyrtasian Asius*:
Of whom, some were not to be found, vnhurt, or vndeceast;
Some onely hurt, and gone from field. As further he addrest,
He found within the fights left wing, the faire-hair'd *Hellens* loue,
By all meanes mouing men to blowes; which could by no meanes moue
Hectors forbeareance; his friends misse, so put his powres in storme:
But thus in wonted terms he chid: You, with the finest forme,
Impostor, womans man: Where are (in your care markt) all these?
Deiphobus, king *Hellenus*, *Asius Hyrtacides?*
Othryoneus, *Acamas?* now haughtie *Ilion*
Shakes to his lowest groundworke: now, iust ruine fals vpon
Thy head, past rescue. He replyed; *Hector*, why chid'st thou now
When I am guiltlesse? other times, there are for ease I know,
Then these; for she that brought thee forth, not vtterly left me
Without some portion of thy spirit, to make me brother thee.
But since thou first brought'st in thy force, to this our nauall fight:
I, and my friends, haue ceaslesse fought, to do thy seruice right.
But all those friends thou seek'st are slaine, exeepting *Hellenus*,

Polydamas aduice to Hector.

Hector for his goodly forme compared to a hill of snow.

Hector chideth Paris.

(Who parted wounded in his hand) and ſo *Deiphobus*;
Ioue yet auerted death from them. And now leade thou as farre
As thy great heart affects; all we, will ſecond any warre
That thou endureſt: And I hope, my owne ſtrength is not loſt,
Though leaſt, Ile fight it to his beſt; nor further fights the moſt.
This calm'd hote *Hectors* ſpleene; and both, turnd where they ſaw the face
Of warre moſt fierce: and that was, where, their friends made good the place
About renowm'd *Polydamas*, and God-like *Polyphet*,
Palmus, *Aſcanius*; *Morus*, that, *Hippotion* did beget;
And from *Aſcanias* wealthie fields, but euen the day before
Arriu'd at *Troy*; that with their aide, they kindly might reſtore
Some kindneſſe they receiu'd from thence: and in fierce fight with theſe,
Phalces and tall *Orthæus* ſtood, and bold *Cebriones*.
And then the doubt that in aduice, *Polydamas* diſcloſd,
To fight or flie, *Ioue* tooke away, and all to fight diſpoſd.
Simile. And as the floods of troubled aire, to pitchie ſtormes increaſe
That after thunder ſweepes the fields, and rauiſh vp the ſeas,
Encountring with abhorred roares, when the engroſſed waues
Boile into foame; and endleſly, one after other raues:
So rank't and guarded, th'*Ilians* march't; ſome now, more now, and then
The Troian hoſt, and Hector glorified. More vpon more, in ſhining ſteele; now Captaines, then their men.
And *Hector*, like man-killing *Mars*, aduanc't before them all,
His huge round target before him, through thickn'd, like a wall,
With hides well coucht, with ſtore of braſſe; and on his temples ſhin'd
His bright helme, on which danc't his plume: and in this horrid kind,
(All hid within his worldlike ſhield) he euerie troope aſſaid
For entrie; that in his deſpite, ſtood firme, and vndiſmaid.
Which when he ſaw, and kept more off; *Aiax* came ſtalking then,
And thus prouokt him: O good man, why fright'ſt thou thus our men?
Aiax his ſpeech to Hector, Scoptice. Come nearer; not *Arts* want in warre, makes vs thus nauie-bound,
But *Ioues* direct ſcourge; his arm'd hand, makes our hands giue you ground:
Yet thou hop'ſt (of thy ſelfe) our ſpoile: but we haue likewiſe hands
To hold our owne, as you to ſpoile: and ere thy countermands
Stand good againſt our ranſackt fleete; your hugely-peopl'd towne
Our hands ſhall take in; and her towres, from all their heights pull downe.
And I muſt tell thee, time drawes on, when, flying, thou ſhalt crie
To *Ioue*, and all the Gods, to make, thy faire-man'd horſes flie
More ſwift then Falkons; that their hoofes, may rouſe the duſt, and beare
Thy bodie, hid, to *Ilion*. This ſaid, his bold words were
Confirm'd, as ſoone as ſpoke; *Ioues* bird, the high flowne Eagle tooke
The right hand of their hoſt, whoſe wings, high acclamations ſtrooke,
From foorth the glad breaſts of the *Greeks*. Then *Hector* made replie:
Hector to Aiax. Vaine-ſpoken man, and glorious; what haſt thou ſaid? would I
As ſurely were the ſonne of *Ioue*, and of great *Iuno* borne;
Adorn'd like *Pallas*, and the God, that lifts to earth the Morne;
As this day ſhall bring harmefull light, to all your hoſt; and thou,
(If thou dar'ſt ſtand this lance) the earth, before the ſhips ſhalt ſtrow,
Thy boſome torne vp; and the dogs, with all the fowle of *Troy*,

Be

Be ſatiate with thy fat, and fleſh. This ſaid, with ſhowting ioy
His firſt troopes follow'd; and the laſt, their ſhowts with ſhowts repeld:
Greece anſwerd all, nor could her ſpirits, from all ſhew reſt conceald.
And to ſo infinite a height, all acclamations ſtroue,
They reacht the ſplendors, ſtucke about, the vnreacht throne of *Ioue*.

COMMENTARIVS.

[a] Αγαυῶν Ἱππημολγῶν, &c. illuſtrium Hippemolgorum: Γλακτοφαγῶν, Lacte Veſcentium, &c. Laurentius Valla, *and* Eobanus Heſſus, (*who I thinke tranſlated* Homer *into Hexameters out of* Vallas *proſe*) *take* αγαυων, *the Epithete to* Ἱππημολγων, *for a nation ſo called, and* Ἱππημολγων Γλακτοφαγων, αβιωτων, *tranſlates*, vt quæ ſine vllis diuitijs, equino victitat lacte; *intending* gens Agauorum: *which he takes for thoſe iuſt men of life likewiſe, which* Homer *commends: vtterly miſtaking* αγαυὸς *ſignifying* preclarus, *or* illuſtris, *whoſe genitiue caſe plurall is vſed here: and the word, Epithete to* Ἱππημολγων, *together ſignifying*, Illuſtrium Hippemolgorum, *and they being bred, and continually fed with milke (which the next word* γλακτοφαγων *ſignifies)* Homer *cals moſt iuſt, long-liued & innocẽt, in the words* ἄβιον τε δικαιοτάτων ἀνδρῶν. ἄβιος, *ſignifying* longæuus; ab *a* epitatico, & βιος vita. *But of ſome* inops, *being a compound* ex *a* priuat. & βίος victus: *and frõ thence had* Valla *his interpretation:* vt quæ ſine vllis diuitijs, *but where is* equino lacte? *But not to ſhew their errors, or that I vnderſtand how others take this place different from my tranſlation, I vſe this note, ſo much as to intimate what* Homer *would haue noted, and doth teach; that men brought vp with that gentle, and ſoft-ſpirit-begetting-milk, are long liued, & in nature moſt iuſt and innocent. Which kind of food, the moſt ingenious and graue* Plutarch, *in his oration*, De eſu carnium, *ſeems to prefer before the foode of fleſh: where he ſaith, By this meanes alſo, Tyrants laide the foundations of their homicides: for, (as amongſt the* Athenians) *firſt, they put to death the moſt notorious or vileſt Sycophant* Epitedeius; *ſo the ſecond and third: then being accuſtomed to blood, they ſlue good, like bad: as* Niceratus, *the Emperour* Theramenes, Polemarchus *the Philoſopher, &c. So at the firſt, men killed ſome harmfull beaſt or other, then ſome kind of fowle, ſome fiſh; till taught by theſe, and ſtirred vp with the luſt of their pallats, they proceeded to ſlaughter of the laborious Ox, the man clothing, or adorning ſheepe, the houſe guarding cocke, &c. and by little and little cloyed with theſe: warre, and the foode of men, men fell to, &c.*

[b] Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄεθλα θέσαντο, &c. Circum autem Aiaces, &c. *To iudgement of this place* Spondanus *calleth all ſound iudgements, to condemnation of one* Panędes *a Iudge of games on* Olympus: *whoſe brother* Amphidamas *being dead,* Gamnictor *his ſon celebrated his funerals, calling all the moſt excellent to contention, not onely for ſtrength and ſwiftneſſe, but in learning likewiſe, and force of wiſedome. To this generall contention came* Homer, *and* Heſiodus: *who caſting downe verſes on both parts, and of all meaſures,* (Homer *by all conſents queſtionleſſe obtaining the garland.*) Panædes *bade both recite briefly their beſt: for which* Heſiodus *cited theſe verſes: which as well as I could, in haſte, I haue tranſlated out of the beginning of his ſecond Booke of workes and dayes.*

When *Atlas* birth, (the *Pleiades*) ariſe,
Harueſt begin; plow, when they leaue the skies.
Twiſe twentie nights, and daies, theſe hide their heads:
The yeare then turning, leaue againe their beds,
And ſhew when firſt to whet the harueſt ſteele.

This likewiſe is the fields law, where men dwell
Neare *Neptunes* Empire: and where farre away,
The winding vallies, flie the flowing ſea,
And men inhabite the fat region.
There, naked plow, ſow naked, nak't cut downe;
If *Ceres* labours thou wilt timely vſe,
That timely fruits, and timely reuenewes,
Serue thee at all parts, leſt at any, *Need*
Send thee to others grudging dores to feed, &c.

Theſe verſes (howſoeuer Spondanus *ſtands for* Homers) *in reſpect of the peace and thrift they repreſent; are like enough to carrie it for* Heſiodus, *euen in theſe times iudgements.* Homers *verſes are theſe.*

——Thus *Neptune* rowſd theſe men;
And round about th'*Aiaces* did, their Phalanxes maintaine,
Their ſtation firme; whom *Mars* himſelfe, (had he amongſt them gone)
Could not diſparage; nor *Ioues* Maide, that ſets men fiercer on.
For now the beſt were choſen out, and they receiu'd th'aduance
Of *Hector* and his men ſo full, that lance, was lin'd with lance;
Shields, thickned with oppoſed ſhields; targets to targets nail'd:
Helmes ſtucke to helmes; and man to man, grew; they ſo cloſe aſſail'd:
Plum'd caskes, were hang'd in eithers plumes: all ioyn'd ſo cloſe their ſtands;
Their lances ſtood, thruſt home ſo thicke, by ſuch all-daring hands.
All bent their firme breaſts to the point; and made ſad fight their ioy
Of both: *Troy* all in heapes ſtrooke firſt, and *Hector* firſt of *Troy*.
And as a round peece of a rocke, &c.

Which martiall verſes, though they are as high as may be for their place, and end of our Homer: *are yet infinitely ſhort of his beſt in a thouſand other places. Nor thinke I the contention at any part true;* Homer *being affirmed by good Authors, to be a hundred yeares before* Heſiodus: *and by al others much the older,* Heſiodus *being neare in blood to him. And this, for ſome varietie in your delight, I thought not amiſſe to inſert here.*

[c] Σφενδόνη, *the Commentors tranſlate in this place,* funda, *moſt vntruly: there being no ſlings ſpoken of in all theſe Iliads; nor any ſuch ſeruice vſed in all theſe warr, which in my laſt annotation in this booke will appeare more apparent. But here, and in this place, to tranſlate the word* funda (*though moſt commonly it ſignifieth ſo much*) *is moſt ridiculous.* Σφενδόνη *likewiſe ſignifying,* ornamentum quoddam muliebre: *which therefore I tranſlate a skarffe: a fitter thing to hang his arme in then a ſling; and likely that his Squire carried about him, either as a fauour of his owne miſtreſſe, or his maiſters, or for eithers ornament: skarffs being no vnuſuall weare for ſouldiers.*

[d] Λείψατέ θην ἤτοι, *&c.* Relinquetis demum ſic, &c. *At length forſake our fleete, &c. Now come we to the continuance (with cleare notes) of* Menelaus *ridiculous character. This verie beginning of his inſultation, (in the maner of it) preparing it, and the ſimply vttered vpbraids of the* Troians *following, confirming it moſt ingeniouſly. Firſt, that the* Troians *rauiſhed his wife in the flowre of her yeares, calling her* κουρίδιον ἄλοχον, *which* Spondanus *tranſlateth* virginẽ vxorem, *being here to be tranſlated* iuuenilẽ vxorem: κουρίδιος *ſignifying* iuuenilis: *but they will haue it* virginem; *becauſe* Homer *muſt be taxed, with ignorance of what the next age after* Troys *ſiege reuealed of the age before; in which* Theſeus *is remembred firſt to haue rauiſht*

Hellen

Hellen; *and that by* Theseus, Iphigenia *was begotten of her: which being granted, maketh much against* Homer (*if you marke at*) *for making* Menelaus *thinke yet, he maried her a virgin* (*if* Spondanus *translation should passe.*) *First, no man being so simple to thinke, that the Poet thinketh alwaies as he maketh others speake: and next, it being no verie strange, or rare credulitie, in men, to beleeue they marrie maids when they do not. Much more such a man made for the purpose as* Menelaus, *whose good husbandly imagination of his wives maidenhead at their mariage, I hope answereth at full the most foolish taxation of* Homers *ignorance: in which a man may wonder at these learned* Criticks *ouerlearnednesse: and what ropes of sand they make with their kinde of intelligencing knowledge. I meane, in such as abuse the name of* Criticks, *as many versers do, of Poets: the rest, for their industries, I reuerence. But all this time, I lose my collection of* Menelaus *fillie and ridiculous vpbraids here giuen to the* Troians. *First, (as aboue said) for rauishing his wife in the flowre of her yeares: when should a man play such a part but then? though in deed poore* Menelaus *had the more wrong or losse in it, and yet* Paris *the more reason. He addeth then, and without cause or iniurie, a most sharp one in* Homer, *and in* Menelaus *as much ridiculous: as though louers looked for more cause in their loue-suits, then the beauties of their beloued: or that men were made cuckolds only for spite, or reuenge of some wrong precedent. But indeed,* Menelaus *true simplicitie in this, to thinke harmes should not be done without harmes foregoing (no not in these vnsmarting harmes) maketh him well deserue his Epithete* ἀγαθός. *Yet further see how his pure imbecillitie preuaileth: and how by a thred* Homer *cutteth him out here,* ἐπεὶ δαῖτός τε καὶ ἄκτης, postquam amicè tractati fuistis apud ipsam, *after ye had bene kindly entertaind at her hands, I hope you will thinke nothing could encourage them more then that. See how he speaketh against her in taking her part: and how ingeniously* Homer *giueth him still some colour of reason for his senslesnesse, which colour yet, is enough to deceiue our Commentors: they finde not yet the tame figure of our horned. But, they and all Translators, still force his speeches to the best part. Yet further then make we our dissection. And now (saith our* Simplician) *you would againe shew your iniquities, euen to the casting of pernicious fire into our fleete, and killing our Princes if you could. Would any man thinke this in an Enemie? and such an Enemie as the* Troians? *Chide Enemies in armes, for offering to hurt their Enemies? Would you haue yet plainer this good Kings simplicity? But his slaughters sometimes, and wise words, are those mists our* Homer *casteth before the eyes of his Readers, that hindereth their prospects, to his more constant and predominant softnesse and simplicitie. Which he doth, imagining his vnderstanding Readers eyes more sharpe, then not to see peruially through them. And yet, would not haue these great ones themselues neede so subtle flatteries: but that euerie shadow of their worth might remoue all the substance of their worthlesnesse. I am weary with beating this thin thicket for a woodcocke, and yet, lest it proue still too thicke for our sanguine and gentle complexions to shine through, in the next words of his lame reproofe, he crieth out against* Iupiter, *saying,* ὡς ἐπὶ φασὶ περὶ θνητὰ ἰέμεναι ἀλλον. Profectò, te aiunt sapientia (vel circa mentem) superare cæteros homines atque Deos: *wherein he affirmeth, that men say so, building (poore man) euen that vnknowne secret to himselfe, vpon others, & now, I hope, sheweth himselfe emptie enough. But, lest you should say I striue to illustrate the Sun, and make cleare a thing plaine, heare how darke, and perplext a riddle it sheweth yet to our good* Spondanus, *being an excellent scholler, and* Homers *Commentor. Whose words vpon this speech, are these:* Facundiam Menelai cum acumine

cumine, antea prædicauit Homerus (*intending in* Antenors *ſpeech*, lib. 3. *vnto which I pray you turne*) cuius hîc luculentum exemplum habes. Vehemens autem eſt eius hoc loco oratio, vt qui iniuriarum ſibi à *Troianis* in vxoris raptu illatarum recordetur, qua præſens eorundem in *Græcos* impetus exacerbauit. Primùm itaque in *Troianos* inuehitur, & eorum furorem tandem aliquando cohibitum iri comminatur. Deindè, per Apoſtrophem, ad *Iouem* conqueritur, de inexplebili pugnandi ardore, quibus *Troiani* vehementer inflammantur. *Would any man beleeue this ſerious blindnes in ſo great a ſcholler? Nor is he alone ſo taken in his eyes, but al the reſt, of our moſt prophaned and holy* Homers *Traducers.*

[c] Καὶ ἰνδρεφὲς ἰδὲ ἄκοντα, *&c.* Et benè torta ouis lana (*or rather*, benè torto ouis flore.) Definitio fundæ (*ſaith Spondanus*) vel potius periphraſtica deſcriptio. *The definition, or rather paraphraſticall deſcription of a ſling: a moſt vnſufferable expoſition: not a ſling being to be heard of (as I before affirmed) in all the ſeruices expreſt in theſe* Iliads. *It is therefore the true periphraſis of a light kind of armor called a iacke, that all our archers vſed to ſerue in of old: and were euer quilted with wooll: and* (*becauſe* ἰνδρεφὲς *ſignifieth as well* qui facili motu verſatur & circumagitur, *as well as*, benè vel pulchrè tortus) *for their lightneſſe and aptneſſe to be worne, partaketh with the word in that ſignification. Beſides, note the words that follow, which are:* περὶα βαλλοντες, & [*] ὀπιθεν βαλλοντες, *&c.* frequenter iacientes, *and à tergo iacientes, ſhooting, ſtriking, or wounding ſo thicke, and at the backes of the armed men; not hurling: here being no talke of any ſtones, but onely* συνεκλόνεον γὰρ ὀιστοὶ, conturbabant enim ſagittæ. *And when ſaw any man ſlings lined with woolle to keepe their ſtones warme? or to dull their deliuerie? and I am ſure they hurled not ſhafts out of them? The agreement of the* Greekes *with our* Engliſh, *as well in all other their greateſt vertues, as this skill with their bowes: other places of theſe Annotations ſhall clearely demonſtrate; and giue (in my conceipt) no little honour to our Countrie.*

[*] Metri cauſa vſurpatur ὀπιθεν

The end of the thirteenth Booke.

8 Al' 58



THE

THE XIIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

The Argvment.

ATrides, *to behold the skirmish, brings*
Old Nestor, *and the other wounded kings.*
Iuno *(receiuing of the* Cyprian *Dame*
Her Cestos, whence her sweet enticements came)
Descends to Somnus, *and gets him to bind*
The powres of Ioue *with sleepe, to free her mind.*
Neptune *assists the* Greeks, *and of the foe,*
Slaughter *insults: a mightie ouer throw.*
Aiax, *so sore, strikes* Hector *with a stone,*
It makes him spit blood, and his senses gone.

Another Argument.

In Ioue *with sleepe, and bed, heauens Queene,*
Euen Ioue *himselfe, makes ouerseene.*

NOt wine, nor feasts, could lay their soft chaines on old *Nestors* eare
To this high *Clamor*; who requir'd, *Machaons* thoughts to beare
His care in part, about the cause; for me thinke still (said he)
The crie increases. I must needs, the watch towre mount to see
Which way the flood of warre doth driue. Still drinke thou wine, and eate
Till faire-hair'd *Hecamed* hath giuen, a little water heate,
To cleanse the quitture from thy wound. This said, the goodly shield
Of war-like *Thrasimed*, his sonne, (who had his owne in field)
He tooke; snatcht vp a mightie lance; and so stept forth to view
Cause of that Clamor. Instantly, th'vnworthy cause he knew,
The *Grecians* wholly put in rout; the *Troians* rowting still,
Close at the *Greeks* backs, their wall tac't: the old man mournd this ill;
And as when, with vnwieldie waues, the great Sea foreseeles winds,
That both waies murmure, and no way, her certaine current finds,
But pants and swels confusedly; here goes, and there will stay,
Till on it, aire casts one firme winde, and then it rolles away:
So stood old *Nestor* in debate, two thoughts at once on wing
In his discourse; if first to take, direct course to the King,
Or to the multitude in fight. At last, he did conclude
To visite *Agamemnon* first: meane time both hosts imbrewd
Their steele in one anothers blood, nought wrought their healths but harmes:
Swords, huge stones, double-headed darts, still thumping on their armes.
And now the *Ioue*-kept Kings, whose wounds, were yet in cure, did meet
Old *Nestor*, *Diomed*, *Ithacus*, and *Atreus* sonne, from fleet,

This first verse (after the first foure syllables) is to be read as one of our Tens.

Similo.

Bent

Agamemnon, Vlyſſes, and Diomed wounded, go towards the field.

Bent for the fight, which was farre off, the ſhips being drawne to ſhore
On heapes at firſt, till all theire ſterns, a wall was raiſd before;
Which (though not great) it yet ſuffiſd, to hide them, though their men
Were ſomething ſtreighted; for whoſe ſcope, in forme of battel then,
They drew them through the ſpacious ſhore, one by another ſtill,
Till all the boſome of the Strand, their ſable bulks did fill:
Euen till they tooke vp all the ſpace, twixt both the Promontories.
Theſe kings (like *Neſtor*) in deſire, to know for what thoſe cries
Became ſo violent; came along (all leaning on their darts)
To ſee, though not of powre to fight; ſad, and ſuſpicious hearts

Agamemnon to Neſtor.

Diſtempring them, and (meeting now, *Neſtor*) the king in feare
Cried out, O *Neſtor* our renowne? why ſhewes thy preſence here?
The harmefull fight abandoned? now *Hector* will make good,
The threatning vow he made, (I feare) that till he had our blood,
And fir'd our fleet, he neuer more, would turne to *Ilion*.
Nor is it long, I ſee, before, his whole will, will be done.
O Gods, I now ſee all the *Greeks*, put on *Achilles* ire,
Againſt my honour; no meane left, to keepe our fleet from fire.

Neſtor to Agamemnon.

He anſwerd; Tis an euident truth, not *Ioue* himſelfe can now,
(With all the thunder in his hands) preuent our ouerthrow.
The wall we thought inuincible, and truſted more then *Ioue*;
Is ſcal'd, rac't, enterd, and our powres, (driuen vp) paſt breathing, proue
A moſt ineuitable fight: both ſlaughters ſo commixt,
That for your life, you cannot put, your diligent'ſt thought betwixt
The *Greeks* and *Troians*; and as cloſe, their throates cleaue to the skie.
Conſult we then (if that will ſerue;) for fight, aduiſe not I;
It fits not wounded men to fight. *Atrides* anſwerd him,
If ſuch a wall, as coſt the *Greeks*, ſo many a tired lim,

Agamemnons replie to Neſtor, vrging flight.

And ſuch a dike be paſt, and rac't, that (as your ſelfe ſaid well)
We all eſteemd inuincible, and would, paſt doubt repell
The world, from both our fleete and vs: it doth directly ſhow,
That here *Ioue* vowes our ſhames, and deaths. I euermore did know
His hand from ours, when he helpt vs: and now I ſee as cleare
That (like the bleſſed Gods) he holds, our hated enemies deare;
Supports their armes, and pinnions ours. Conclude then, tis in vaine
To ſtriue with him. Our ſhips drawne vp, now let vs lanch againe,
And keepe at anchor, till calme *Night*; that then (perhaps) our foes
May calme their ſtormes, and in that time, our ſcape we may diſpoſe:
" It is not any ſhame to flie, from ill, although by night:
" Knowne ill, he better does that flies, then he it takes in fight.

Vlyſſes bitter anſwer to Agamemnon.

Vlyſſes frown'd on him, and ſaid; Accurſt, why talk'ſt thou thus?
Would thou hadſt led ſome babarous hoſt, and not commanded vs
Whom *Ioue* made ſouldiers from our youth, that age might ſcorne to flie
From any charge it vndertakes; and euery dazeled eye
The honord hand of warre might cloſe. Thus wouldſt thou leaue this towne
For which our many miſeries felt, entitle it our owne?
Peace, leſt ſome other *Greeke* giue eare, and heare a ſentence ſuch
As no mans pallate ſhould prophane; at leaſt, that knew how much

His

His owne right weigh'd, and being a Prince, and ſuch a Prince as beares
Rule of ſo many *Greeks* as thou. This counſell lothes mine eares;
Let others toyle in fight and cries, and we ſo light of heeles
Vpon their verie noiſe, and grones, to hoiſe away our keeles,
Thus we ſhould fit the wiſh of *Troy*, that being ſomething neare
The victorie, we giue it cleare: and we were ſure to beare
A ſlaughter to the vtmoſt man: for no man will ſuſtaine
A ſtroke, the fleete gone; but at that, looke ſtill, and wiſh him ſlaine:
And therefore (Prince of [a] men) be ſure, thy cenſure is vnfit.
O *Ithacus* (replied the King) thy bitter termes haue ſmit
My heart in ſunder. At no hand, gainſt any Princes will
Do I command this; would to God, that any man of skill,
To giue a better counſell would; or old, or younger man:
My voice ſhould gladly go with his. Then *Diomed* began.
The man not farre is, nor ſhall aske, much labour to bring in,
That willingly would ſpeake his thoughts, if ſpoken, they might win
Fit eare; and ſuffer no empaire, that I diſcouer them,
Being yongeſt of you: ſince, my Sire, that heir'd a Diadem,
May make my ſpeech to Diadems, decent enough, though he
Lies in his ſepulcher at *Thebes*. I boſt this pedigree,
Portheus, three famous ſonnes begot, that in high *Calidon*,
And *Pleuron* kept, with ſtate of kings, their habitation.
Agrius, *Melas*, and the third, the horſeman *Oeneus*,
My fathers father, that exceld, in actions generous,
The other two: but theſe kept home, my father being driuen
With wandring, and aduentrous ſpirits; for ſo the king of heauen,
And th'other Gods, ſet downe their willes: and he to *Argos* came,
Where he begun the world, and dwelt; there matying a dame,
One of *Adraſtus* femall race. He kept a royall houſe,
For he had great demeanes, good land, and (being induſtrious)
He planted many orchard grounds, about his houſe; and bred
Great ſtore of ſheepe. Beſides all this, he was well qualited,
And paſt all *Argiues* for his ſpeare: and theſe digreſſiue things
Are ſuch as you may well endure; ſince (being deriu'd from kings,
And kings not poore, nor vertuleſſe) you cannot hold me baſe,
Nor ſcorne my words: which oft (though true) in meane men, meet diſgrace.
How euer; they are theſe in ſhort. Let vs be ſeene at fight,
And yeeld to ſtrong *Neceſſitie*, though wounded; that our fight
May ſet thoſe men on, that of late, haue to *Achilles* ſpleene
Bene too indulgent, and left blowes: but be we onely ſeene
Not come within the reach of darts; leſt wound, on wound we lay;
(Which reuerend *Neſtors* ſpeech implide) and ſo fatre him obay.
This counſell gladly all obſeru'd; went on, *Atrides* led;
Nor *Neptune* this aduantage loſt, but cloſely followed;
And like an aged man appear'd, t' *Atrides*; whoſe right hand
He ſeiſd, and ſaid; *Atrides*, this, doth paſſing fitly ſtand
With ſterne *Achilles* wreakfull ſpirit, that he can ſtand a ſterne
His ſhip; and both in fight and death, the *Grecian* bane diſcerne:

Agamemnon to Vlyſſes.

Diomed to Agamemnon and the reſt.

Diomeds pedigree.

Neptune appears like an aged man to Agamemnon.

Since

Since, not in his breaſt glowes one ſparke, of any humane mind;
Neptune to Agamemnon. But, be that his owne bane; let God, by that loſſe make him find
How vile a thing he is: for know, the bleſt Gods haue not giuen
Thee euer ouer; but perhaps, the *Troians* may from heauen
Receiue that iuſtice. Nay tis ſure, and thou ſhalt ſee their fals:
Your fleete ſoone freed; and for fights here, they glad to take their wals.
This ſaid, he made knowne who he was, and parted with a crie,
As if ten thouſand men had ioynd, in battaile then; ſo hie
His throate flew through the hoſt: and ſo, this great earth-ſhaking God
Chear'd vp the *Greeke* hearts, that they wiſht, their paines no period.
Saturnia from *Olympus* top, ſaw her great brother there,
And her great husbands brother too, exciting euery where
The glorious ſpirits of the *Greeks*; which, as ſhe ioy'd to ſee:
So (on the fountfull *Idas* top) *Ioues* ſight did diſagree
With her contentment; ſince ſhe fear'd, that his hand would deſcend,
And checke the ſea-Gods practiſes. And this ſhe did contend
Iuno prepares her ſelfe to deceiue Ioue. How to preuent; which thus ſeem'd beſt: To decke her curiouſly,
And viſite the *Idalian* hill, that ſo the Lightners eye
She might enamour with her lookes, and his high temples ſteepe
(Euen to his wiſedome) in the kind, and golden iuyce of ſleepe.
So tooke ſhe chamber, which her ſonne, the God of ferrary,
With firme doores made, being ioyned cloſe, and with a priuie key,
That no God could command but *Ioue*; where (enterd) ſhe made faſt
The ſhining gates; and then vpon, her louely bodie caſt
Ambroſia, that firſt made it cleare; and after, laid on it
Teihyomenon vnguentum. An odorous, rich, and ſacred oyle, that was ſo wondrous ſweet,
That, euer, when it was but toucht, it ſweetn'd heauen and earth.
Her body being cleanſd with this, her Treſſes ſhe let forth,
And comb'd, (her combe dipt in the oyle) then wrapt them vp in curles:
And thus (her deathleſſe head adornd) a heauenly veile ſhe hurles
On her white ſhoulders; wrought by her, that rules in houſewiferies,
Who woue it full of antique workes, of moſt diuine deuice.
And this, with goodly claſps of gold, ſhe faſtn'd to her breaſt:
Then with a girdle (whoſe rich ſphere, a hunderd ſtuds impreſt)
She girt her ſmall waſt. In her eares (tenderly pierc't) ſhe wore
Pearles, great, and orient: on her head, a wreath not worne before
Caſt beames out like the Sunne. At laſt, ſhe to her feete did tie
Faire ſhoes; and thus entire attir'd, ſhe ſhin'd in open skie:
Cald the faire *Paphian* Queene apart, from th'other Gods, and ſaid;
Iuno to Venus. Lou'd daughter? ſhould I aske a grace, ſhould I, or be obeyd?
Or wouldſt thou croſſe me? being incenſt, ſince I croſſe thee, and take
Venus to Iuno. The *Greeks* part, thy hand helping *Troy*? She anſwerd, That ſhall make
No difference in a different cauſe: aske (ancient Deitie)
What moſt contents thee; my mind ſtands, inclin'd as liberally,
To grant it, as thine owne to aske; prouided that it be
A fauour fit, and in my powre. She (giuen deceiptfully)
Thus ſaid; Then giue me thoſe two powres, with which both men and Gods
Thou vanquiſheſt, *Loue*, and *Deſire*. For now, the periods

Of

Of all the many-feeding earth, and the originall
Of all the gods, *Oceanus*, and *Thetis*, whom we call
Our mother, I am going to greet: they nurſt me in their court,
And brought me vp, receiuing me, in moſt reſpectfull ſort
From *Rhea*; when *Ioue* vnder earth, and the vnfruitfull ſeas
Caſt *Saturne*. Theſe I go to ſee, intending to appeaſe
Iarres growne betwixt them, hauing long, abſtaind from ſpeech and bed;
Which iarres, could I ſo reconcile, that, in their angers ſtead
I could place loue; and ſo renew, their firſt ſocietie;
I ſhould their beſt lou'd be eſteem'd, and honord euerdleſly.
She anſwerd, Tis not fit, nor iuſt, thy will ſhould be denied, *Venus to Iuno.*
Whom *Ioue*, in his embraces holds. This ſpoken, ſhe vntied,
And from her odorous boſome tooke, her Ceſton, in whoſe ſphere
Were all enticements to delight, all *Loues*; all *Longings* were,
Kind conference; *Faire ſpeech*, whoſe powre, the wiſeſt doth enflame:
This, ſhe reſigning to her hands, thus vrg'd her by her name.
Receiue this bridle, thus faire wrought; and put it twixt thy breſts:
Where all things, to be done, are done; and whatſoeuer reſts
In thy deſire, returne with it. The great-eyd *Iuno* ſmild,
And put it twixt her breſts. Loues Queene, thus cunningly beguild,
To *Ioues* court flew. *Saturnia*, (ſtraight ſtooping from heauens height)
Pieria, and *Emathia*, (thoſe countries of delight)
Soone reacht, and to the ſnowy mounts, where *Thracian* ſouldiers dwell,
(Approaching) paſt their tops vntoucht. From *Athos* then ſhe fell,
Paſt all the brode ſea; and arriu'd, in *Lemnos*, at the towres,
Of god-like *Thoas*; where ſhe met, the Prince of all mens powres, *Iuno to Somnus.*
Deaths brother, *Sleepe*; whoſe hand ſhe tooke, and ſaid; Thou king of men,
Prince of the Gods too: if before, thou heardſt my ſuites: againe
Giue helpefull eare, and through all times, Ile offer thanks to thee:
Lay ſlumber on *Ioues* fierie eyes: that I may comfort me
With his embraces. For which grace, Ile grace thee with a throne
Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly done
By *Mulciber*: to which, he forg'd, a footeſtoole for the eaſe
Of thy ſoft feete; when wine, and feaſts, thy golden humours pleaſe.
Sweet *Sleepe* replyed; *Saturnia*, there liues not any god *Somnus to Iuno.*
(Beſides *Ioue*) but I would becalme: I, if it were the flood
That fathers all the Deities, the great *Oceanus*.
But *Ioue* we dare not come more neare, then he commandeth vs.
Now you command me, as you did, when *Ioues* great minded ſonne,
Alcides (hauing ſackt the towne, of ſtubborne *Ilion*)
Tooke ſaile from thence; when by your charge, I pour'd about *Ioues* mind
A pleaſing ſlumber; calming him, till thou drau'ſt vp the wind,
In all his cruelties, to ſea; that ſet his ſonne aſhore,
In *Cous*, farre from all his friends; which (waking) vext ſo ſore
The ſupreme godhead, that he caſt, the gods about the skie,
And me (aboue them all) he ſought: whom he had vtterly
Hurld from the ſparkling firmament; if all-gods-taming *Night*,
(Whom, flying, I beſought for aid) had ſuffer'd his deſpight,

And not preſeru'd me: but his wrath, with my offence diſpenc't,
For feare t'offend her; and ſo ceaſt, though neuer ſo incenſt:
And now another ſuch eſcape, you wiſh I ſhould prepare.
She anſwerd; What hath thy deepe reſt, to do with his deepe care?
Iuno to Somnus. As though *Ioues* loue to *Ilion*, in all degrees were ſuch,
As twas to *Hercules*, his ſonne? and ſo would ſtorme as much
For their diſpleaſure, as for his? away, I will remoue
Thy feare, with giuing thee the dame, that thou didſt euer loue;
One of the faire young Graces borne, diuine *Paſithae*.
This ſtarted *Somnus* into ioy; who anſwerd, Sweare to me,
By thoſe inuiolable ſprings, that feed the Stygian lake:
With one hand touch the nouriſhing earth; and in the other, take
The marble ſea; that all the gods, of the infernall ſtate,
Which circle *Saturne*, may to vs, be witneſſes; and rate
What thou haſt vow'd: that with all truth, thou wilt beſtow on me,
The dame (I grant) I euer lou'd, diuine *Paſithae*.
The oath of Iuno to Somnus. She ſwore, as he enioyn'd in all, and ſtrengthend all his ioyes,
By naming all th'infernall gods, ſurnam'd the *Titanois*.
The oath thus taken, both tooke way, and made their quicke repaire
To *Ida*, from the towne, and Ile, all hid in liquid aire.
At *Lectos* firſt, they left the ſea; and there, the land they trod.
The fountfull nurſe of ſauages, with all her woods did nod,
Beneath their feete: there *Somnus* ſtaid, leſt *Ioues* bright eye ſhould ſee;
Somnus climes a firre tree. And yet (that he might ſee to *Ione*) he climb'd the goodlieſt tree
That all th'*Idalian* mountaine bred, and crownd her progenie:
A firre it was, that ſhot paſt aire, and kiſt the burning skie.
There ſate he hid in his darke armes, and in the ſhape, withall,
Of that continuall prating bird, whom all the Deities call
Chalcis; but men *Cymmindis* name. *Saturnia* tript apace
Vp to the top of *Gargarus*, and ſhewd her heauenly face
To *Iupiter*; who ſaw, and lou'd; and with as hote a fire,
(Being curious in her tempting view) as when with firſt deſire
(The pleaſure of it being ſtolne) they mixt, in loue and bed.
And (gazing on her ſtill) he ſaid: *Saturnia*, what hath bred
Iupiter to Iuno: This haſte in thee, from our high court? and whither tends thy gate?
That voide of horſe and chariot, fit for thy ſoueraigne ſtate,
Iunos anſwer. Thou lackieſt here? Her ſtudied fraude, replyed; My iourney now
Leaues ſtate, and labours to do good. And where, in right I owe
All kindneſſe to the Sire of gods; and our good mother Queene,
That nurſt, and kept me curiouſly, in court, (ſince both haue bene
Long time at diſcord) my deſire, is to attone their hearts;
And therefore go I now to ſee, thoſe earths extremeſt parts;
For whoſe farre-ſeate, I ſpar'd my horſe, the skaking of this hill,
And left them at the foote of it: for they muſt taſte their fill
Of trauaile with me; that muſt draw, my coach, through earth and ſeas;
Whoſe farre-intended reach, reſpect, and care not to diſpleaſe
Thy graces: made me not attempt, without thy gracious leaue.
The cloud-compelling god, her guile, in this ſort did receiue;

Iuno

Iuno, thou ſhalt haue after leaue, but ere ſo farre thou ſtray,
Conuert we our kind thoughts to loue; that now, doth euery way
Circle, with victorie, my powers: nor yet with any dame,
(Woman, or goddeſſe) did his fires, my boſome ſo enflame
As now, with thee: not when it lou'd, the parts ſo generous
Ixions wife had, that brought foorth, the wiſe *Pyrithous*;
Nor when the louely dame, *Acriſius* daughter ſtird
My amorous powres, that *Perſeus* bore, to all men elſe preferd;
Nor when the dame that *Phenix* got, ſurpriſd me with her ſight;
Who, the diuine-ſoul'd *Rhadamanth*, and *Minos* brought to light;
Nor *Semele*, that bore to me, the ioy of mortall men,
The ſprightly *Bacchus*; Nor the dame, that *Thebes* renowned then,
Alcmena, that bore *Hercules*; *Latona*, ſo renownd;
Queene *Ceres*, with the golden haire; nor thy faire eyes did wound,
My entrailes to ſuch depth as now, with thirſt of amorous eaſe.
Iuno inflamed with his loue to Iuno.

The cunning dame ſeem'd much incenſt, and ſaid, what words are theſe,
Vnſufferable *Saturns* ſonne? What? here? in *Idas* height?
Deſir'ſt thou this? how fits it vs? or what if in the ſight
Of any god, thy will were pleaſd? that he, the reſt might bring
To witneſſe thy incontinence; t'were a diſhonourd thing.
I would not ſhew my face in heauen, and riſe from ſuch a bed.
But if loue be ſo deare to thee, thou haſt a chamber ſted,
Which *Vulcan* purpoſely contriu'd, with all fit ſecrecie:
There ſleepe at pleaſure. He replyed; I feare not if the eye
Of either god, or man obſerue; ſo thicke a cloude of gold
Ile caſt about vs, that the Sunne, (who furtheſt can behold)
Shall neuer find vs. This reſolu'd, into his kind embrace,
He tooke his wife: beneath them both, faire *Tellus* ſtrewd the place
With freſh-ſprung herbes, ſo ſoft, and thicke, that vp aloft it bore
Their heauenly bodies: with his leaues, did deawy *Lotus* ſtore
Th'*Elyſian* mountaine; Saffron flowres, and *Hyacinths* helpt make
The ſacred bed; and there they ſlept: when ſodainly there brake,
A golden vapour out of aire, whence ſhining dewes did fall;
In which they wrapt them cloſe, and ſlept, till *Ioue* was tam'd withall.
Iuno's modeſty to Ioue in ſatisfying his loue.

Iupiter to Iuno.

The bed of Iupiter and Iuno.

Meane ſpace flew *Somnus* to the ſhips, found *Neptune* out, and ſaid,
Now, chearfully aſſiſt the *Greeks*, and giue them glorious head;
At leaſt, a little, while *Ioue* ſleepes; of whom through euery limme,
I pour'd darke ſleepe; *Saturnias* loue, hath ſo illuded him.
Somnus to Neptune.

This newes made *Neptune* more ſecure, in giuing *Grecians* heart;
And through the firſt fights, thus he ſtird, the men of moſt deſert.
Yet, *Grecians*: ſhall we put our ſhips, and conqueſt in the hands,
Of *Priams Hector*, by our ſloth? he thinks ſo, and commands,
With pride according; all becauſe, *Achilles* keepes away.
Alas, as we were nought but him? we little need to ſtay,
On his aſſiſtance, if we would, our owne ſtrengths call to field,
And mutually maintaine repulſe. Come on then, all men yeeld
To what I order; we that beare, beſt armes in all our hoſt;
Whoſe heads ſuſtaine the brighteſt helms; whoſe hands are briſtl'd moſt

Neptune to the Greekes.

With longeſt lances, let vs on: But ſtay, Ile leade you all;
Nor thinke I, but great *Hectors* ſpirits, will ſuffer ſome apall,
Though they be neuer ſo inſpir'd: the ableſt of vs then,
That on our ſhoulders worſt ſhields beare, exchange with worſer men
That fight with better. This propoſd, all heard it, and obeyd:
The kings (euen thoſe that ſufferd wounds, *Vlyſſes*, *Diomed*,
And *Agamemnon*) heplt t'inſtruct, the complete army thus;
To good, gaue good armes; worſe, to worſe; yet none were mutinous.
Neptune leades the Greeks. Thus (arm'd with order) forth they flew, the great Earth-ſhaker led;
A long ſword in his ſinowy hand, which when he brandiſhed,
It lighten'd ſtill: there was no law, for him, and it; poore men
Muſt quake before them. Theſe thus man'd, illuſtrous *Hector* then
His hoaſt brought vp. The blew-hair'd god, and he, ſtretcht through the preaſe
A greiuous fight: when to the ſhips, and tents of *Greece*, the ſeas
Brake looſe, and rag'd. But when they ioynd, the dreadfull *Clamor* roſe
To ſuch a height; as not the ſea, when vp, the North-ſpirit blowes
Her raging billowes; bellowes ſo, againſt the beaten ſhore:
Nor ſuch a ruſtling keeps a fire, driuen with violent blore,
Through woods that grow againſt a hill: nor ſo the feruent ſtrokes
Of almoſt-burſting winds reſound, againſt a groue of Okes;
As did the clamor of theſe hoaſts, when both the battels cloſd.
Hector at Aiax. Of all which, noble *Hector* firſt, at *Aiax* breaſt diſpoſd
His iauelin, ſince ſo right on him, the great-ſoul'd ſouldier bore;
Nor miſt it, but the bawdricks both, that his brode boſome wore,
To hang his ſhield and ſword, it ſtrooke; both which, his fleſh preſeru'd:
Hector (diſdaining that his lance, had thus, as good as ſweru'd)
Aiax at Hector. Trode to his ſtrength; but going off, great *Aiax* with a ſtone,
(One, of the many props for ſhips, that there lay trampl'd on)
Strooke his brode breaſt, aboue his ſhield, iuſt vnderneath his throte;
And ſhooke him peecemeale. When the ſtone, ſprung backe againe & ſmote
(c Earth, like a whirlewind gathering duſt, with whirring fiercely round,
For feruour of his vnſpent ſtrength, in ſetling on the ground:
Simile. And, as when *Ioues* bolt, by the rootes, rends from the earth an Oke;
His ſulphure caſting with the blow, a ſtrong, vnſauoury ſmoke;
And on the falne plant none dare looke, but with amazed eyes,
Hector ouerthrowne. (*Ioues* thunder being no laughing game) ſo bowd ſtrong *Hectors* thyes;
And ſo, with toſt-vp heeles he fell: away, his lance he flung,
His round ſhield followd; then his helme, and out his armour rung.
The *Greeks* then ſhowted, and ran in, and hop't to hale him off;
And therefore powr'd on darts, in ſtormes, to keepe his aide aloofe;
But none could hurt the peoples guide; nor ſtirre him from his ground:
Hector reſcued. *Sarpedon*, prince of *Lycia*; and *Glaucus*, ſo renownd,
Diuine *Agenor*, *Venus* ſonne, and wiſe *Polydamas*
Ruſht to his reſcue, and the reſt: no one, neglectiue was
Of *Hectors* ſafetie; all their ſhields, they coucht about him cloſe;
Raiſd him from earth, and (giuing him, in their kind armes repoſe)
From off the labour, caried him, to his rich chariot,
And bore him mourning towards *Troy*: but when the flood they got

Of

Of gulphy *Xanthus*, that was got, by deathleſſe *Iupiter*;
There tooke they him from chariot, and all beſprinkled there
His temples with the ſtreame; he breath'd, lookt vp, aſſaid to riſe,
And on his knees ſtaid, ſpitting blood: againe then, cloſd his eyes,
And backe againe his body fell; the maine blow had not done
Yet with his ſpirit. When the *Greeks*, ſaw worthy *Hector* gone;
Then thought they of their worke; then charg'd, with much more chere the foe
And then (farre firſt) *Oileades*, began the ouerthrow;
He darted *Satnius*, *Enops* ſonne, whom famous *Naia* bote,
(As ſhe was keeping *Enops* flocks) on *Satnius* riuers ſhore:
And ſtrooke him in his bellies rimme; who vpwards fell, and raiſd
A mightie skirmiſh with his fall: and then *Panthades* ſeiſd
Prothenor Areilicides, with his reuend'gfull ſpeare,
On his right ſhoulder; ſtrooke it through, and laid him breathleſſe there.
For which he inſolently bragd, and cryed out; Not a dart
From great-ſoul'd *Panthus* ſonne, I thinke, ſhall euer vainlier part;
But ſome *Greeke* boſome it ſhall take, and make him giue his ghoſt.
This bragge the *Grecians* ſtomackt much, but *Telamonius* moſt,
Who ſtood moſt neare *Prothenors* fall: and out he ſent a lance,
Which *Panthus* ſonne (declining) ſcap't, yeet tooke it to ſad chance,
Archelochus, *Antenors* ſonne, whom heauen did deſtinate
To that ſterne end, twixt necke, and head, the iauelin wrought his fate,
And ran in at the vpper ioint, of all the backe long bone,
Cut both the nerues, and ſuch a lode, of ſtrength, laid *Aiax* on,
As, that ſmall part, he ſeiſd, outwaid, all th'vnder limbs; and ſtrooke
His heeles vp ſo, that head, and face, the earths poſſeſſions tooke,
When all the low parts ſprung in aire; and thus did *Aiax* quit
Panthades Braue; Now, *Panthus* ſonne, let thy prophetique wit,
Conſider, and diſcloſe a truth, if this man do not wey
Euen with *Prothenor?* I conceiue, no one of you will ſay,
That either he was baſe himſelfe, or ſprung of any baſe;
Antenors brother, or his ſonne, he ſhould be, by his face;
One of his race, paſt queſtion, his likeneſſe ſhewes he is.
This ſpake he, knowing it well enough. The *Troians* ſtorm'd at this,
And then ſlue *Acamas* (to ſaue, his brother yet ingag'd)
Bœotius, dragging him to ſpoile; and thus the *Greeks* enrag'd.
O *Greeks?* euen borne to beare our darts, yet euer breathing threats;
Not alwayes vnder teares, and toyles, ye ſee our fortune ſweats;
But ſometimes you drop vnder death: ſee now, your quicke among
Our dead, intranc't with my weake lance; to proue I haue, ere long
Reueng'd my brother: tis the wiſh, of euery honeſt man;
His brother ſlaine in *Mars* his field, may reſt wreakt in his Phane.
This ſtird freſh enuie in the *Greeks*, but vrg'd *Peneleus* moſt,
Who hurld his lance at *Acamas*; he ſcap't: nor yet it loſt
The force he gaue it, for it found, the flocke-rich *Pharbas* ſonne,
Ilioneus, whoſe deare Sire, (paſt all in *Ilion*)
Was lou'd of *Hermes*, and enricht; and to him onely bore
His mother, this now ſlaughterd man. The dart did vndergore

Polydamas his inſultation.

Alax inſults in requitall of Polydamas.

His eye-lid, by his eyes deare rootes; and out the apple fell,
The eye pierc't through: nor could the nerue, that ſtaies the necke, repell
His ſtrong-wing'd lance; but necke and all, gaue way, and downe he dropt.
Penelew then vnſheath'd his ſword, and from the ſhoulders chopt
His luckleſſe head; which downe he threw; the helme ſtill ſticking on:
And ſtill the lance, fixt in his eye; which, not to ſee, alone,
Contented him; but vp againe, he ſnatcht, and ſhewd it all;
With this ſterne Braue; *Ilians*, relate, braue *Ilioneus* fall,
To his kind parents; that their roofes, their teares may ouerrunne;
For ſo the houſe of *Promachus*, and *Alegenors* ſonne,
Muſt with his wiues eyes, ouerflow: ſhe neuer ſeeing more
Her deare Lord, though we tell his death; when to our natiue ſhore,
We bring from ruin'd *Troy* our fleete, and men ſo long forgone.
This ſaid, and ſeene, pale Feare poſſeſt, all thoſe of *Ilion*:
And eu'ry man caſt round his eye, to ſee, where Death was not,
That he might flie him. Let not then, his grac't hand be forgot,
(O Muſes you that dwell in heauen) that firſt embrude the field,
With Troian ſpoile; when *Neptune* thus, had made their irons yeeld.
Firſt *Aiax Telamonius*, the Myſian Captaine ſlew
Great *Hyrtius Gyrtiades*. *Antilochus* o'rethew
Phalces and *Mermer*, to their ſpoyle. *Meriones* gaue end,
To *Morus* and *Hippotion*. *Teucer*, to Fate did ſend,
Prothoon and *Periphetes*. *Atrides* Iauelin chac't
Duke *Hyperenor*; wounding him, [d] in that part that is plac't
Betwixt the ſhort ribs and the bones, that to the triple gut
Haue pertinence. The Iauelins head, did out his entrailes cut,
His forc't ſoule breaking through the wound: nights black hand cloſde his eies.
Aiax Oileus vertue for ſwiftneſſe.
Then *Aiax*, great *Oileus* ſonne, had diuers victories:
For when *Saturnius* ſufferd flight; of all the Grecian race,
Not one with ſwiftneſſe of his feete, could ſo enrich a chace.

COMMENTARIVS.

[a] Ὄχαμε λαῶν. Princeps populorum (*the end of* Vlyſſes *ſpeech in the beginning of this book*) *which aſcription our* Spond. *takes to be giuen in ſcorne: and that all* Vlyſſes *ſpeech is* σκωπτικὸν, *or ſcoffing; which is ſpoken altogether ſeriouſly and bitterly to this title at the end: which was ſpoken* ἤπιως, molliter *or* benigne; *of purpoſe to make* Agamemnon *beare the better the iuſtice of his other auſteritie.*

[b] Καὶ ἐγω γένος εὔχομαι εἶναι, & ego quoad genus glorior eſſe. *The long digreſſion, that followes this, in the ſpeech of* Diomed (*being next to* Agamemnons *reply to* Vlyſſes) *bewrayes an affectation he had by all-any-thing-fit-meanes, to talke of his pedigree: and by reaſon of that humor, hath ſhewne his deſire elſewhere, to learne the pedigreees of others: as in the ſixt booke, in his enquirie of* Glaucus *pedigree. And herein is expreſt part of his character.*

[c] Στρεμβον δ' ὡς ἴσασιν βαχον, &c. *ouerpaſsing, for ſpeed, many things in this booke that crie out for the praiſe of our* Homer, *and note of that, which in moſt readers I know will be loſt: I muſt onely inſiſt ſtill on thoſe parts that (in my poore vnderſtanding) could neuer yet find apprehenſion in any of our Commentors or tranſlators: as in this ſimile againe of the whirlewind; to which the ſtone that* Aiax *hurled at* Hector, *is reſembled.* Valla *and* Eobanus, Salel *in French, ſo vnderſtanding,* Hector

turned

turned about with the blow, like a whirlewind. Vallas *words are these*, (*translating* στρεφθὲν δ' ὡς ἔστρωτο βαλὼν, περὶ δ' ἴδρις πάτο, *which* ad verbum *saie thus much in euery common translation*; Trochum autem ſicut concuſſit feriens, rotatuſque eſt vndique.) Quo ictu Hector velut turbo, quem Strombum dicunt, rotato corpore, &c. Eobanus *converting it thus:*

—Stetit ille tremens, ceu turbo rotatus.

Which though it harpe vpon the other, makes yet much worſe muſicke, ſaying, Hector *ſtood trembling, being wheeled about like a whirlwind. He ſtood, yet was turned about violently. How groſſe both are, I thinke, the blindeſt ſee: and muſt needs acknowledge a monſtrous vnworthines in theſe men to touch our* Homer, *eſteeming it an extreme loſſe to the world, to haue this and the like vndiſcouered. For (as I apprehend it) being expreſt no better then in my ſilly conuerſion (and the ſtone, not* Hector *likened to the whirlewind) it is aboue the wit of a man to imitate our* Homers *wit, for the moſt fierie illuſtration both of* Aiax *ſtrength, and* Hectors: *of* Aiax *for giuing ſuch a force to it, as could not ſpend it ſelfe vpon* Hector, *but turne after vpon the earth, in that whirlewind-like violence: of* Hector, *for ſtanding it ſo ſolidly; for without that conſideration, the ſtone could neuer haue recoild ſo fiercely. And here haue we a ruled caſe againſt our plaine and ſmug writers; that becauſe their owne vnweildineſſe will not let them riſe thẽſelues, would haue euery man groueI like thẽ: their fethers not paſsing the pitch of euery womans capacity. And (indeed) where a man is vnderſtood, there is euer a proportiõ betwixt the writers wit & the writees (that I may ſpeake with authority) according to my old leſſon in Philoſophy:* Intellectus in ipſa intelligibilia tranſit. *But herein this caſe is ruled againſt ſuch men, that they affirme theſe hyperbolicall or ſuperlatiue ſort of expreſsions & illuſtratiõs are too bold and bumbaſted; and out of that word is ſpunne that which they call our Fuſtian: their plaine writing, being ſtuffe nothing ſo ſubſtantial, but ſuch groſſe ſowtedge, or hairepatch, as euery gooſe may eate oates through. Againſt which, and all theſe plebeian opinions, that a man is bound to write to euery vulgar readers vnderſtanding, you ſee the great maſter of all elocution hath written ſo darkly, that almoſt three thouſand ſunnes haue not diſcouered him, no more in fiue hundred other places then here; and yet all peruiall enough (you may well ſay) when ſuch a one as I comprehend them. But the chiefe end why I extend this annotation, is onely to intreate your note here of* Homers *maner of writing, which (to vtter his after-ſtore of matter and varietie) is ſo preſſe, and puts on with ſo ſtrong a current, that it farre ouer runnes the moſt laborious purſuer, if he haue not a Poeticall foote, and Poeſies quicke eye to guide it. The verſe in queſtion, I referre you to before, which ſayes,* χειμάδιος, *ſignifying a ſtone of a handfull, or that with one hand may be raiſed and caſt, ſpoken of before; and (here being vnderſtood) ſhooke* Hector *at all parts, in ſtriking him, and like a whirlwind wheeled or whirred about. Wherein he ſpeakes not of bounding to the earth again, and raiſing a duſt with his violent turnings: in which the conceit and life of his ſimile lies, but leaues it to his reader, and he leaues it to him: notwithſtanding he vtters enough to make a ſtone vnderſtand it; how ſtupidly ſoeuer all his interpreters would haue* Hector (*being ſtrooke into a trembling, and almoſt dead*) *turne about like a whirlewind. I conclude then with this queſtion: What fault is it in me, to furniſh and adorne my verſe (being his Tranſlator) with tranſlating and adding the truth and fulneſſe of his conceit; it being as like to paſſe my reader, as his, and therefore neceſſarie? If it be no fault in me, but fit, then may I iuſtly be ſaid to better* Homer? *or not to haue all my inuention, matter and forme from him, though a little I enlarge his forme?* Virgil, *in all places*

where he is compared and preferred to Homer, *doth nothing more. And therefore my assertion in the second Booke is true, that* Virgil *hath in all places, wherein he is compared and preferred to* Homer *by* Scaliger, *&c. both his invention, matter and forme from him.*

[d] Οὔτα κατα λαπαρὴν, &c. vulnerauit ad Ilę; *it is translated: and is in the last verses of this Booke, where* Menelaus *is said to wound* Hyperenor. *But* λαπάρη, dicitur ea pars corporis quæ posita est inter costas nothas, & ossa quæ ad Ilia pertinent, quòd inanis sit, & desiderat. Hip. in lib. περὶ ἀγμῶν; *and therfore I accordingly translate it. And note this beside, both out of this place and many others, how excellent an Anatomist our* Homer *was, whose skill in those times, me thinkes, should be a secret.*

The end of the fourteenth Booke of Homers *Iliads.*

THE

8 AP 58

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS.

The Argvment.

IOue waking, and beholding Troy *in flight,*
Chides Iuno, *and ſends* Iris *to the fight,*
To charge the ſea-god, to forſake the field;
And Phœbus, *to inuade it, with his ſhield,*
Recouering Hectors *brooſde, and craſed powres.*
To field he goes, and makes new conquerours;
The Troians *giuing now, the* Grecians *chace,*
Euen to their fleete. Then Aiax *turnes his face,*
And feeds, with many Troian *liues, his ire;*
Who then brought brands to ſet the fleete on fire.

Another Argument.

Ioue *ſees in, O, his ouerſight,*
Chides Iuno, Neptune *call from fight.*

THe *Troians* (beate paſt pale and dike, and numbers proſtrate laide)
All got to chariot, feare-driuen all; and fear'd as men diſmaide:
Then *Ioue*, on *Idas* top, awakt; roſe from *Saturnias* ſide,
Stood vp, and lookt vpon the warre; and all inuerted, ſpide,
Since he had ſeene it, th'*Ilians* now, in rowt; the *Greeks* in fight:
King *Neptune*, with his long ſword, Chiefe; great *Hector* put downe quite,
Laide flat in field, and with a crowne, of Princes compaſſed;
So ſtopt vp, that he ſcarce could breath; his minds ſound habite fled,
And he ſtill ſpitting blood. Indeed, his hurt was not ſet on
By one that was the weakeſt *Greeke*. But him *Ioue* lookt vpon
With eyes of pittie: on his wife, with horrible aſpect;
To whom he ſaid: O thou in ill, moſt cunning Architect *Iupiters wrath againſt Iuno.*
All Arts, and comments that exceedſt! not onely to enforce
Hector from fight; but with his men, to ſhew the *Greeks* a courſe.
I feare (as formerly) ſo now, theſe ils haue with thy hands,
Their firſt fruits ſowne, and therefore could, lode all thy lims with bands.
Forgetſt thou, when I hangd thee vp; how to thy feete I tyed
Two Anuils; golden manacles, on thy falſe wriſts implied,
And let thee mercileſly hang, from our refined heauen
Euen to earths vapors; all the gods, in great *Olympus*, giuen
To mutinies about thee; yet, (though all ſtood ſtaring on)
None durſt diſſolue thee; for theſe hands (had they but ſeiſd vpon
Thy friend) had headlong throwne him off, from our ſtar-bearing round,
Till he had tumbl'd out his breath; and peecemeale daſht the ground.

Nor

Nor was my angry ſpirit calm'd, ſo ſoone, for thoſe foule ſeas,
On which (inducing Northerne ſlawes) thou ſhipwrack'dſt *Hercules*,
And toſt him to the Coon ſhore; that thou ſhouldſt tempt againe
My wraths importance, when thou ſeeſt (beſides) how groſly vaine,
My powres can make thy policies: for from their vtmoſt force,
I freed my ſonne, and ſet him ſafe, in *Argos*, nurſe of horſe.
Theſe I remember to thy thoughts, that thou mayſt ſhun theſe ſleights,
And know how badly bed-ſports thriue, procur'd by baſe deceits.
This frighted the offending Queene, who, with this ſtate, excuſde
Iunoes oath in clearing her ſelf to Iupiter.
Her kind vnkindneſſe: Witneſſe earth, and heauen, ſo farre diffuſde:
Thou Flood, whoſe ſilent-gliding waues, the vnder ground doth beare,
(Which is the great'ſt, and graueſt oath, that any god can ſweare)
Thy ſacred head; thoſe ſecret ioyes, that our yong bed gaue forth,
(By which I neuer raſhly ſwore) that he who ſhakes the earth,
Not by my counſell did this wrong, to *Hector* and his hoſt;
But (pittying th'oppreſſed Greekes, their fleete being neerly loſt)
Relieu'd their hard condition; yet vtterly impeld
By his free mind: which ſince I ſee, is ſo offenſiue held,
To thy high pleaſure, I will now, aduiſe him not to tread,
But where thy tempeſt-raiſing feete, (O *Iupiter*) ſhall leade.
Ioue laught to heare her ſo ſubmiſſe; and ſaid: My faire-eyd loue,
Iupiters charge to Iuno, and reconciliation.
If ſtill thus thou and I were one, (in counſels held aboue)
Neptune would ſtill, in word and fact, be ours, if not in heart;
If then thy tongue and heart agree, from hence to heauen depart,
To call the excellent in bowes; the Raine-bow, and the Sunne,
That both may viſite both the hoſts; the Grecian armie, one;
And that is *Iris*; let her haſte, and make the ſea-god ceaſe,
T'aſſiſt the Greekes; and to his court, retire from warre, in peace.
Let *Phœbus* (on the *Troian* part) inſpire with wonted powre
Great *Hectors* ſpirits: make his thoughts, forget the late ſterne houre,
And all his anguiſh; ſetting on, his whole recouer'd man
To make good his late grace in fight, and hold inconſtant wane
The Grecian glories, till they fall, in flight before the fleete
Of vext *Achilles*; which extreme, will proue the meane to greete
Thee with thy wiſh: for then the eyes, of great *Æacides*,
(Made witneſſe of the generall ill, that doth ſo neare him preaſe)
Will make his owne particular, looke out; and by degrees
Abate his wrath, that through himſelfe, for no extremities
Will ſeeme reflected; yet his friend, may get of him the grace,
To helpe his countrey, in his Armes; and he ſhall make fit place,
For his full preſence, with his death; which ſhall be well forerunne:
For I will firſt renowne his life, with ſlaughter of my ſonne,
(Diuine *Sarpedon*) and his death, great *Hectors* powre ſhall wreake,
Ending his ends. Then at once, out ſhall the furie breake
Of fierce *Achilles*: and with that, the flight now felt, ſhall turne;
And then laſt, till in wrathfull flames, the long-ſieg'd Ilion burne.
Mineruaes counſell ſhall become, graue meane, to this my will;
Which no god ſhall neglect, before, *Achilles* take his fill

Of

Of ſlaughter, for his ſlaughterd friend: euen *Hectors* ſlaughter, throwne
Vnder his anger; that theſe facts, may then make fully knowne
My vowes performance, made of late: and with my bowed head,
Confirm'd to *Thetis*, when her armes, embrac't my knees, and praid
That to her citie-racing ſonne, I would all honour ſhew.
This heard, his charge ſhe ſeem'd t'intend, and to *Olympus* flew.
But, as the mind of ſuch a man, that hath a great way gone, *Smile.*
And either knowing not his way; or then would let alone
His purpoſde iourney, is diſtract; and in his vexed mind
Reſolues now not to go; now goes, ſtill many wayes inclin'd:
So reuerend *Iuno* headlong flew, and 'gainſt her ſtomacke ſtriu'd.
For (being amongſt th'immortall gods, in high heauen, ſoone arriu'd,
All riſing, welcoming with cups, her little abſence thence)
She all their courtſhips ouerpaſt, with ſolemne negligence,
Saue that which faire-cheekt *Themis* ſhew'd; and her kind cup ſhe tooke:
For firſt, ſhe ranne and met with her, and askt; What troubled looke *Thanks to Iuno.*
She brought to heauen? She thought (for truth) that *Ioue* had terrified
Her ſpirits ſtrangely, ſince ſhe went. The faire arm'd Queene replide:
That truth may eaſily be ſuppoſde, you (goddeſſe *Themis*) know *Iunos reply.*
His old ſeueritie and pride; but you bear't out with ſhow,
And like the banquets arbiter, amongſt th'Immortals fare,
Though well you heare amongſt them all, how bad his actions are;
Nor are all here, nor any where, mortals, nor gods (I feare)
Entirely pleaſd with what he does, though thus ye banquet here.
Thus tooke ſhe place, diſpleaſedly; the feaſt in generall,
Bewraying priuie ſplenes at *Ioue*; and then (to colour all)
She laught, but meerly from her lips: for, ouer her blacke browes
Her ſtill-bent forehead was not cleer'd; yet this her paſſions throwes,
Brought forth in ſpight, being lately ſchool'd; alas, what fooles are we?
That enuie *Ioue?* or that by act, word, thought, can fantaſie,
Any reſiſtance to his will? he ſits farre off, nor cares,
Nor moues, but ſayes he knowes his ſtrength, to all degrees compares
His greatneſſe, paſt all other gods: and that in fortitude,
And euery other godlike powre; he reignes, paſt all indude.
For which great eminence, all you Gods, what euer ill he does
Suſtaine with patience: here is *Mars*, I thinke, not free from woes;
And yet he beares them like himſelfe. The great God had a ſonne, *Iunos ſpeech of purpoſe to incenſe Mars Sceptick.*
Whom he himſelfe yet inſtiles, one that from all men wonne,
Iuſt ſurname of their beſt belou'd, *Aſcalaphus*; yet he
(By *Ioues* high grace to *Troy*) is ſlaine. *Mars* ſtarted horribly
(As *Iuno* knew he would) at this; beate, with his hurld out hands,
His brawnie thighes; cried out, and ſaid: O you that haue commands
In theſe high temples, beare with me, if I reuenge the death
Of ſuch a ſonne; Ile to the fleete; and though I ſinke beneath
The fate of being ſhot to hell, by *Ioues* fell thunder ſtone:
And lie all grim'd amongſt the dead, with duſt and bloud, my ſonne,
Reuenge ſhall honour. Then he charg'd, Feare and Diſmay to ioyne
His horſe and chariot: he got armes, that ouer heauen did ſhine:

And

And then a wrath, more great and graue, in *Ione* had bene prepar'd
Againſt the gods, then *Iuno* cauſde; if *Pallas* had not car'd
More for the peace of heauen then *Mars*; who leapt out of her throne,
Rapt vp her helmet, lance, and ſhield, and made her Phanes porch grone,
With her egreſſion to his ſtay: and thus his rage defers:

Pallas to Mars. Furious, and fooliſh? th'art vndone; haſt thou, for nought, thine eares?
Heard'ſt thou not *Iuno*, being arriu'd, from heauens great king but now?
Or wouldſt thou he himſelfe ſhould riſe (forc't with thy rage) to ſhow,
The dreadfull powre ſhe vrg'd in him, ſo iuſtly being ſtird?
Know (thou moſt impudent and mad) thy wrath had not inferd
Miſchiefe to thee; but to vs all: his ſpirit had inſtantly
Left both the hoſts, and turn'd his hands, to vprores in the skie.
Guiltie and guiltleſſe, both to wracke, in his high rage had gone;
And therefore (as thou loueſt thy ſelfe) ceaſſe furie for thy ſonne.
Another, farre exceeding him, in heart and ſtrength of hand,
Or is, or will be ſhortly ſlaine. It were a [b] worke would ſtand
Ione in much trouble, to free all, from death, that would not die.
This threat, euen nail'd him to his throne, when heauens chiefe Maieſtie,
Cald bright *Apollo* from his Phane; and *Iris* that had place
Of Internuncieſſe from the Gods; to whom ſhe did the grace

Iuno to Apollo and Iris. Of *Iupiter*, to this effect: It is *Saturnius* will,
That both, with vtmoſt ſpeed, ſhould ſtoope, to the Idalian hill,
To know his further pleaſure, there. And this let me aduiſe,
When you arriue, and are in reach, of his refulgent eyes:
His pleaſure heard, performe it all, of whatſoeuer kind.
Thus mou'd ſhe backe, and vſde her throne. Thoſe two outſtript the wind,
And Ida (all enchac't with ſprings) they ſoone attaind, and found
Where farre-diſcerning *Iupiter*, in his repoſe, had crown'd
The browes of *Gargarus*, and wrapt, an odoriferous cloud
About his boſome. Coming neare, they ſtood; nor now he ſhowd
His angry countenance, ſince ſo ſoone, he ſaw they made th'acceſſe
That his lou'd wife enioyn'd. But firſt, the faire Ambaſſadreſſe,

Ione to Iris. He thus commanded; *Iris*, Go, to *Neptune*, and relate
Our pleaſure truly, and at large; command him from the Fate
Of humane warre; and either greete, the gods ſocietie,
Or the diuine ſea, make his ſeate. If proudly he denie,
Let better counſels be his guides, then ſuch as bid me warre,
And tempt my charge, though he be ſtrong; for I am ſtronger farre,
And elder borne: nor let him dare, to boaſt euen ſtate with me,
Whom all Gods elſe preferre in feare. This ſaid: downe haſted ſhe
From Idaes top to Ilion; and like a mightie ſnow,
Or gelide haile, that from the clouds, the Northerne ſpirit doth blow;
So fell the windie-footed Dame; and found with quicke repaire

Iris to Neptune. The watrie God; to whom ſhe ſaid: God, with the ſable haire,
I came from Æ*gis*-bearing *Ione*, to bid thee ceaſſe from fight,
And viſite heauen, or th'ample ſeas; which, if in his deſpight,
Or diſobedience, thou denieſt; he threatens thee to come
(In oppoſite fight) to field himſelfe: and therefore warnes thee home,

His

His hands eſchewing; ſince his powre, is farre ſuperiour;
His birth before thee; and affirmes, thy lou'd heart ſhou'd abhorre
To vaunt equalitie with him, whom euery deitie feares.
He anſwerd, O vnworthy thing! though he be great, he beares *Neptune to Iris, being incenſt with Iupiter.*
His tongue too proudly; that our ſelfe, borne to an equall ſhare
Of ſtate and freedome, he would force. Three brothers borne, we are,
To *Saturne*; *Rhea* brought vs forth: this *Iupiter*, and I,
And *Pluto*, god of vnder-grounds. The world indifferently *The rule proper to Iupiter.*
Diſpoſde betwixt vs; euery one his kingdome; I, the ſeas;
Pluto the blacke lot; *Iupiter*, the principalities
Of broad heauen; all the skie and clouds, was ſorted out: the earth *Neptune and Pluto being three brothers.*
And high *Olympus*, common are, and due to eithers birth.
Why then ſhould I be aw'd by him? Content he his great heart,
With his third portion; and not thinke, to amplifie his part
With terrors of his ſtronger hands, on me, as if I were
The moſt ignoble of vs all: let him containe in feare,
His daughters and his ſonnes, begot, by his owne perſon: this
Holds more conuenience: they muſt heare, theſe violent threats of his.
Shall I (ſaid *Iris*) beare from thee, an anſwer ſo auſtere?
Or wilt thou change it? Changing minds, all noble natures beare: *Iris to Neptune.*
And well thou know'ſt, theſe greateſt borne, the Furies follow ſtill.
He anſwerd: *Iris*, thy reply, keepes time, and ſhewes thy skill: *Neptune againe to Iris.*
O tis a moſt praiſe-worthy thing, when meſſengers can tell
(Beſides their meſſages) ſuch things, as fit th'occaſion well.
But this much grieues my heart and ſoule, that being in powre and ſtate
All wayes his equall, and ſo fixt, by one decree in fate,
He ſhould to me, as vnder him, ill language giue, and chide;
Yet now (though ſtill incenſt) I yeeld, affirming this beſide:
And I enforce it with a threat, that if without conſent
Of me, *Minerua*, *Mercurie*; the Queene of regiment,
And *Vulcan*; he will either ſpare, high *Ilion*, or not race
Her turrets to the loweſt ſtone; and (with both theſe) not grace
The *Greekes*, as victors abſolute: informe him this from me;
His pride and my contempt ſhall liue, at endleſſe enmitie.
This ſaid, he left the *Greeks*, and ruſht, into his wattie throne;
Much miſt of all the th'heroicke hoſt. When *Ioue* diſcern'd him gone,
Apolloes ſeruice he employd, and ſaid: Lou'd *Phœbus*, go
To *Hector*: now th'earth-ſhaking god, hath taken ſea, and ſo *Iupiter to Apollo*
Shrunke from the horrors I denounc't; which ſtanding, he, and all
The vnder-ſeated deities, that circle *Saturnes* fall,
Had heard of me in ſuch a fight, as had gone hard for them.
But both for them and me, tis beſt, that thus they flie th'extreme,
That had not paſt vs without ſweate. Now then, in thy hands take
My Adder-fring'd affrighting ſhield, which, with ſuch terror ſhake,
That Feare may ſhake the *Greekes* to flight: beſides this, adde thy care
(O *Phœbus* farre-off-ſhooting god) that this ſo ſickly fare,
Of famous *Hector* be recur'd; and quickly ſo excite
His ampleſt powres, that all the *Greeks*, may grace him with their flight,

Euen to their ſhips, and *Helleſpont*; and then will I deuiſe
All words and facts againe for *Greece*, that largely may ſuffice,
To breathe them from their inſtant toiles. Thus from th'Idean height,
(Like ayres ſwift-pigeon-killer, ſtoupt, the far-ſhot God of light,
Apollo viſits Hector. And found great *Hector*, ſitting vp, not ſtretcht vpon his bed;
Not wheaſing with a ſtopt-vp ſpirit; not in cold ſweates; but fed
With freſh and comfortable veines: but his mind, all his owne;
But round about him, all his friends, as well as euer knowne.
And this was with the mind of *Ioue*, that flew to him before
Apollo came; who (as he ſaw, no ſigne of any ſore)
Askt (like a chearfull viſitant) why in this ſickly kind
(Great *Hector*) ſitſt thou ſo apart? can any griefe of mind,
Hector to Apollo Inuade thy fortitude? He ſpake; but with a feeble voice:
O thou, the beſt of deities! why (ſince I thus reioyce
By thy ſo ſerious benefite) demandſt thou (as in mirth,
And to my face) if I were ill? for (more then what thy worth
Muſt needs take note of) doth not Fame, from all mouthes fill thine eares;
That (as my hand at th'Achiue fleete, was making maſſacres
Of men, whom valiant *Aiax* led) his ſtrength, ſtrooke with a ſtone,
All powre of more hurt from my breſt? my very ſoule was gone:
And once to day, I thought to ſee, the houſe of *Dis* and *Death*.
Apollo to Hector Be ſtrong (ſaid he) for ſuch a ſpirit, now ſends the god of breath
From airie *Ida*, as ſhall runne, through, all *Greeke* ſpirits in thee;
Apollo with the golden ſword, the cleare farre-ſeer, ſee,
Him, who betwixt death and thy life; twixt ruine and thoſe towres,
Ere this day, oft hath held his ſhield. Come then, be all thy powres,
In wonted vigour: let thy knights, with all their horſe aſſay
The *Grecian* fleete; my ſelfe will leade, and ſcoure ſo cleare the way,
That Flight ſhall leaue no *Greeke* a Rub. Thus inſtantly inſpir'd
Were all his nerues with matchleſſe ſtrength; and then his friends he fir'd
Againſt their foes; when (to his eyes) his eares confirm'd the god.
Simile. Then, as a goodly headed Hart, or Goate, bred in the wood,
A rout of country huntſmen chaſe, with all their hounds in crie;
The beaſt yet, or the ſhadie woods, or rocks exceſſiue hie,
Keepe ſafe; or our vnwieldie fates (that euen in hunters ſway)
Barre them, the poore beaſts pulling downe; when ſtraight the clamorous fray,
Cals out a Lion, hugely man'd; and his abhorred view
Turnes headlong in vnturning flight (though ventrous) all the crew:
So hitherto the chaſing *Greeks*, their ſlaughter dealt by troupes;
But, after *Hector* was beheld, range here and there; then ſtoupes
The boldeſt courage; then their heeles, tooke in their dropping harts,
And then ſpake *Andremonides*, a man of farre-beſt parts
Of all th'*Ætolians*, skild in darts; ſtrenuous in fights of ſtand;
And one of whom few of the *Greekes*, could get the better hand,
(For Rhetorique) when they fought with words; with all which, being wiſe,
Andremonides to the Greekes. Thus ſpake he to his *Grecian* friends: O miſchiefe! now mine eyes
Diſcerne no litle miracle; *Hector* eſcapt from death,
And all recouerd, when all thought, his ſoule had ſunke beneath

The

The hands of *Aiax:* but ſome God, hath ſau'd and freed againe,
Him that but now diſſolu'd the knees, of many a *Grecian.*
And now I feare will weaken more; for not without the hand
Of him that thunders, can his powres, thus ſtill the forefights ſtand;
Thus ſtill triumphant: heare me then; our troupes in quicke retreate,
Let's draw vp to our fleete, and we, that boaſt our ſelues, the Great,
Stand firme, and trie, if theſe that raiſe, ſo high their charging darts,
May be reſiſted: I beleeue, euen this great heart of harts,
Will feare, himſelfe to be too bold, in charging thorow vs.
They eaſely heard him, and obeyd, when all the generous
They cald t'encounter *Hectors* charge, and turn'd the common men
Backe to the fleete: and theſe were they, that brauely furniſht then
The fierce forefight; th' *Aiaces* both; the worthy *Cretan* king;
The *Mars*-like *Meges*; *Merion*, and *Teucer*. Vp then, bring
The *Troian* chiefes, their men in heapes; before whom (amply pac't)
Marcht *Hector*; and in front of him, *Apollo*, who had caſt
About his bright aſpect, a cloud; and did before him beare
Ioues huge and each-where ſhaggie ſhield; which (to containe in feare
Offending men) the god-ſmith gaue, to *Ioue*; with this he led
The *Troian* forces. The *Greeks* ſtood; a feruent clamor ſpred
The aire on both ſides as they ioyn'd; out flew the ſhafts and darts,
Some falling ſhort, but otherſome, found buts in breſts and harts.
As long as *Phœbus* held but out, his horrid ſhield, ſo long
The darts flew raging either way, and death grew both wayes ſtrong.
But when the *Greeks* had ſeene his face, and who it was that ſhooke
The briſtled targe, knew by his voice; then all their ſtrengths forſooke
Their nerues and minds; and then looke how, a goodly herd of Neate,
Or wealthy flocke of ſheepe, being cloſe, and dreadleſſe at their meate,
In ſome blacke midnight, ſodainly (and not a keeper neere)
A brace of horrid Beares ruſh in, and then flie here and there
The poore affrighted flocks or herds; So euery way diſperſt
The heartleſſe *Grecians:* ſo the Sunne, their headſtrong chace reuerſt
To headlong flight; and that day raiſde, with all grace, *Hectors* head.
Arceſilaus then he ſlue, and *Stichius*; *Stichius* led
Bœotias brazen-coted men: the other was the friend
Of mightie-ſoul'd *Meneſtheus*. *Æneas* brought to end,
Medon, and *Iaſius*; *Medon* was, the brother (though but baſe)
Of ſwift *Oileades*; and dwelt, farre from his breeding place,
In *Phylaca*; the other led, th' Athenian bands: his Sire
Was *Spelus*, *Bucolus* his ſonne. *Meciſtheus* did expire
Beneath *Polydamas* his hand. *Polites*, *Echius* ſlew
Iuſt at the ioyning of the hoſts. *Agenor* ouerthrew
Clonius. Bold *Deiochus*, felt *Alexanders* lance;
It ſtrooke his ſhoulders vpper part, and did his head aduance
Quite through his breſt, as from the fight, he turn'd him for retreat.
While theſe ſtood ſpoiling of the ſlaine, the *Greeks* found time to get
Beyond the dike, and th'vndik't pales: all ſcapes they gladly gain'd,
Till all had paſt the vtmoſt wall; Neceſſitie ſo raigo'd.

Apollos fight diſcomfits the Grecians.

Simith.

Then *Hector* cried out: Take no ſpoile, but ruſh on to the fleete;
Hector to his ſouldiers. From whoſe aſſault (for ſpoile, or flight) if any man I meete,
He meets his death: nor in the fire, of holy funerall,
His brothers or his ſiſters hands, ſhall caſt (within our wall)
His lothed body; but without, the throtes of dogs ſhall graue
His manleſſe limbs. This ſaid; the ſcourge, his forward horſes draue
Through euery order; and with him, all whipt their chariots on;
All threatningly, out thundering ſhouts, as earth were ouerthrowne.
Apollo leades the Troians. Before them marcht *Apollo* ſtill; and, as he marcht, digd downe,
(Without all labour) with his feete, the dike; till, with his owne,
He fild it to the top; and made, way, both for man and horſe,
As broade and long, as with a lance (caſt out to trie ones force)
A man could meaſure. Into this, they powr'd whole troupes as faſt,
As numerous: *Phœbus* ſtill, before, for all their haſt,
Still ſhaking *Ioues* vnualewed ſhield, and held it vp to all.
And then, as he had chok't their dike, he tumbl'd downe their wall.
A ſimile, from how low things it may be taken, to expreſſe the higheſt. And looke how eaſely any boy, vpon the ſea-cbd ſhore,
Makes with a litle ſand a toy, and cares for it no more;
But as he raiſd it childiſhly, ſo in his wanton vaine,
Both with his hands and feete, he puls, and ſpurnes it downe againe:
So ſleight, O *Phœbus*, thy hands made, of that huge Grecian toile;
And their late ſtand, ſo well reſolu'd, as eaſely mad'ſt recoile.
Thus ſtood they driuen vp at their fleete, where each heard others thought,
Exhorted: paſſing humbly prayd: all, all the gods beſought,
(With hands held vp to heauen) for helpe; 'mongſt all, the good old man,
Graue *Neſtor* (for his counſels cald, the Argiues guardian)
Fell on his aged knees, and prayd; and to the ſtarrie hoſt,
Stretcht out his hands for ayd to theirs; of all, thus mouing moſt:
Neſtors prayer to Iupiter. O father *Ioue*, if euer man, of all our hoſt did burne
Fat thighes of oxen or of ſheepe (for grace of ſafe returne)
In fruitfull *Argos*; and obtaind, the bowing of thy head,
For promiſe of his humble prayers: O now remember him,
(Thou meerly heauenly) and cleare vp, the foule browes of this dim
And cruell day; do not deſtroy, our zeale for *Troian* pride.
He prayd, and heauens great Counſellor, with ſtore of thunder tride
His former grace good; and ſo heard, the old mans heartie prayres.
The *Troians* tooke *Ioues* ſigne for them; and powr'd out their affaires
In much more violence on the *Greeks*; and thought on nought but fight.
Simile. And as a huge waue of a ſea, ſwolne to his rudeſt height,
Breakes ouer both ſides of a ſhip; being all vrg'd by the wind;
Intending they were puft vp by Apollo. For that's it makes the waue ſo proud: in ſuch a borne-vp kind,
The *Troians* ouergat the wall; and getting in their horſe,
Fought cloſe at fleete; which now the *Greeks*, aſcended for their force.
Then from their chariots, they with darts; the *Greeks* with bead-hooks fought,
(Kept ſtill aboord for nauall fights) their heads with iron wrought,
In hookes and pikes. *Achilles* friend, ſtill while he ſaw the wall
That ſtood without their fleete, affoord, employment for them all,
Was neuer abſent from the tent, of that man-louing *Greeke*,

Late-hurt

Late-hurt *Eurypilus*; but fate, and euery way did seeke
To spend the sharpe time of his wound, with all the ease he could,
In medicines, and in kind discourse: but when he might behold
The *Troians* past the wall; the *Greekes*, flight driuen, and all in cries;
Then cride he out, Cast downe his hands, and beate with griefe his thighes:
Then, O *Eurypilus*, (he cride) now all thy need of me, *Patroclus to Eurypilus.*
Must beare my absence: now a worke, of more necessitie,
Cals hence; and I must hast to call, *Achilles* to the field:
Who knowes, but (God assisting me) my words may make him yeeld?
The motion of a friend is strong. His feete thus tooke him thence.
The rest yet stood their enemies firme; but all their violence
(Though *Troy* fought there with fewer men) lackt vigor to repell
Those fewer from their Nauies charge; and so, that charge as well
Lackt force to spoile their fleete, or tents. And as a shipwrights line *A diuine simile.*
(Disposde by such a hand, as learn'd, from th'Artizan diuine,
The perfect practise of his Art) directs or guards so well
The nauall timber then in frame; that all the layd-on steele,
Can hew no further then may serue, to giue the timber th'end,
Fore-purposde by the skilfull wright: so both hosts did contend,
With such a line, or law applide, to what their steele would gaine.
At other ships fought other men, but *Hector* did maintaine
His quarrell firme at *Aiax* ship; and so did both employ,
About one vessell, all their toyle: nor could the one destroy
The ship with fire; nor force the man, nor that man yet get gone
The other from so neare his ship, for God had brought him on.
But now did *Aiax* with a dart, wound deadly in the brest,
Caletor, sonne of *Clytius*, as he with fire addrest *Aiax slaughters Caletor.*
To burne the vessell; as he fell, the brand fell from his hand.
When *Hector* saw his sisters sonne, lie slaughterd in the sand,
He cald to all his friends, and prayd, they would not in that streight
Forsake his nephew, but maintaine, about his corse the fight,
And saue it from the spoile of *Greece*. Then sent he out a lance *Hector at Aiax.*
At *Aiax*, in his nephewes wreake; which mist, but made the chance
On *Lycophron Mastorides*, that was the houshold friend
Of *Aiax*, borne in *Cythera*, whom *Aiax* did defend, *Hector misses Aiax, slayes his friend.*
(Being fled to his protection) for killing of a man
Amongst the god-like *Cytherans*: the vengefull latelin ran
Quite through his head, aboue his eare, as he was standing by
His Fautor, then asterne his ship, from whence his soule did flie;
And to the earth his body fell: the haire stood vp an end
On *Aiax*; who to *Teucer* cald, (his brother) saying: Friend,
Our loued consort, whom we brought, from *Cythera*; and grac't,
So like our father; *Hectors* hand, hath made him breathe his last.
Where then are all thy death-borne shafts? and that vnuallewed bow
Apollo gaue thee? *Teucer* strait, his brothers thoughts did know,
Stood neare him, and dispatcht a shaft, amongst the *Troian* fight:
It strooke *Pysenors* goodly sonne, young *Clytus*, the delight
Of the renown'd *Polydamas*; the bridle in his hand,

As he was labouring his horſe, to pleaſe the high command
Of *Hector*, and his Tioian friends; and bring him, where the fight
Made greateſt tumult. But his ſtrife, for honour in their ſight,
Wrought not what ſight or wiſhes helpt; for turning backe his looke,
The hollow of his necke, the ſhaft, came ſinging on, and ſtrooke,
And downe he fell; his horſes backe, and hurried through the field
The emptie chariot. *Panthus* ſonne, made all haſte, and withheld
Their looſe carier, diſpoſing them, to *Protiaons* ſonne,
Aſtinous; with ſpeciall charge, to keepe them euer on,
And in his ſight: ſo he againe, amongſt the foremoſt went.

Teucer at Hector.

At *Hector* then another ſhaft, incenſed *Teucer* ſent;
Which, had it hit him, ſure had hurt; and had it hurt him, ſlaine;
And had it ſlaine him, it had driuen, all thoſe to *Troy* againe.
But *Ioues* mind was not ſleeping now; it wak't to *Hectors* fame,
And *Teucers* infamie; himſelfe (in *Teucers* deadly aime)

Ioue breakes Teucers bow.

His well-wrought ſtring diſſeuering, that ſeru'd his braueſt bow;
His ſhaft flew quite another way; his bow the earth did ſtrow.
At all which, *Teucer* ſtood amaz'd, and to his brother cride,

Teucer to Aiax.

O prodigie! without all doubt, our Angell doth deride
The counſels of our fight; he brake, a ſtring, my hands put on
This morning, and was newly made; and well might haue ſet gone
A hundred arrowes; and beſide, he ſtrooke out of my hand

Aiax to Teucer.

The bow *Apollo* gaue. He ſayd, Then (good friend) do not ſtand
More on thy archerie, ſince God (preuenter of all grace,
Deſir'd by *Grecians*) fleights it ſo. Take therefore in the place,
A good large lance; and on thy necke, a target caſt, as bright;
With which, come fight thy ſelfe with ſome, and otherſome excite,
That without labour at the leaſt (though we proue worſer men)
Troy may not brag it tooke our ſhips: come, mind our buſineſſe then.

Teucer changeth his armes.

This ſaid, he haſted to his tent; left there his ſhafts and bow,
And then his double, double ſhield, did on his ſhoulders throw;
Vpon his honor'd head he plac't, his helmet, thickly plum'd;
And then his ſtrong, and well pilde lance, in his faire hand aſſum'd,
Return'd, and boldly tooke his place, by his great brothers ſide.

Hectors admiration of Ioues breaking Teucers bow.

When *Hector* ſaw his arrowes broke, out to his friends he cride,
O friends! be yet more comforted, I ſaw the hands of *Ioue*,
Breake the great Grecian archers ſhafts: tis eaſie to approue,
That *Ioues* powre is direct with men; as well in thoſe ſet hie
Vpon the ſodaine, as in thoſe, depreſt as ſodainly:
And thoſe not put in ſtate at all: as now he takes away
Strength from the *Greeks*, and giues it vs; then vſe it, and aſſay
With ioyn'd hands this approched fleete. If any brauely buy
His fame or fate, with wounds or death; in *Ioues* name let him die.
Who for his country ſuffers death, ſuſtaines no ſhamefull thing:
His wife in honour ſhall ſuruiue, his progenie ſhall ſpring
In endleſſe ſummers; and their roofes, with patrimonie ſwell;
And all this, though with all their freight, the Greeke ſhips we repell.
His friends thus cheer'd, on th'other part, ſtrong *Aiax* ſtird his friends:

O *Greeks* (said he) what shame is this, that no man more defends,
His fame and safetie; then to liue, and thus be forc't to shrinke:
Now either saue your fleet, or die; vnlesse ye vainly thinke,
That you can liue, and they destroyde perceiues not euery eare,
How *Hector* hartens vp his men? and hath his firebrands here,
Now ready to enflame our fleet? he doth not bid them dance;
That you may take your ease, and see; but to the fight aduance.
No counsell can serue vs but this: to mixe both hands and harts
And beare vp close; tis better much, t'expose our vtmost parts
To one daies certaine life or death; then languish in a warre
So base as this; beate to our ships, by our inferiours farre.
Thus rowsd he vp their spirits and strengths: To work then, both sides went
When *Hector*, the *Phocensian* Duke, to fields of darknesse sent;
Fierce *Schedius*, *Perimedes* sonne; which *Aiax* did requite,
With slaughter of *Laodamas*, that led the foote to fight,
And was *Antenors* famous sonne. *Polydamas* did end
Otus, surnam'd *Cyllenius*; whom *Phydas* made his friend;
Being chiefe of the *Epeians* Bands: whose fall, when *Meges* viewd,
He let flie at his fellers life; who (shrinking-in) eschew'd
The wel-aym'd lance: *Apollos* will, denied that *Panthus* sonne
Should fall amongst the foremost fights; the dart, the mid-brest wonne
Of *Craesmus*; *Meges* wonne his armes. At *Meges*, *Dolops* then
Bestow'd his lance; he was the sonne, of *Lampus*, best of men:
And *Lampus*, of *Laomedon*, well skild in strength of mind;
He strooke *Phylides* shield quite through, whose curets, better lin'd
And hollow'd fitly, sau'd his life: *Phyleus* left him them,
Who from *Epirus* brought them home; on that part where the streme
Of famous *Selléis* doth runne; *Euphetes* did bestow
(Being guest with him) those wel-prou'd armes, to weare against the foe,
And now they sau'd his sonne from death. At *Dolops*, *Meges* threw
A speare well pilde; that strooke his caske, full in the height; off flew
His purple feather, newly made; and in the dust it fell.
While these thus striu'd for victorie; and either's hope seru'd well;
Atrides came to *Meges* aide; and (hidden with his side)
Let loose a iauelin at his foe, that through his backe implied
His lustie head, euen past his breast; the ground receiu'd his weight.
While these made-in, to spoyle his armes; great *Hector* did excite,
All his allies to quicke reuenge; and first he wrought vpon
Strong *Menalippus* (that was sonne, to great *Hyetaon*)
With some reproofe. Before these warres, he in *Percote* fed
Clouen-footed Oxen; but did since, returne where he was bred;
Exceld amongst the *Ilians*, was much of *Priam* lou'd;
And in his court kept, as his sonne; him *Hector* thus reprou'd.
Thus *Menalippus*, shall our blood, accuse vs of neglect?
Nor moues it thy lou'd heart (thus vrg'd) thy kinsman to protect?
Seest thou not, how they seeke his spoyle? Come, follow; now no more
Our fight must stand at length, but close: nor leave the close, before
We close the latest eye of them; or they, the lowest stone

Aiax to the Greekes.

Hector to Menalippus.

Teare vp, and ſacke the citizens, of loftie *Ilion*.
He led; he followd like a god: and then muſt *Aiax* needs
(As well as *Hector*) cheare his men; and thus their ſpirits he feeds:
Aiax to his ſouldiers, in imitation of Agamemnon, obſerued by him before, vſing the ſame words.
Good friends bring but your ſelues to feele, the noble ſtings of ſhame,
For what ye ſuffer, and be men: reſpect each others fame;
For which, who ſtriues, in ſhames fit feare; and puts on neare ſo farre,
Comes oftner off, then ſticke engag'd: theſe fugitiues of warre,
Saue neither life, nor get renowne; nor beare more minds then ſheepe.
This ſhort ſpeeeh fir'd them in his aide, his ſpirit toucht them deepe;
And turn'd them all before the fleet, into a wall of braſſe:
To whoſe aſſault, *Ioue* ſtird their foes: and young *Atrides* was
Ioues inſtrument; who thus ſet on, the yong *Antilochus*:
Menelaus to Antilochus.
Antilochus, in all our hoſt, there is not one of vs
More yong then thou; more ſwift of foote; nor (with both thoſe) ſo ſtrong.
O would thou wouldſt then (for thou canſt) one of this luſtie throng,
That thus comes skipping out before, (whoeuer, any where)
Make ſticke (for my ſake) twixt both hoſts, and leaue his bold blood there.
He ſaid no ſooner, and retir'd; but forth he ruſht, before
The foremoſt fighters, yet his eye, did euery way explore
For doubt of ods; out flew his lance: the *Troians* did abſtaine
While he was darting; yet his dart, he caſt not off in vaine:
Antilochus ſlaughters Menalippus.
For *Menalippus* (that rare ſonne) of great *Hycetaon*;
(As brauely he put foorth to fight) it fiercely flew vpon;
And, at the nipple of his breaſt, his breaſt, and life did part.
Simile.
And then, much like an eager hound, caſt off at ſome yong Hart,
Hurt by the hunter; that had left, his couert then, but new,
The great-in-warre *Antilochus*, (O *Menalippus*) flew
On thy torne boſome, for thy ſpoyle. But thy death could not lie
Hid to great *Hector*; who all haſte, made to thee, and made flie
Antilochus; although in warre, he were at all parts skild:
But as ſome wild beaſt, hauing done, ſome ſhrewd turne, (either kild
The heardſman, or the heardſman dogge,) and skulks away before
A Simile ſuiting the other before to the life.
The gathered multitude makes in: ſo *Neſtors* ſonne forbore,
But after him, with horrid cryes, both *Hector* and the reſt
Showres of teare-thirſtie lances powr'd; who hauing arm'd his breſt
With all his friends, he turn'd it then. Then on the ſhips, all *Troy*,
Like raw-fleſh-nouriſht Lions ruſht, and knew they did imploy
Their powres to perfect *Ioues* high will; who ſtill their ſpirits enflam'd,
And quencht the *Grecians*; one, renownd; the other, often ſham'd;
For *Hectors* glorie ſtill he ſtood; and euer went about,
To make him caſt the fleet ſuch fire, as neuer ſhould go out;
Heard *Thetus* foule petition; and wiſht, in any wiſe,
The ſplendor of the burning ſhips, might ſatiate his eyes.
From him yet, the repulſe was then, to be on *Troy* conferd,
The honor of it giuen the *Greeks*; which (thinking on) he ſtird
(With ſuch addition of his ſpirit) the ſpirit *Hector* bore,
To burne the fleet; that of it ſelfe, was hote enough before.
But now he far'd like *Mars* himſelfe, ſo brandiſhing his lance;

As

As through the deepe ſhades of a hill, a raging fire ſhould glance;
Held vp to all eyes by a hill; about his lips, a ſome *Hectors horrible apparance.*
Stood; as when th'*Ocean* is enrag'd; his eyes were ouercome
With feruour, and reſembl'd flames; ſet off, by his darke browes:
And from his temples, his bright helme, abhorred lightnings throwes.
For *Ioue*, from foorth the ſphere of ſtarres, to his ſtate, put his owne;
And all the blaze of both the hoſts, confin'd, in him alone.
And all this was, ſince after this, he had not long to liue;
This lightning flew before his death: which *Pallas* was to giue,
(A ſmall time thence, and now prepar'd) beneath the violence
Of great *Pelides*. In meane time, his preſent eminence,
Thought all things vnder it: and he, ſtill where he ſaw the ſtands
Of greateſt ſtrength, and braueſt arm'd, there he would proue his hands:
Or no where; offering to breake through But that paſt all his powre,
Although his will, * were paſt all theirs; they ſtood him like a towre
Conioynd ſo firme: that as a rocke, exceeding high and great;
And ſtanding neare the hoarie ſea, beares many a boiſterous threate
Of high-voic't winds, and billowes huge, belcht on it by the ſtormes;
So ſtood the *Greeks* great *Hectors* charge, nor ſtird their battellous formes.
He (guirt in fire, borne for the fleet) ſtill ruſht at euery troope; *Simile.*
And fell vpon it like a waue, high raiſd, that then doth ſtoope
Out from the clouds; grows as it ſtoops, with ſtormes; then downe doth come
And cuffe a ſhip; when all her ſides, are hid in brackiſh ſome;
Strong gales ſtill raging in her ſailes; her ſailers minds diſmaid,
Death being but little from their liues: ſo *Ioue*-like *Hector* fraid,
And plyde the *Greeks*; who knew not what, would chance, for all their guards.
And as the banefull king of beaſts, leapt in to Oxen heards, *Simile.*
Fed in the meddowes of a fenne, exceeding great; the beaſts
In number infinite; mongſt whom, (their heardſmen wanting breaſts
To fight with Lions, for the price, of a blacke Oxes life,)
He here, and there iumps; firſt, and laſt, in his bloodthirſtie ſtrife,
Chac't and aſſaulted; and at length, downe in the midſt goes one,
And all the reſt, ſperſt through the fenne: ſo now, all *Greece* was gone.
So *Hector* (in a flight from heauen, vpon the *Grecians* caſt)
Turnd all their backs; yet onely one, his deadly lance laid faſt:
Braue *Mycenæus Periphes*, *Cyprus* deareſt ſonne;
Who, of the heauens-Queene-lou'd-king, (great *Eurytheus*) wonne
The grace, to greet in Ambaſſie, the ſtrength of *Hercules*,
Was farre ſuperiour to his fire; in feete, fight, noblenes
Of all the vertues; and all thoſe, did ſuch a wiſedome guide,
As all *Mycena* could not match: and this man dignified,
(Stil making greater his renowne) the ſtate of *Priams* ſonne.
For his vnhappie haſtie foote, as he addreſt to runne,
Stucke in th'extreme ring of his ſhield, that to his ankles reacht;
And downe he vpwards fell, his fall, vp from the center fetcht
A huge ſound, with his head, and helme; which *Hector* quickly ſpide;
Ranne in, and in his worthy breaſt, his lances head did hide;
And ſlue about him all his friends, who could not giue him aide:

They

They grieu'd; and of his god-like foe, fled ſo extreme afraid.
And now, amongſt the neareſt ſhips, that firſt were drawne to ſhore,
The *Greeks* were driuen; beneath whoſe ſides, behind them, and before;
And into them they powr'd themſelues, and thence were driuen againe
Vp to their tents, and there they ſtood: not daring to maintaine
Their guards more outward; but betwixt, the bounds of *Feare* and *Shame*,
Chear'd ſtill each other; when th'old man, that of the *Grecian* name,
Was cald the pillar; euery man, thus by his parents praid:
O friends, be men, and in your minds, let others ſhames be weigh'd;
Neſtor to the Greekes. Know you haue friends beſides your ſelues; poſſeſſions, parents, wiues;
As well thoſe that are dead to you, as thoſe ye loue with liues;
All ſharing ſtill their good, or bad, with yours: by theſe I pray,
That are not preſent (and the more, ſhould therefore make ye wey
Their miſſe of you, as yours of them) that you will brauely ſtand
And this forc't flight, you haue ſuſtain'd, at length yet countermand.
Supplies of good words, thus ſupplide, the deeds and ſpirits of all;
Minerua cleares the darknes Ioue powred on the Grecian armie. And ſo, at laſt *Minerua* clear'd, the cloud that *Ioue* let fall
Before their eyes: a mightie light, flew beaming euery way;
As well about their ſhips, as where, their darts did hoteſt play:
Then ſaw they *Hector* great in armes, and his aſſociates;
As well all thoſe, that then abſtaind, as thoſe that helpt the fates;
And all their owne fight at the fleete. Nor did it now content
Aiax, to keepe downe like the reſt; he, vp the hatches went,
Stalkt here and there; and in his hand, a huge great beadhooke held,
Twelue cubits long, and full of Iron; And as a man well skild
A ſimile of Aiax managing the fight at the fleet. In horſe, made to the martiall race; when, (of a number more)
He chuſeth foure, and brings them foorth, to runne them all before
Swarmes of admiring citizens, amids their townes high-way;
And (in their full carier) he leapes, from one, to one; no ſtay
Enforc't on any; nor failes he, in either ſeate or leape:
So *Aiax* with his beadhooke leapt, nimbly from ſhip to ſhip,
As actiuely, commanding all; them in their men, as well
As men in them: moſt terribly, exhorting to repell;
To ſaue their nauie, and their tents. But *Hector* nothing needs
To ſtand on exhortations now, at home; he ſtriues for deeds.
Simile of Hector And looke how *Ioues* great Queene of birds, (ſharpe ſet) lookes out for prey;
Knowes floods that nouriſh wild-wing'd fowles, and (from her airie way)
Beholds where Cranes, Swans, Cormorands, haue made their foody fall;
Darkens the riuer with her wings, and ſtoopes amongſt them all:
So *Hector* flew amongſt the *Greekes*, directing his command
(In chiefe) gainſt one oppoſite ſhip; *Ioue* with a mightie hand
Still backing him, and all his men: and then againe there grew,
A bitter conflict at the fleet; you would haue ſaid, none drew
A wearie breath, nor euer would; they layd ſo freſhly on:
And this was it that fir'd them both; the *Greeks* did build vpon
No hope, but what the field would yeeld; flight, an impoſſible courſe.
The *Troians* all hope entertaind, that ſword, and fire ſhould force
Both ſhips, and liues, of all the *Greekes*; and thus, vnlike affects

Bred

Bred like ſtrenuitie in both. Great *Hector* ſtill directs
His powres againſt the firſt neare ſhip. Twas that faire barke that brought
Proteſilaus to thoſe warres; and now, her ſelfe to nought,
With many *Greeke* and *Troian* liues; all ſpoyld about her ſpoyle:
One ſlue another deſperately; and cloſe the deadly toyle
Was pitcht on both parts: not a ſhaft, nor farre-of ſtriking dart,
Was vſde through all: one fight fell out, of one deſpitefull hart;
Sharpe axes, twibils, two-hand ſwords, and ſpeares with two heads borne,
Were then the weapons; faire ſhort ſwords, with ſanguine hilts ſtill worne,
Had vſe in like ſort; of which laſt, ye might haue numbers view'd,
Drop with diſſolu'd armes from their hands; as many downright hew'd
From off their ſhoulders as they fought, their bawdricks cut in twaine:
And thus the blacke blood flow'd on earth, from ſouldiers hurt and ſlaine.

When *Hector* once had ſeiſd the ſhip, he clapt his faire brode hand
Faſt on the ſterne, and held it there; and there gaue this command:
Hector ſeiſing Proteſilaus ſhip, to the Troians.
Bring fire, and altogether ſhowt; now *Ioue* hath drawne the veile
From ſuch a day, as makes amends, for all his ſtormes of haile:
By whoſe bleſt light, we take thoſe ſhips, that in deſpite of heauen
Tooke ſea, and brought vs worlds of woe: all, ſince our Peeres were giuen
To ſuch a laſineſſe and feare; they would not let me end
Our lingring banes; and charge thus home; but keepe home, and defend.
And ſo they rul'd the men I led; but though *Ioue* then withheld
My naturall ſpirit: now by *Ioue*, tis freed; and thus impeld.

This more inflam'd them; in ſo much, that *Aiax* now, no more,
Aiax forced to withdraw himſelfe from the fight.
Kept vp, he was ſo drownd in darts; a little he forbore
The hatches, to a ſeate beneath, of ſeuen foote long; but thought
It was impoſſible to ſcape; he ſate yet, where he fought,
And hurld out lances thicke as haile, at all men that aſſaid
To fire the ſhip; with whom he found, his hands ſo ouerlaid,
That on his ſouldiers thus he cryed: O friends, fight I alone?
Expect ye more wals at your backes? townes rampir'd, here are none;
No citizens to take ye in; no helpe in any kind;
We are, I tell you, in *Troys* fields; haue nought but ſeas behind,
And foes before; farre, farre, from *Greece*; for ſhame, obey commands;
There is no mercie in the warres; your healthes lie in your hands.

Thus rag'd he, and powr'd out his darts: who euer he eſpied
Come neare the veſſell, arm'd with fire, on his fierce dart he died;
All that pleaſd *Hector*, made him mad: all, that his thanks would erne;
Of which twelue men, his moſt reſolu'd, lay dead before his ſterne.

COMMENTARIVS.

[a] *I muſt here be enforced (for your eaſier examination) of a ſimile before, to cite the originall words of it; which of all* Homers *tranſlators and commentors haue bene moſt groſly miſtaken: his whole intent and ſence in it, vtterly falſified. The ſimile illuſtrates the manner of* Iunos *parting from* Ioue, *being commanded by him to a buſineſſe ſo abhorring from her will, is this:*

Ὡς εἰπὼν κελάδησε μέγα· δμῳαὶ δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι
Ἴσαν ἀολλέες, ἄμοτον γουνάζετο πάντα
Ἥβη θ' ἠδὲ Γάνυμος μετεκίαθον ἀμφιπολῆες
Ὡς κύματος μεμαῶτος ἐπ' ἠεροειδέα πόντον.

Which

Which is thus conuerted ad verbum *by* Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando diſcurrit mens viri, qui per multam
Terram profectus, mentibus prudentibus conſiderarit,
Huc iueram vel illuc, cogitaritq; multa;
Sic citò properans peruolauit veneranda Iuno.

Which Lauren. Valla *in proſe thus tranſlates.*

Subuolauit *Iuno* in cœlum, eadem feſtinatione, ac celeritate, qua mens prudentis hominis, & qui multum terrarum peragrauit, recurſat, cum multa ſibi agenda inſtant, huc ſe conferat an illuc.

Eobanus Heſſus *in verſe thus:*

Tam ſubitò, quàm ſana viri mens plura ſcientis,
Quiq́ue peragrarit vaſtæ loca plurima terræ,
Multa mouens animo, nunc huc, nunc auolat illuc.

To this purpoſe likewiſe the Italian *and* French *copies haue it. All vnderſtanding* Homers *intent was (as by the ſpeedineſſe of a mans thought or mind) to illuſtrate* Iunos *ſwiftneſſe in haſting about the commandement of* Iupiter, *which was vtterly otherwiſe:* viz. *to ſhew the diſtraction of* Iunos *mind, in going againſt her will, and in her deſpite about* Ioues *commandment, which all the hiſtory before, in her inueterate and inflexible grudge to do any thing for the good of the* Troians, *confirmeth without queſtion. Beſides, her moreſitie, and ſolemne apparance amongſt the gods and goddeſſes, (which* Themis *notes in her lookes) ſhewes, if ſhe went willingly, much leſſe ſwiftly about that buſines. Nor can the illuſtration of ſwiftnes be* Homers *end in this ſimile, becauſe he makes the mans mind, to which he reſembles her going, flagger; inclining him to go this way, and that; not reſolued which way to go: which very poorely expreſſeth ſwiftneſſe, and as properly agrees with the propertie of a wiſe man; when he hath vndertaken, and gone farre in a iourney, not to know whether he ſhould go forward or backeward. Let vs therefore examine the originall words.*

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀναΐξῃ ροὴν ὑπὸ ἴτυι πολλὴν
Γαίαν ἐκηλεδωὲς, *&c.* Sicut verò quando diſcurrit vel prorumpit; vel cum impetu exurgit mens viri, ἀναΐσσω *ſignifying* ruo, prorumpo, vel cum impetu exurgo: *as hauing trauelled farre on an irkeſome iourney (as* Iuno *had done for the* Greekes; *faining to* Ioue *and* Venus, *ſhe was going to viſite* πολυφορβὴν ἄρουραν *γαίης,* multa nutrientes fines terræ,) *and then knowes not whether he ſhould go backeward or forward, ſuſtaines a vehement diſcourſe with himſelfe, on what courſe to reſolue: and next in mind, (which the words,* ὀρεσι πικραλέοισι, *expreſſe: being to be vnderſtood* mentibus amaris, vexatis, *or* diſtractis: *with a ſpiteſull, ſorrowfull, vext, or diſtracted mind: not* mentibus prudentibus, *as all moſt vnwiſely in this place conuert it: though in other places it intimates ſo much. But here the other holds congruence with the reſt of the ſimile; from which in the wiſe ſence it abhorres:* πικραλέος *ſignifying* amarus *more properly then* prudens; *being tranſlated* prudens *meerely metaphorically, according to the ſecond deduction; whete here it is vſed more properly according to the firſt deduction: which is taken from* πίτυς *the Larcher tree, whoſe gumme is exceeding bitter; and becauſe things irkeſome and bitter, (as afflictions, croſſes, &c.) are meanes to make men wiſe, and take heede by others harmes: therefore according to the ſecond deduction,* πικραλέος *is taken for* cautus *or* prudens. *But now, that the* ἀποδόσις *or application ſeemes to make with their ſence of ſwiftneſſe, the words* ὅς κραιπνὸς μέμονε, *being tranſlated by them* ſic citò properans; *it is thus to be turned in this place,* ſic rapidè & impetu pulſa,

ſo

so snatchingly or headlongly driuen, slew Iuno. *As we often see with a clap of thunder, Doues or other fowles driuen headlong from their seates, not in direct flight; but as they would breake their neckes with a kind of reeling:* μαιμαω *being deriued of* μαω *or* μαιμαω *signifying* impetu ferri, vel furibundo impetu ferri: *all which most aptly agreeth with* Iunos *enforced and wrathfull parting from* Ioue, *and doing his charge distractedly. This for me; if another can giue better, let him shew it, and take it. But in infinite other places is this diuine Poet thus prophaned; which for the extreme labour I cannot yet touch at.*

[b] Ἀργαλεον, &c, Difficile est, *it is a hard thing (saith* Minerua *to* Mars, *when she answers his anger for the slaughter of his sonne* Ascalaphus) *for* Ioue *to deliuer the generation and birth of all men from death; which Commenters thus vnderstand; There were some men that neuer died; as* Tython *the husband of* Aurora, Chyron, Glaucus *made a sea god, &c. and in holy Writ (as* Spondanus *pleaseth to mixe them)* Enoc *and* Elias: *but because these few were freed from death,* Mars *must not looke that all others were. But this interpretation (I thinke) will appeare to all men at first sight, both ridiculous and prophane.* Homer *making* Minerua *onely ieer at* Mars *here, (as she doth in other places) bidding him not storme that his sonne should be slaine more then better borne, stronger, and worthier men; for* Ioue *should haue enough to do (or it were hard for* Ioue) *to free all men from* Death *that are vnwilling to die. This mine, with the rest: the other others; accept which you please.*

The end of the fifteenth Booke.

8 A[illegible] 58

V THE

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ACHilles, *at* Patroclus *ſuite, doth yeeld*
His armes, and Myrmidons; *which brought to field,*
The Troians *flie.* Patroclus *hath the grace*
Of great Sarpedons *death, ſprong of the race*
Of Iupiter; *he hauing ſlaine the horſe*
Of Thetis *ſonne, (fierce* Pedaſus,*) the force*
Of Hector *doth reuenge, the much-rú'd end*
Of moſt renown'd Sarpedon, *on the friend*
Of Thetides: *firſt, by* Euphorbus, *harm'd*
And by Apollos *perſonall powre diſarm'd.*

Another Argument.

In ☉7, Patroclus *beares the chance*
Of death, impoſd by Hectors *lance.*

THus fighting for this well-built ſhip; *Patroclus* all that ſpace
Stood by his friend, preparing words, to win the *Greeks* his grace
With powre of vncontained teares: and (like a fountaine pour'd
In blacke ſtreams, frõ a lofty rocke) the *Greeks*, ſo plagu'd, deplor'd.
Achilles (ruthfull for his teares) ſaid: Wherefore weepes my friend
So like a girle, who, though ſhe ſees, her mother cannot tend
Her childiſh humours, hangs on her, and would be taken vp;
Stil viewing her, with teare-drownd eyes, when ſhe hath made her ſtoope.
To nothing liker, I can ſhape, thy ſo vnſeemely teares;
What cauſeth them? hath any ill, ſollicited thine eares,
Befalne my *Myrmidons*? or newes, from loued *Phthia* brought,
Told onely thee? leſt I ſhould grieue, and therefore thus hath wrought
On thy kind ſpirit? *Actors* ſonne, the good *Menœtius*,
(Thy father) liues; and *Peleus* (mine) great ſonne of *Æacus*,
Amongſt his *Myrmidons*; whoſe deaths, in dutie we ſhould mourne.
Or is it what the *Greeks* ſuſtaine, that doth thy ſtomacke turne?
On whom (for their iniuſtice ſake) plagues are ſo iuſtly laide?
Speake man, let both know eithers heart. *Patroclus* (ſighing ſaid)
O *Peleus* ſonne, (thou ſtrongeſt *Greeke*, by all degrees, that liues)
Still be not angrie; our ſad ſtate, ſuch cauſe of pittie giues.
Our greateſt *Greeks* lie at their ſhips, ſore wounded; *Ithachus*,
King *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and good *Eurypilus*:
But theſe, much-medcine-knowing men (Phyſitions) can recure;
Thou yet vnmedcinable ſtill; though thy wound, all endure.
Heauen bleſſe my boſome from ſuch wrath, as thou ſooth'ſt as thy bliſſe,

Achilles chides Patroclus for his teares.

Patroclus anſwer to Achilles.

(Vnprofitable

(Vnprofitably vertuous) How ſhall our progenies,
Borne in thine age, enioy thine aide: when theſe friends in thy flowre
Thou leau'ſt to ſuch vnworthy death: O idle, cruell powre;
Great *Peleus* neuer did beget, nor *Thetis*, bring foorth thee;
Thou, from the blew ſea, and her rockes, deriu'ſt thy pedegree.
What ſo declines thee? If thy mind, ſhuns any augurie,
Related by thy mother Queene, from heauens foreſeeing eye,
And therefore thou forſak'ſt thy friends; let me go eaſe their mones
With thoſe braue reliques of our hoſt, thy mightie *Myrmidons*;
That I may bring to field more light, to *Conqueſt* then hath bene;
To which end grace me with thine armes, ſince any ſhadow ſeene
Of thy reſemblance; all the powre, of periur'd *Troy* will flie,
And our ſo tired friends will breathe: our freſh-ſet-on ſupplie
Will eaſily driue their wearied off. Thus (fooliſh man) he ſu'd
For his ſure death; of all whoſe ſpeech, *Achilles* firſt renu'd
The laſt part, thus: O worthy friend, what haue thy ſpeeches bene? *Achilles to Patroclus.*
I ſhun the fight for Oracles? or what my mother Queene
Hath told from *Ioue*? I take no care, nor note of one ſuch thing;
But this fit anger ſtings me ſtill, that the inſulting king,
Should from his equall take his right; ſince he exceeds in powre:
This, (ſtill his wrong) is ſtill my griefe; he tooke my Paramour
That all men gaue: and whom I wonne, by vertue of my ſpeare,
That (for her) ouerturn'd a Towne. This rape he made of her,
And vſde me like a fugitiue; an Inmate in a towne,
That is no citie libertine, nor capable of their gowne.
But, beare we this, as out of date; tis paſt, nor muſt we ſtill
Feed anger in our nobleſt parts; yet thus, I haue my will
As well as our great king of men; for I did euer vow,
Neuer to caſt off my diſdaine, till (as it fals out now)
Their miſſe of me, knockt at my fleet; and told me in their cries,
I was reueng'd, and had my wiſh, of all my enemies.
And ſo of this repeate enough: Take thou, my fame-blaz'd armes,
And my fight-thirſtie *Myrmidons*, leade to theſe hote alarmes.
Whole clouds of *Troians* circle vs, with hatefull eminence:
The *Greeks* ſhut in a little ſhore; a ſort of citizens
Skipping vpon them: all becauſe, their prowd eyes do not ſee
The radiance of my helmet there, whoſe beames had inſtantly
Thruſt backe, and all theſe ditches fild, with carrion of their fleſh;
If *Agamemnon* had bene kind: where now, they fight as freſh,
As thus farre they had put at eaſe; and at our tents contend.
And may; for the repulſiue hand, of *Diomed*, doth not ſpend
His raging darts there, that their *Death*, could fright out of our fleet:
Nor from that head of enmitie, can my poore hearers meet
The voice of great *Atrides* now: now *Hectors* onely voyce,
Breakes all the aire, about both hoſts; and with the very noiſe,
Bred by his lowd encouragements, his forces fill the field,
And fight the poore *Achaians* downe. But on; put thou my ſhield
Betwixt the fire-plague and our fleet: ruſh brauely on, and turne

Warres tide as headlong on their throtes. No more let them aiourne
Our ſweet-home-turning: but obſerue, the charge I lay on thee
To each leaſt point, that thy rul'd hand, may highly honour me;
And get ſuch glorie from the *Greeks*, that they may ſend againe
My moſt ſweet wench, and gifts to boote; when thou haſt caſt a raine
On theſe ſo head-ſtrong citizens, and forc't them from our fleet.
Iupiter called the god of ſounds for the chiefe ſound his thunder.
With which grace, if the god of ſounds, thy kind egreſſion greet;
Retire, and be not tempted on (with pride, to ſee thy hand
Raine ſlaughterd carkaſſes on earth) to runne forth thy command
As farre as *Ilion*; leſt the gods, that fauour *Troy*, come forth
To thy encounter; for the Sunne, much loues it; and my worth
(In what thou ſuffer'ſt) will be wrong'd, that I would let my friend
Aſſume an action of ſuch weight, without me; and tranſcend
His friends preſcription; do not then, affect a further fight,
Then I may ſtrengthen: let the reſt, (when thou haſt done this right)
Performe the reſt. [a] O would to *Ioue*, thou *Pallas*, and thou Sunne,
That not a man houſd vnderneath, thoſe towres of *Ilion*,
Nor any one of all the *Greeks*, (how infinite a ſumme
Soeuer, altogether make) might liue vnouercome:
But onely we two (ſcaping death) might haue the thundring downe
Of euery ſtone, ſtucke in the wals, of this ſo ſacred towne.
Thus ſpake they onely twixt themſelues. And now the foe no more
Could *Aiax* ſtand, being ſo oppreſt, with all the iron ſtore
The *Troians* powr'd on; with whoſe darts, and with *Ioues* will beſide,
His powres were cloyd, and his bright helme, did deafning blowes abide;
His plume, and all head * ornaments, could neuer hang in reſt:
His arme yet laboured vp his ſhield; and, hauing done their beſt,
They could not ſtirre him from his ſtand; although he wrought it out
With ſhort reſpirings, and with ſweate; that ceaſleſſe flow'd about
His reeking lims: no leaſt time giuen, to take in any breath;
Ill ſtrengthned ill; when one was vp, another was beneath.
Now *Muſes*, you that dwell in heauen, the dreadfull meane inſpire
That firſt enforc't the *Grecian* fleete, to take in *Troian* fire:
Firſt *Hector* with his huge brode ſword, cut off, at ſetting on,
The head of *Aiax* Aſhen lance; which *Aiax* ſeeing gone;
And that he ſhooke a headleſſe ſpeare (a little while vnware)
His warie ſpirits told him ſtraight, the hand of heauen was there,
And trembl'd vnder his conceipt; which was, [b] that twas *Ioues* deed:
Who, as he pold off his darts heads; ſo, ſure he had decreed,
That all the counſels of their warre, he would polle off like it,
And giue the *Troians* victorie: ſo, truſted he his wit,
And left his darts. And then the ſhip, was heapt with horrid brands
Of kindling fire; which inſtantly, was ſeene through all the ſtrands,
In vnextinguiſhible flames, that all the ſhip embrac't:
And then *Achilles* beate his thighes; cryed out, *Patroclus*, haſte,
Make way with horſe; I ſee at fleet, a fire of fearfull rage:
Arme, arme, leſt all our fleet it fire, and all our powre engage;
Arme quickly, Ile bring vp the troopes. To theſe ſo dreadfull warres

Patroclus

Patroclus, in *Achilles* armes, (enlightned all with ſtarres,
And richly ameld) all haſte made: he wore his ſword, his ſhield,
His huge-plum'd helme; and two ſuch ſpeares, as he could nimbly wield.
But the moſt fam'd *Achilles* ſpeare, big, ſolid, full of weight,
He onely left, of all his armes; for that, farre paſt the might
Of any *Greeke* to ſhake, but his; *Achilles* onely ite
Shooke that huge weapon; that was giuen, by *Chyron* to his ſire,
Cut from the top of *Pelion*, to be Heroes deaths.
His ſteeds, *Automedon* ſtraight ioyn'd; like whom no man that breaths
(Next *Peleus* ſonne) *Patroclus* lou'd; for like him, none ſo great
He found, in faith, at euery fight, nor to out-looke a threat:
Automedon did therefore guide (for him) *Achilles* ſteeds,
(*Xanthus*, and *Balius* ſwift as wind) begotten by the ſeeds
Of *Zephyr*, and the *Harpie* borne, *Pordarge*; in a meade
Cloſe to the waue *Ocean*, where that fierce *Harpye* feade.
Automedon ioyn'd theſe before, and with the hindmoſt geres
He faſtn'd famous *Pedaſus*, whom, from the maſſakers
Made by *Achilles*, when he tooke, *Eetions* wealthie towne,
He brought; and (though of mortall race) yet gaue him the renowne
To follow his immortall horſe. And now, before his tents,
Himſelfe had ſeene his *Myrmidons*, in all habiliments
Of dreadfull warre: And when ye ſee (vpon a mountaine bred)
A den of Wolues, (about whoſe hearts, vnmeaſur'd ſtrengths are fed)
New come from currie of a Stagge; their iawes all blood-beſmeard;
And when from ſome blacke water-fount, they altogether herd;
There hauing plentifully lapt, with thin, and thruſt out tongs,
The top and cleareſt of the ſpring; go belching from their lungs
The clotterd gore; looke dreadfully, and entertaine no dread,
Their bellies gaunt; all taken vp, with being ſo rawly fed:
Then ſay, that ſuch, in ſtrength, and looke, were great *Achilles* men,
Now orderd for the dreadfull fight: and ſo with all them then
Their Princes, and their Chiefes did ſhow, about their Generals friend;
His friend, and all, about himſelfe: who chiefly did intend
Th'embattelling of horſe, and foote. To that ſiege, held ſo long,
Twiſe fiue and twenty ſaile he brought; twiſe fiue and twentie ſtrong
Of able men, was euery ſaile: fiue Colonels he made
Of all thoſe forces, truſtie men; and all of powre to leade,
But he, of powre, beyond them all. *Meneſthius* was one,
That euer wore diſcolour'd armes; he was a riuers ſonne
That fell from heauen, and good to drinke, was his delightfull ſtreame:
His name, vnwearied *Sperchius*; he lou'd the louely dame
Faire *Polydora*, *Peleus* ſeed; and deare in *Borus* ſight,
And ſhe, to that celeſtiall flood, gaue this *Meneſthius* light:
A woman, mixing with a god. Yet *Borus* bore the name
Of father to *Meneſthius*: he marrying the dame,
And giuing her a mightie dowre; he was the kind deſcent
Of *Perieris*. The next man, renown'd with regiment,
Was ſtrong *Eudorus*; brought to life, by one ſuppoſd a maide;

Automedon friend to Patroclus, and manager of Achilles horſes.

A ſimile moſt liuely expreſſiue.

The powers Achilles brought to Troy.

Bright *Polymela* (*Phylas* ſeed;) but had the wanton plaid,
With *Argus*-killing *Mercurie*; who (fir'd with her faire eyes
As ſhe was ſinging in the quire, of her that makes the cries
In clamorous hunting, and doth beare, the crooked bow of gold)
Stole to her bed, in that chaſte roome, that *Phebe* chaſt did hold;
And gaue her that ſwift-warrelicke ſonne, (*Eudorus*) brought to light
Eudorus borne as Polymela his mother was dancing. As ſhe was dancing: but as ſoone, as ſhe that rules the plight
Of labouring women, eaſd her throwes; and ſhew'd her ſonne the Sunne,
Strong *Echeclaus*, *Actors* heire; woo'd earneſtly, and wonne
Her ſecond fauour, ſeeing her, with gifts of infinite priſe;
And after brought her to his houſe; where, in his grandſires eyes,
(Old *Phylas*) *Polymelas* ſonne, obtaind exceeding grace,
And found as carefull bringing vp, as of his naturall race
Memalides the third Collonell. He had deſcended. The third chiefe, was faire *Memalides*
Pyſandrus; who in skill of darts, obtaind ſupremeſt praiſe
Of all the *Myrmidons*, except, their Lords companion.
Phœnix the fourth. The fourth charge aged *Phœnix* had. The fifth, *Alcimedon*,
Alcimedon the fifth. Sonne of *Laercus*, and much fam'd. All theſe digeſted thus
In fit place, by the mightie ſonne, of royall *Peleus*;
Achilles to his Myrmidons. This ſterne remembrance he gaue all: You *Myrmidons*, (ſaid he)
I eſt any of you ſhould forget, his threatnings vſde to me
In this place; and through all the time, that my iuſt anger raign'd;
Attempting me with bitter words, for being ſo reſtrain'd
(For my hote humour) from the fight: remember them, as theſe:
Thou cruell ſonne of *Peleus*, whom ſhe that rules the ſeas,
Did onely nouriſh with her gall; thou doſt vngently hold
Our hands, againſt our wills, from fight; we will not be controld;
But take our ſhips and ſaile for home; before we loyter here,
And feed thy furie. Theſe high words, exceeding often were
The threates, that in your mutinous troopes, ye vſde to me, for wrath
To be detaind ſo from the field: now then, your ſplenes may bath
In ſweate of thoſe great works ye wiſht; now he that can employ
A generous heart, go fight, and fright, theſe bragging ſonnes of *Troy*.
This ſet their minds, and ſtrengths on fire; the ſpeech enforcing well,
Being vſde in time; but being their kings, it much more did impell;
Smile. And cloſer ruſht-in all the troopes. And, as for buildings hie,
The Mazon layes his ſtones more thicke, againſt th'extremitie
Of wind and weather; and euen then, if any ſtorme ariſe,
He thickens them the more for that; the preſent act ſo plies
His honeſt mind to make ſure worke. So, for the high eſtate
This worke was brought to, theſe mens minds, (according to the rate)
Were raiſd, and all their bodies ioyn'd: but there well-ſpoken king,
With his ſo timely-thought-on ſpeech, more ſharpe made valours ſting;
And thickn'd ſo their targets boſt; ſo all their helmets then;
That ſhields propt ſhields; helmes helmets knockt, and men encourag'd men.
Patroclus and Automedon arme together. *Patroclus*, and *Automedon*, did arme before them all
Two bodies, with one mind inform'd; and then the Generall,
Betooke him to his priuate Tent, where (from a coffer wrought

Moſt

Moſt rich and curiouſly; and giuen, by *Thetis*, to be brought
In his owne ſhip, top-fild with veſts; warme robes to checke cold wind;
And tapiſtries, all golden fring'd, and curl'd with thrumbs behind:
He tooke a moſt vnualewed boule, in which none dranke but he;
Nor he, but to the deities; nor any deitie,
But *Ioue* himſelfe was ſeru'd with that; and that he firſt did cleanſe
With ſulphure, then with fluences, of ſweeteſt water renſe.
Then waſht his hands, and drew himſelfe, a boule of mightie wine;
Which (ſtanding midſt the place encloſde, for ſeruices diuine,
And looking vp to heauen and *Ioue*, who ſaw him well) he pour'd
Vpon the place of ſacrifice, and humbly thus implor'd:
Great *Dodonæus*, Preſident, of cold *Dodonaes* towres;
Diuine *Pelaſgicus*, that dwell'ſt, farre hence; about whoſe bowres
Th'auſtere prophetique *Selli* dwell, that ſtill ſleepe on the ground,
Go bare, and neuer cleanſe their feete: as I before haue found
Grace to my vowes, and hurt to *Greece*, ſo now my prayres intend.
I ſtill ſtay in the gatherd fleete, but haue diſmiſt my friend
Amongſt my many *Myrmidons*, to danger of the dart.
O grant his valour my renowne; arme with my mind his hart,
That *Hectors* ſelfe may know, my friend, can worke in ſingle warre;
And not then onely ſhew his hands, ſo hote and ſingular,
When my kind preſence ſeconds him: but, fight he nere ſo well;
No further let him truſt his fight: but when he ſhall repell
Clamor and Danger from our fleete, vouchſafe a ſafe retreate
To him and all his companies, with fames and armes compleate.
He prayd, and heauens great Counſellor, gaue ſatisfying eare,
To one part of his oriſons, but left the other there:
He let him free the fleete of foes, but ſafe retreate denide.
Achilles left that vtter part, where he his zeale applide;
And turn'd into his inner tent; made faſt his cup; and then
Stood forth, and with his mind beheld, the foes fight and his men,
That follow'd his great minded friend, embattail'd, till they brake
With gallant ſpirit vpon the foe: And as fell waſpes, that make
Their dwellings in the broade high way; which fooliſh children vſe
(Their cottages being neare their neſts) to anger and abuſe
With euer vexing them, and breed (to ſooth their childiſh warre)
A common ill to many men; ſince if a traueller
(That would his iourneys end apply, and paſſe them vnaſſayd)
Come neare and vexe them, vpon him, the childrens faults are layd;
For on they flie, as he were ſuch, and ſtill defend their owne:
So far'd it with the feruent mind, of euery *Myrmidon*,
Who pour'd themſelues out of their fleete, vpon their wanton foes,
That needs would ſtirre them, thruſt ſo neare; and cauſe the ouerthrowes
Of many others that had elſe, bene neuer toucht by them,
Nor would haue toucht. *Patroclus* then, put his wind to the ſtreame,
And thus exhorted: Now my friends, remember you expreſſe
Your late-vrg'd vertue, and renowme, our great *Æacides*;
That he being ſtrongſt of all the *Greeks*, his eminence may dimme

Achilles ſacrifice for his friends ſafe returne.

Achilles inuocation.

Simile.

Patroclus to the Myrmidons.

All others likewiſe in our ſtrengths, that farre off imitate him.
And *Agamemnon* now may ſee, his fault as generall,
As his place high; diſhonoring him, that ſo much honors all.
Thus made he ſparkle their freſh fire, and on they ruſht; the fleete
Fild full her hollow ſides with ſounds, that terribly did greete
Th'amazed *Troians*: and their eyes, did ſecond their amaze,
The terror of Patroclus to the Troians. When great *Menætius* ſonne they ſaw, and his friends armor blaze;
All troupes ſtood troubl'd with conceit, that *Peleus* ſonne was there;
His anger caſt off at the ſhips; and each lookt euery where
For ſome authoritie to leade, the then prepared flight.
Patroclus greeted with a lance, the region where the fight
Made ſtrongeſt tumult; neare the ſhip, *Proteſilaus* brought,
And ſtrooke *Pyrechmen*, who before, the faire-helmd *Pæons* fought,
Led from *Amydon*, neare whoſe wals, the broad ſtream'd *Axius* flowes.
Pyrechmen ſlain by Patroclus, and the ſhips reſcued. Through his right ſhoulder flew the dart, whoſe blow ſtrooke all the blowes
In his powre, from his powreleſſe arme; and downe he groning fell:
His men all flying (their Leader fled.) This one dart did repell
The whole guard plac't about the ſhip; whoſe fire extinct, halfe burn'd
The *Pæons* left her; and full crie, to clamorous flight return'd.
Then ſpread the *Greeks* about their ſhips; triumphant tumult flow'd:
Simile. And as from top of ſome ſteepe hill, the lightner ſtrips a clowd,
And lets a great skie out from heauen; in whoſe delightſome light,
All prominent foreheads, forreſts, towres, and temples cheare the ſight:
So clear'd theſe *Greeks*, this *Troian* cloud; and at their ſhips and tents
Obtain'd a litle time to breathe, but found no preſent vents
To their incluſions; nor did *Troy* (though theſe *Pæonians* fled)
Loſe any ground, but from this ſhip, they needfully turn'd head.
Then euery man, a man ſubdude; *Patroclus* in the thigh
Strooke *Areilicus*; his dart, the bone did breake, and flie
Quite through, and ſunke him to the earth. Good *Menelaus* ſlew
Accompliſht *Thoas*, in whoſe breaſt (being nak'd) his lance he threw,
Aboue his ſhield, and freed his ſoule. *Phylides* (taking note
That bold *Amphidus* bent at him) preuented him, and ſmote
His thighes extreme part, where (of man) his fatteſt muſcle lies,
The nerues torne with his lances pile, and darkneſſe cloſde his eyes.
Antilochus, *Atymnius* ſeizd, his ſteele lance did impreſſe
His firſt three guts, and looſd his life. At yong *Neſtorides*,
Maris, *Atymnius* bother flew; and at him, *Thraſimed*,
(The brother to *Antilochus*) his eager Iauelins head,
The muſcles of his arme cut out, and ſhiuer'd all the bone;
Night cloſde his eyes; his liueleſſe corſe, his brother fell vpon.
And ſo by two kind brothers hands, did two kind brothers bleed:
Both being diuine *Sarpedons* friends; and were the darting ſeed
Of *Amiſodarus*, that kept, the bane of many men,
Abhord *Chimæra*; and ſuch bane, now caught his childeren.
Aiax Oileades did take, *Cleobulus* aliue,
Inuading him, (ſtaid by the preaſe) and at him then let driue,
With his ſhort ſword, that cut his necke; whoſe bloud warm'd all the ſteele:

And

And cold Death, with a violent fate, his ſable eyes did ſeele.
Peneleus and *Lycon*, caſt, together off their darts;
Both miſt, and both together then, went with their ſwords; in parts
The blade and hilt went, laying on, vpon the helmets height;
Peneleus ſword caught *Lycons* necke, and cut it thorough quite.
His head hung by the very skin. The ſwift *Merionet*,
(Purſuing flying *Acamas*) iuſt as he got acceſſe
To horſe and chariot, ouertooke, and tooke him ſuch a blow
On his right ſhoulder, that he left, his chariot, and did ſtrow
The duſtie earth; life left his lims, and night his eyes poſſeſt.
Idomeneus his ſterne dart, at *Erymas* addreſt,
As (like to *Acamas*) he fled; it cut the ſundry bones
Beneath his braine, betwixt his necke, and foreparts, and ſo runs
(Shaking his teeth out) through his mouth; his eyes all drown'd in blood:
So through his noſtrils and his mouth (that now dart-open ſtood)
He breath'd his ſpirit. Thus had death, from euery *Grecian* Chiefe,
A Chiefe of *Troy*. For, as to Kids, or Lambes, their cruelſt thiefe *Simile.*
(The Wolfe) ſteales in; and when he ſees, that by the ſhepheards ſloth,
The dams are ſperſt about the hils; then ſerues his rauenous tooth
With eaſe, becauſe his prey is weake: So ſeru'd the *Greeks* their foes,
Diſcerning well, how ſhrieking flight, did all their ſpirits diſpoſe;
Their biding vertues quite forgot; And now the naturall ſplene
That *Aiax* bore to *Hector*, ſtill, by all meanes would haue bene
Within his boſome with a dart: but he, that knew the warre,
(Well couer'd in a well-lin'd ſhield) did well perceiue how farre
The arrowes and the iauelins reacht, by being within their ſounds
And ominous ſingings; and obſeru'd, the there-inclining bounds
Of Conqueſt, in her aide of him, and ſo obeyd her change;
Tooke ſafeſt courſe for him and his, and ſtood to her as ſtrange.
And as when *Ioue* intends a ſtorme, he lets out of the ſtarres *Simile.*
From ſteepe *Olympus*, a blacke cloud, that all heauens ſplendor barres
From men on earth: ſo from the hearts, of all the *Troian* hoſt,
All comfort lately found from *Ioue*, in flight and cries was loſt.
Nor made they any faire retreat; *Hectors* vnruly horſe,
Would needs retire him; and he left, engag'd his *Troian* force;
Forc't by the ſteepneſſe of the dike, that in ill place they tooke,
And kept them that would faine haue gone. Their horſes quite forſooke
A number of the *Troian* kings, and left them in the dike;
Their chariots in their foreteames broke. *Patroclus* then did ſtrike
While ſteele was hote, and chear'd his friends; nor meant his enemies good:
Who when they once began to flie, each way receiu'd a flood,
And chok't themſelues with drifts of duſt. And now were clouds begot
Beneath the clouds; with flight, and noiſe; the horſe neglected not
Their home intendments; and where rout, was buſieſt, there pour'd on
Patroclus moſt exhorts and threats; and then lay ouerthrowne
Numbers beneath their axle-trees, who (lying in flights ſtreame)
Made th'after chariots iot and iumpe, in driuing ouer them.
Th'immortall horſe *Patroclus* rode, did paſſe the dike with eaſe,

And

And wiſht the depth and danger more: and *Menetiades*
As great a ſpirit had to reach, retiring *Hectors* haſt;
But his fleete horſe had too much law, and fetcht him off too faſt.
Simile. And as in Autumne the blacke earth, is loden with the ſtormes,
That *Ioue* in gluts of raine poures downe; being angry with the formes
Of iugdement in authoriſde men, that in their courts maintaine
(With violent office) wreſted lawes, and (fearing gods, nor men)
Exile all iuſtice; for whoſe faults, whole fields are ouerflowne,
And many valleys cut away, with torrents headlong throwne,
From neighbour mountaines; till the ſea, receiue them, roring in;
And iudg'd mens labours then are vaine, plagu'd for their Iudges ſin:
So now the foule defaults of ſome, all *Troy* were laid vpon:
So like thoſe torrents roar'd they backe, to windie *Ilion*;
And ſo like tempeſts, blew the horſe, with rauiſhing backe againe
Thoſe hote aſſailants, all their workes, at fleete now rendred vaine.
Patroclus (when he had diſperſt, the formoſt Phalanxes)
Cald backe his forces to the fleete, and would not let them preaſe
(As they deſir'd) too neare the towne; but twixt the ſhips and floud,
And their ſteepe rampire, his hand ſteept, *Reuenge* in ſeas of bloud.
Then *Pronous* was firſt that fell, beneath his fierie lance,
Which ſtrooke his bare breſt, neare his ſhield. The ſecond, *Theſtors* chance
(Old *Enops* ſonne) did make himſelfe; who ſhrinking, and ſet cloſe
In his faire ſeate (euen with th'approch, *Patroclus* made) did loſe
All manly courage; inſomuch, that from his hands, his raines
Fell flowing downe; and his right iaw, *Patroclus* lance, attaines;
Strooke through his teeth, and there it ſtucke, and by it, to him drew
Dead *Theſtor* to his chariot: it ſhewd, as when you view
Simile. An Anglet from ſome prominent rocke, draw with his line and hooke
A mightie fiſh out of the ſea: for ſo the *Greeke* did plucke
The *Troian* gaping from his ſeate; his iawes op't with the dart;
Which when *Patroclus* drew, he fell; his life and breſt did part.
Then ruſht he on *Eryalus*, at whom he hurl'd a ſtone,
Which ſtrake his head ſo in the midſt, that two was made of one;
Two wayes it fell, cleft through his caske: and then *Tlepolemus*,
Epaltes, *Damaſtorides*, *Euippus*, *Echius*,
Ipheas, bold *Amphoterus*, and valiant *Erymas*,
And *Polymelus* (by his ſire, ſurnam'd *Argeadas*)
He heapt vpon the much-fed earth. When *Ioues* moſt worthy ſonne
(Diuine *Sarpedon*) ſaw theſe friends thus ſtayd, and others runne;
Sarpedon to the Lycians. O ſhame! why flie ye, then he cride? now ſhew ye feete enow:
On, keepe your way; my ſelfe will meete, the man that ſtartles you;
To make me vnderſtand his name, that flants in conqueſt thus,
And hath ſo many able knees, ſo ſoone diſſolu'd to vs.
Downe iumpt he from his chariot; downe leapt his foe as light:
Simile. And as on ſome farre-looking rocke, a caſt of Vultures fight,
Flie on each other, ſtrike, and truſſe, part, meete, and then ſticke by,
Tug, both with crooked beakes, and ſeres; crie, fight; and fight, and cry:
So fiercely fought theſe angry kings, and ſhew'd as bitter gals.

Ioue

Ioue (turning eyes to this sterne fight) his wife and sister cals,
And (much mou'd for the *Lycian* Prince) said: O that to my sonne,
Fate, by this day, and man should cut, a thread so nobly spunne.
Two minds distract me; if I should, now rauish him from fight,
And set him safe in *Lycia*; or giue the Fates their right.
Austere *Saturnius*, (she replide) what vniust words are theise?
A mortall long since markt by Fate, wouldst thou immortalise?
Do; but by no god be approu'd; free him, and numbers more
(Sonnes of immortals) will liue free, that death must taste before
These gates of *Ilion*; euery god, will haue his sonne a god,
Or storme extremely. Giue him then, an honest period,
In braue fight, by *Patroclus* sword, if he be deare to thee,
And grieues thee, for his danger'd life: of which, when he is free,
Let *Death* and *Somnus* beare him hence; till *Lycias* naturall wombe
Receiue him from his brothers hands, and citizens; a Tombe
And columne raisd to him; this is, the honor of the dead.
She said; and her speech rul'd his powre: but in his safeties stead,
For sad ostent of his neare death, he steept his liuing name
In drops of blood, heauen swet for him, which earth drunke to his fame.
And now, as this high combat grew, to this too humble end;
Sarpedons death had this state more; twas vsherd by his friend,
And chariotere, braue *Thrasimed*; whom, in his bellies rim,
Patroclus wounded with his lance, and endlesse ended him.
And then another act of name, foreranne his princely fate;
His first lance missing, he let flie, a second that gaue date
Of violent death to *Pedasus*; who (as he ioy'd to die
By his so honorable hand) did (euen in dying) ney.
His ruine startl'd th'other steeds; the geres crackt, and the raines
Strappl'd his fellowes; whose mis-rule, *Automedon* restraines,
By cutting the intangling geres; and so dissundering quite,
The braue-slaine Beast; when both the rest, obeyd, and went foreright:
And then the royall combattants, fought for the finall stroke,
When *Lycias* Generall mist againe; his high-raisde Iauelin tooke;
Aboue his shoulder, emptie way. But no such speedlesse flight
Patroclus let his speare performe, that on the breast did light,
Of his braue foe; where lifes strings close, about the solid hart,
Impressing a recureless wound; his knees then, left their part,
And let him fall; when like an Oke, a Poplar, or a Pine,
New feld by arts-men on the hils; he stretcht his forme diuine
Before his horse and chariot. And as a Lion leapes
Vpon a goodly yellow Bull, driues all the herd in heapes;
And vnder his vnconquerd iawes, the braue beast sighing dies:
So sigh'd *Sarpedon* vnderneath, this prince of enemies;
Cald *Glaucus* to him (his deare friend,) and said: Now friend, thy hands
Much dutie owe to fight, and armes; now, for my loue, it stands
Thy heart in much hand to approue, that warre is harmefull, none
How actiue all thy forces are, this one houres act must show.
First call our *Lycian* Captaines vp, looke round, and bring vp all,

Ioue to Iuno about the fate of Sarpedon.

Ioue to Iuno.

Sarpedon kils Pedasus one of Achilles horse.

The last encounter of Sarpedon and Patroclus.

Simile.

Sarpedon dying, to Glaucus his friend.

And

And all exhort, to ſtand like friends, about *Sarpedons* fall;
And ſpend thy ſelfe thy ſteele for me: for be aſſur'd, no day
Of all thy life, to thy laſt houre, can cleare thy blacke diſmay
In woe and infamie for me; if I be taken hence,
Spoil'd of mine armes; and thy renowme, deſpoil'd of my defence.
Stand firme then, and confirme thy men. This ſaid; the bounds of death
Concluded all ſight to his eyes, and to his noſthrils breath.
Patroclus (though his guard was ſtrong) forc't way through euery doubt:
Climb'd his high boſome with his foote, and pluckt his iauelin out;
And with it drew the filme and ſtrings, of his yet-panting hart;
And laſt, together with the pile, his princely ſoule did part.
His horſe (ſpoil'd both of guide and king, thicke ſnoring, and amaz'd,
And apt to flight) the *Myrmidons*, made nimbly to, and ſeaz'd.
Glaucus, to heare his friend aske aide, of him paſt all the reſt;
The ſorrow of Glaucus for Sarpedon, and praier to Phœbus.
(Though well he knew his wound vncur'd) Confuſion fild his breſt,
Not to haue good in any powre; and yet ſo much good will.
And (laying his hand vpon his wound, that pain'd him ſharply ſtill;
And was by *Teucers* hand ſet on, from their aſſail'd ſteepe wall,
In keeping hurt from other men) he did on *Phœbus* call
(The god of Medcines) for his cure: Thou king of cures (ſaid he)
That art perhaps in *Lycia*, with her rich progenie,
Or here in *Troy*, but any where, ſince thou haſt powre to heare;
O giue a hurt, and wofull man (as I am now) thine eare.
This arme ſuſtaines a cruell wound, whoſe paines ſhoot euery way,
Afflict this ſhoulder, and this hand, and nothing long can ſtay,
A fluxe of blood ſtill iſſuing; nor therefore can I ſtand
With any enemie in fight, nor hardly make my hand
Support my lance; and here lies dead, the worthieſt of men;
Sarpedon, worthy ſonne to *Ioue*; (whoſe power could yet abſtaine
From all aide in this deadly need) giue thou then aide to me,
(O king of all aide to men hurt) aſſwage th'extremitie
Of this armes anguiſh; giue it ſtrength, that by my preſident,
I may excite my men to blowes; and this dead corſe preuent
Of further violence. He praid, and kind *Apollo* heard;
Allayd his anguiſh, and his wound, of all the blacke bloud clear'd,
That vext it ſo; infuſde freſh powres, into his weakened mind,
And all his ſpirits flow'd with ioy, that *Phœbus* ſtood inclin'd
(In ſuch quicke bountie) to his prayres. Then, as *Sarpedon* wild,
He caſt about his greedie eye, and firſt of all inſtild
To all his Captaines, all the ſtings, that could inflame their fight,
For good *Sarpedon*. And from them, he ſtretcht his ſpeedie pace,
T'*Agenor*, *Hector*, *Venus* ſonne, and wiſe *Polydamas*;
Glaucus being cured, to Hector.
And (onely naming *Hector*) ſaid: *Hector*, you now forget
Your poore auxiliarie friends, that in your toiles haue ſwet
Their friendleſſe ſoules out, farre from home; *Sarpedon*, that ſuſtain'd
With Iuſtice, and his vertues all, broade *Lycia* hath not gain'd
The like guard for his perſon here; for yonder dead he lies,
Beneath the great *Patroclus* lance: but come, let your ſupplies

(Good

(Good friends) ſtand neare him: O diſdaine, to ſee his corſe defil'd
With *Grecian* furie; and his armes, by their oppreſſions ſpoil'd;
The *Myrmidons* are come enrag'd, that ſuch a mightie boote
Of *Greekes*, *Troys* darts haue made at fleete. This ſaid, from head to foote
Griefe ſtrooke their powres, paſt patience, and not to be reſtrain'd,
To heare newes of *Sarpedons* death; who, though he appertain'd
To other cities; yet to theirs, he was the very Fort,
And led a mightie people there; of all whoſe better ſort,
Himſelfe was beſt. This made them runne, in flames vpon the foe;
The firſt man, *Hector*, to whoſe heart, *Sarpedons* death did go.
Patroclus ſtird the *Grecian* ſpirits; and firſt, th' *Aiaces*, thus:
Patroclus to the Grecians, and particularly to both the Aiaces.
Now brothers, be it deare to you, to fight, and ſuccour vs,
As euer heretofore ye did, with men firſt excellent.
The man lies ſlaine, that firſt did ſcale, and raze the battlement,
That crown'd our wall; the Lycian Prince. But if we now ſhall adde
Force to his corſe, and ſpoile his armes, a priſe may more be had
Of many great ones, that for him, will put on to the death.
To this worke, theſe were prompt enough; and each ſide ordereth
Thoſe Phalanxes that moſt had rate, of reſolutions;
The *Troians*, and the *Lycian* powres; the *Greeks*, and *Myrmidons*.
Theſe ranne together for the corſe, and cloſde with horrid cries;
Their armours thundering with the claps, laid on about the priſe.
And *Ioue* about th'impetuous broile, pernicious night powr'd out,
As long as for his loued ſonne, pernicious *Labour* fought.
The firſt of *Troy*, the firſt *Greekes* foil'd, when, not the laſt indeed,
Amongſt the *Myrmidons* was ſlaine: the great *Aiacleus* ſeed;
Diuine *Epigeus*, that before, had exerciſde command
In faire *Budeus*; but becauſe, he laid a bloudie hand
On his owne ſiſters valiant ſonne; To *Peleus*, and his Queene,
He came for pardon, and obtain'd; His ſlaughter being the meane
He came to *Troy*, and ſo to this. He ventur'd euen to touch
The princely carkaſſe, when a ſtone, did more to him, by much;
(Sent out of able *Hectors* hand) it cut his skull in twaine,
And ſtrooke him dead. *Patroclus* (grieu'd, to ſee his friend ſo ſlaine)
Before the foremoſt thruſt himſelfe: and as a Faulcon frayes
Sidile.
A flocke of Stares or Caddeſſes; ſuch feare brought his aſſayes
Amongſt the *Troians*, and their friends; and (angry at the hart,
As well as grieu'd) for him ſo ſlaine: another ſtonie dart,
As good as *Hectors*, he let flie, that duſted in the necke
Of *Sthenelaus*; thruſt his head, to earth firſt, and did breake
The nerues in ſunder, with his fall; off fell the *Troians* too;
Euen *Hectors* ſelfe, and all as farre, as any man can throw,
(Prouokt for games, or in the warres, to ſhed an enemies ſoule)
A light, long dart. The firſt that turn'd, was he that did controule
The Targatiers of *Lycia*; Prince *Glaucus*, who to hell
Sent *Bathycleus*, *Chalcons* ſonne; he did in *Hellas* dwell,
And ſhin'd, for wealth and happineſſe, amongſt the *Myrmidons*;
His boſomes midſt the Iauelin ſtrooke, his fall gat earth with groues.

The *Greeks* grieu'd, and the *Troians* ioy'd, for ſo renowm'd a man;
About whom ſtood the *Grecians* firme: and then the death began
On *Troyes* ſide by *Meriones*; he ſlue one great in warre,
Laogonus, *Onetors* ſonne, the Prieſt of *Iupiter*,
Created in th'Idean hill. Betwixt his iaw and eare
The dart ſtucke faſt, and looſde his ſoule; ſad miſts of Hate and Feare
Inuading him. *Anchiſes* ſonne, diſpatcht a brazen lance
At bold *Meriones*; and hop't, to make an equall chance
On him, with bold *Laogonus*; though vnder his broade ſhield
He lay ſo cloſe. But he diſcern'd, and made his bodie yeeld,
So low, that ouer him it flew, and, trembling tooke the ground;
With which, *Mars* made it quench his thirſt; and ſince the head could wound
No better bodie; and yet throwne, from nere the worſe a hand;
Æneas ieſts to Meriones. It turnd from earth, and lookt awrie. *Æneas* let it ſtand,
Much angrie at the vaine euent; and told *Meriones*,
He ſcap't but hardly; nor had cauſe, to hope for ſuch ſucceſſe
Another time; though well he knew, his dancing facultie,
By whoſe agilitie he ſcap't; for had his dart gone by
With any leaſt touch, inſtantly, he had beene euer ſlaine.
Meriones to Æneas. He anſwerd: Though thy ſtrength be good, it cannot render vaine
The ſtrength of others with thy ieſts; nor art thou ſo diuine,
But when my lance ſhall touch at thee, with equall ſpeed to thine,
Death will ſhare with it, thy lifes powres; thy confidence can ſhun
No more then mine, what his right claimes. *Menætius* noble ſonne
Rebuk't *Meriones*, and ſaid: What needſt thou vſe this ſpeech?
Nor thy ſtrength is approu'd with words, (good friend) nor can we reach
The bodie, nor make th'enemie yeeld, with theſe our counterbraues;
We muſt enforce the binding earth, to hold them in her graues.
If you will warre, Fight; will you ſpeake? giue counſell; counſell, blowes
Are th'ends of warres, and words; talke here, the time in vaine beſtowes.
He ſaid, and led, and nothing leſſe, for any thing he ſaid,
(His ſpeech being ſeaſon'd with ſuch right) the Worthy ſeconded.
Simile. And then, as in a ſounding vale, (neare neighbour to a hill)
Wood-fellers make a farre-heard noiſe, with chopping, chopping ſtill,
And laying on, on blocks and trees: ſo they, on men laid lode,
And beate like noiſes into aire, both as they ſtrooke and trod.
But (paſt their noiſe) ſo full of bloud, of duſt, of darts, lay ſmit
Diuine *Sarpedon*, that a man, muſt haue an excellent wit,
That could but know him; and might faile: ſo from his vtmoſt head,
Euen to the low plants of his feete, his forme was altered.
All thruſting neare it euery way, as thicke as flies in ſpring,
That in a ſheepe-cote (when new milke, aſſembles them) make wing,
And buzze about the top-full pailes: nor euer was the eye
Of *Ioue* auerted from the fight; he viewd, thought, ceaſleſly,
And diuerſly vpon the death, of great *Achilles* friend:
If *Hector* there (to wreake his ſonne) ſhould with his iauelin end
His life, and force away his armes, or ſtill augment the field;
He then concluded, that the flight, of much more ſoule, ſhould yeeld

Achilles

Achilles good friend more renowne; and that, euen to their gates
He ſhould driue *Hector* and his hoſt: and ſo diſanimates
The mind of *Hector*, that he mounts, his chariot, and takes *Flight*
Vp with him, tempting all to her; affirming, his inſight
Knew euidently, that the beame, of *Ioues* all-ordering ſcoles,
Was then in ſinking on their ſide, ſurcharg'd with flockes of ſoules.
Then, not the noble *Lycians* ſtaid, but left their ſlaughterd Lord
Amongſt the corſes common heape; for many more were pour'd
About, and on him; while *Ioues* hand, held out the bitter broile.
And now they ſpoil'd *Sarpedons* armes; and to the ſhips the ſpoile
Was ſent by *Menætiades*. Then *Ioue*, thus charg'd the Sunne:
Haſte, honor'd *Phœbus*, let no more, *Greeke* violence be done — *Ioue to Phœbus.*
To my *Sarpedon*; but his corſe, of all the ſable bloud
And iauelins purg'd; then carry him, farre hence to ſome cleare floud,
With whoſe waues waſh, and then embalme, each thorough-cleanſed lim,
With our *Ambroſia*; which perform'd, diuine weeds put on him:
And then to thoſe ſwift mates, and twins, ſweete Sleepe and Death commit
His princely perſon, that with ſpeed, they both may carrie it
To wealthy *Lycia*; where his friends, and brothers will embrace,
And tombe it in ſome monument, as fits a Princes place.
Then flew *Apollo* to the fight, from the Idalian hill, — *Apollo ſends Sarpedons body by Sleep and Death to Lycia.*
At all parts putting into act, his great Commanders will:
Drew all the darts, waſht, balm'd the corſe; which (deckt with ornament,
By *Sleepe* and *Death*, thoſe featherd twins) he into *Lycia* ſent
Patroclus then, *Automedon*, commands to giue his ſteeds
Large raines, and all way to the chace: ſo madly he exceeds
The ſtrict commiſſion of his friend, which had he kept, had kept
A blacke death from him. But *Ioues* mind, hath euermore outſtept
The mind of man; who both affrights, and takes the victorie
From any hardieſt hand, with eaſe; which he can iuſtifie,
Though he himſelfe commands him fight: as now, he put this chace
In *Menætiades* his mind. How much then weighs the grace
(*Patroclus?*) that *Ioue* giues thee now, in ſcoles put, with thy death?
Of all theſe great and famous men, the honorable breath.
Of which, *Adreſtus* firſt he ſlue, and next *Autonous*;
Epiſtora, and *Perimus*; *Pylartes*, *Elaſus*,
Swift *Menalippus*, *Molius*; all theſe were ouerthrowne — *Patroclus ſtabling the wals of Troy, reſiſted by Phœbus.*
By him, and all elſe, put in rout; and then proud *Ilion*
Had ſtoopt beneath his glorious hand: he rag'd ſo with his lance,
If *Phœbus* had not kept the towre, and helpt the *Ilians*,
Suſtaining ill thoughts gainſt the Prince. Thrice to the prominence
Of *Troys* ſteepe wall he brauely leapt: thrice *Phœbus* thruſt him thence:
Obiecting his all-dazeling ſhield, with his reſiſtleſſe hand.
But fourthly, when (like one of heauen) he would haue ſtird his ſtand,
Apollo threatned him, and ſaid; Ceaſſe, it exceeds thy fate — *Apollo threatens Patroclus.*
(Forward *Patroclus*) to expugne, with thy bold lance, this ſtate;
Nor vnder great *Achilles* powres, (to thine ſuperiour farre)
Lies *Troyes* graue ruine. When he ſpake, *Patroclus* left that warre:

Leapt farre backe; and his anger ſhund. *Hector* detain'd his horſe
Within the Scæan ports, in doubt, to put his perſonall force
Amongſt the rout, and turne their heads, or ſhun in *Troy* the ſtorme.
Apollo ſeeing his ſuſpence, aſſum'd the goodly forme
Apollo in ſhape of Aſius to Hector.
Of *Hectors* vnkle, *Aſius*, the Phrygian *Dymas* ſonne,
Who neare the deepe *Sangarius*, had habitation;
Being brother to the Troian Queene. His ſhape *Apollo* tooke;
And askt of *Hector*, why his ſpirit, ſo cleare the fight forſooke;
Affirming twas vnfit for him: and wiſht his forces were
As much aboue his, as they mou'd, in an inferiour ſphere:
He ſhould (with ſhame to him) be gone; and ſo bad, driue away
Againſt *Patroclus*, to approue, if he that gaue them day,
Would giue the glorie of his death, to his preferred lance.
So left he him; and to the fight, did his bright head aduance,
Mixt with the multitude, and ſtird, foule Tumult for the foe.
Then *Hector* bad *Cebriones*, put on; himſelfe let go
All other *Greeks* within his reach, and onely gaue command,
To front *Patroclus*. He at him; iumpt downe; his ſtrong left hand
A Iauelin held; his right, a ſtone; a marble ſharpe; and ſuch
As his large hand had powre to gripe; and gaue it ſtrength as much
As he could lie to: nor ſtood long, in feare of that huge man
That made againſt him; but full on, with his huge ſtone he ran
Diſcharg'd, and draue it twixt the browes, of bold *Cebriones*:
Nor could the thicke bone there prepar'd, extenuate ſo th'acceſſe,
But out it draue his broken eyes, which in the duſt fell downe;
And he diu'd after; which conceit, of diuing, tooke the ſonne
Of old *Menatius*, who thus plaid, vpon the others bane.
Patroclus ieſts at the fall of Cebriones.
O heauens! for truth, this *Troian* was, a paſſing actiue man;
With what exceeding eaſe he diues? as if at worke he were
Within the fiſhie ſeas. This man, alone would furniſh cheare
For twentie men; though twere a ſtorme; to leape out of a ſaile,
And gather oiſters for them all; he does it here as well;
And there are many ſuch in *Troy*. Thus ieſted he ſo neare
His owne graue death; and then made in, to ſpoile the Chariotere,
With ſuch a Lions force, and fate; as (often ruining,
Stals of fat oxen) gets at length, a mortall wound to ſting
His ſoule, out of that rauenous breaſt, that was ſo inſolent;
And ſo his lifes bliſſe proues his bane: ſo deadly confident
Wert thou *Patroclus*, in purſuite, of good *Cebriones*,
A ſimile expreſſing Patroclus encounter and Hectors.
To whoſe defence now *Hector* leapt. The oppoſite addreſſe,
Theſe maſters of the crie in warre, now made, was of the kind
Of two fierce kings of beaſts, oppoſd, in ſtrife, about a Hind
Slaine on the forehead of a hill; both ſharpe, and hungry ſet,
And to the Currie neuer came, but like two *Deaths* they met:
Nor theſe two entertain'd leſſe mind, of mutuall preiudice,
About the bodie; cloſe to which, when each had preſt for priſe,
Hector the head laid hand vpon; which once gript, neuer could
Be forc't from him; *Patroclus* then, vpon the feete got hold,

And

And he pincht with as ſure a naile: ſo both ſtood tugging there,
While all the reſt, made eager fight, and grappl'd euery where.
And as the Eaſt and South wind ſtriue, to make a loftie wood Simile.
Bow to their greatneſſe; barkie Elmes, wild Aſhes, Beeches bowd
Euen with the earth; in whoſe thicke armes, the mightie vapors lie,
And toſſe by turnes, all, either way; their leaues at random flie,
Boughs murmure, and their bodies cracke; and with perpetuall din,
The Syluans falter, and the ſtormes, are neuer to begin:
So rag'd the fight; and all from Flight, pluckt her forgotten wings;
While ſome ſtill ſtucke; ſtill new wingd ſhafts, flew dancing from their ſtrings;
Huge ſtones ſent after, that did ſhake, the ſhields about the corſe,
Who now (in duſts ſoft forehead ſtretcht) forgat his guiding horſe.
As long as *Phœbus* turn'd his wheeles, about the midſt of heauen,
So long the touch of eithers darts, the fals of both made euen:
But when his waine drew neare the Weſt, the *Greeks* paſt meaſure were
The abler ſouldiers, and ſo ſwept, the *Troian* tumult cleare
From off the bodie; out of which, they drew the hurl'd-in darts;
And from his ſhoulders ſtript his armes; and then to more ſuch parts
Patroclus turn'd his ſtriuing thoughts, to do the *Troians* ill:
Thrice, like the god of warre, he charg'd; his voice as horrible:
And thrice nine thoſe three charges ſlue; but in the fourth aſſay,
O then *Patroclus*, ſhew'd thy laſt; the dreadfull Sunne made way
Againſt that on-ſet; yet the Prince, diſcern'd no deitie;
He kept the preaſe ſo; and beſides, obſcur'd his glorious eye
With ſuch felt darkneſſe. At his backe, he made a ſodaine ſtand;
And twixt his necke and ſhoulders laid, downe-right with either hand,
A blow ſo weightie, that his eyes, a giddie darkneſſe tooke;
And from his head, his three-plum'd helme, the bounding violence ſhooke,
That rung beneath his horſes hooues; and like a water-ſpout,
Was cruſht together with the fall. The plumes that ſet it out,
All ſpatterd with blacke bloud and duſt; when euer heretofore
It was a capitall offence, to haue, or duſt, or gore
Defile a triple-feather'd helme; but on the head diuine,
And youthfull temples of their Prince, it vſde, vntoucht, to ſhine.
Yet now *Ioue* gaue it *Hectors* hands; the others death was neare.
Beſides whoſe loſt and filed helme, his huge long weightie ſpeare,
Well bound with iron, in his hand, was ſhiuerd, and his ſhield
Fell from his ſhoulders to his feete; the bawdricke ſtrewing the field.
His Curets left him, like the reſt; and all this onely done
By great *Apollo*. Then his mind, tooke in confuſion;
The vigorous knittings of his ioynts, diſſolu'd; and (thus diſmaid)
A *Dardan* (one of *Panthus* ſons, and one that ouerlaid
All *Troians*, of his place, with darts, ſwift footing, skill, and force,
In noble horſmanſhip; and one, that tumbl'd from their horſe,
One after other, twentie men: and when he did but learne
The art of warre; nay when he firſt, did in the field diſcerne
A horſe and chariot of his guide: this man, with all theſe parts
(His name *Euphorbus*) comes behind, and twixt the ſhoulders darts

Forlorne *Patroclus*, who yet liu'd, and th'other (getting forth
His Iauelin) tooke him to his ſtrength; nor durſt he ſtand the worth
Of thee *Patroclus*, though diſarmd; who yet (diſcomfited
By *Phœbus*, and *Euphorbus* wound) the red heape of the dead
He now too late ſhund, and retir'd. When *Hector* ſaw him yeeld,
And knew he yeelded with a wound, he ſcour'd the armed field;
Came cloſe vp to him, and both ſides, ſtrooke quite through with his lance;
He fell, and his moſt weightie fall, gaue fit tune to his chance.
Simile. For which, all *Greece* extremely mourn'd. And as a mightie ſtrife
About a litle fount, begins, and riſeth to the life
Of ſome fell Bore, reſolu'd to drinke; when likewiſe to the ſpring
A Lion comes, alike diſpoſde; the Bore thirſts, and his King;
Both proud, and both will firſt be ſeru'd; and then the Lion takes
Aduantage of his ſoueraigne ſtrength; and th'other (fainting) makes
Reſigne his thirſt vp with his bloud: *Patroclus* (ſo enforc't
When he had forc't ſo much braue life) was, from his owne diuorc't.
Hectors inſultation ouer Patroclus being wounded vnder him. And thus his great Diuorcer brau'd; *Patroclus*, thy conceit,
Gaue thee th'euerſion of our *Troy*; and to thy fleete a freight
Of Troian Ladies, their free liues, put all in bands by thee:
But (too much priſer of thy ſelfe) all theſe are propt by me.
For theſe, haue my horſe ſtretcht their hoofes, to this ſo long a warre;
And I (farre beſt of *Troy* in armes) keepe off from *Troy* as farre;
Euen to the laſt beame of my life, their neceſſary day.
And here (in place of vs and ours) on thee ſhall Vultures prey,
Poore wretch; nor ſhall thy mightie Friend, affoord thee any aid,
That gaue thy parting much deepe charge; And this perhaps he ſaid;
Martiall *Patroclus*, turne not face, nor ſee my fleete before
The curets from great *Hectors* breaſt, all guilded with his gore,
Thou hew'ſt in peeces: if thus vaine, were his far-ſtretcht commands;
As vaine was thy heart to beleeue, his words lay in thy hands.
Patroclus languiſhing, to Hector. He languiſhing, replide: This proues, thy glory worſe then vaine,
That when two gods haue giuen thy hands, what their powres did obtaine,
(They conquering, and they ſpoiling me, both of my armes and mind,
It being a worke of eaſe for them) thy ſoule ſhould be ſo blind,
To ouerſee their euident deeds, and take their powres to thee;
When, if the powres of twentie ſuch, had dar'd t'encounter me,
My lance had ſtrew'd earth with them all. Thou onely doeſt obtaine
A third place in my death; whom firſt, a harmfull fate hath ſlaine
Effected by *Latonas* ſonne; ſecond and firſt of men,
Euphorbus. And this one thing more, concernes thee; note it then:
Thou ſhalt not long ſuruiue thy ſelfe; nay, now Death cals for thee,
And violent fate; *Achilles* lance, ſhall make this good for me.
Thus death ioyn'd to his words, his end; his ſoule tooke inſtant wing,
And to the houſe that hath no lights, deſcended, ſorrowing
For his ſad fate, to leaue him yong, and in his ableſt age.
He dead; yet *Hector* askt him why, in that prophetique rage,
He ſo foreſpake him? when none knew, but great *Achilles* might
Preuent his death; and on his lance, receiue his lateſt light.

Thus

Thus, ſetting on his ſide his foote, he drew out of his wound,
His brazen lance, and vpwards caſt, the body on the ground;
When quickly, while the dart was hote, he charg'd *Automedon*,
(Diuine guide of *Achilles* ſteeds) in great contention
To ſeiſe him to: but his ſo ſwift, and deathleſſe horſe, that ſetch
Their gift to *Peleus* from the gods, ſoone rap't him, from his teach.

Hector charges on Automedon for Achilles horſes.

COMMENTARIVS.

[a] Αἱ δὲ Ζεῦ πάτερ, &c. *Theſe laſt verſes in the originall, by many auſtere ancients haue ſuffered expunction; as being vnworthy the mouth of an Heroe, becauſe he ſeems to make ſuch a wiſh in them: which is as poorely conceipted of the expungers, as the reſt of the places in* Homer, *that haue groned or laughed vnder their caſtigations.* Achilles *not out of his heart (which any true eye may ſee) wiſhing it; but out of a frolicke and delightſome humour, being merry with his friend in priuate, which the verſe following in part expreſſeth:*

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.

Sic hi quidem talia inter ſe loquebantur. Inter ſe, *intimating the meaning aforeſaid. But our diuine Maiſters moſt ingenious imitating the life of things, (which is the ſoule of a Poeme) is neuer reſpected nor perceiued by his Interpreters onely ſtanding pedantically on the Grammar and words, vtterly ignorant of the ſence and grace of him.*

[b] Τῶν δ' Αἴας πᾶσιν θυμὸν, &c. Ἔγχεος ἀτῆν, &c. Agnouit autem *Aiax* in animo inculpato, opera deorum; ἐρίγδουπός τε: exhorruitque. *Another moſt ingenious and ſpriteſull imitation of the life, and ridiculous humor of* Aiax, *I muſt needs note here, becauſe it flies all his Tranſlators and Interpreters; who take it meerely for ſerious, when it is apparently ſcopticall and ridiculous; with which our author would delite his vnderſtanding Reader; and mixe mirth with matter. He ſaith, that* Hector *cut off the head of* Aiax *lance, which he ſeeing, would needs affect a kind of prophetique wiſedome (with which he is neuer charged in* Homer) *and imagined ſtrongly, the cutting off his lances head, caſt a figure thus deepe; that as* Hector *cut off that,* Ioue *would vtterly cut off the heads of their counſels to that fight, and giue the* Troians *victory: which to take ſeriouſly and gravely, is moſt dull (and as I may ſay) Aianticall: the voyce* κείρειν *(which they expound* præcidebat, *and indeed is* tondebat; κείρω *ſignifying moſt properly* tondeo) *helping well to decipher the Ironie. But to vnderſtand gravely that the cutting off his lances head, argued* Ioues *intent to cut off their counſels, and to allow the wit of* Aiax *for his ſo farre-fetcht apprehenſion: I ſuppoſe no man can make leſſe then idle, and witleſſe. A plaine continuance therefore it is of* Aiax *humor, whom in diuers other places he playes vpon: as in likening him in the eleuenth booke to a mill Aſſe, and elſe where to be noted hereafter.*

[c] Τὸν τὸν δὲ Θάνατος καὶ Ὕπνος δι' ἐφήκαντο] *by* Sleepe *and* Death (*which he ingeniouſly calleth* Twins) *was the body of* Ioues *ſonne* Sarpedon *taken from the fight, and borne to* Lycia. *On which place,* Euſtathius *doubts, whether truly and indeed it was tranſferd to* Lycia: *and he makes the cauſe of his doubt, this: That* Death *and* Sleepe *are* inania quædam, *things empty and voide;* ἀσώματα γὰρ ἐστα, *not ſolid or firme perſons,* ἀλλ' ἀνυπόστατα τάδε, *but* quæ nihil ferre poſſunt. *And therefore he thought there was* κενοτάφιόν quoddam; *that is, ſome voyde or emptie ſepulcher or monument prepared for that Heroe in* Lycia, *&c. or elſe makes another ſtrange tranſlation of it, by wonder; which* Spondanus *thinkes to haue happened truly. But rather would interprete it merely and nakedly a poeticall fiction: his reaſon I will forbeare to vtter be-*

cauſe it is vnworthy of him. But would not a man wonder that our great and graue Euſtathius, *would doubt whether* Sleepe *and* Death *carried* Sarpedons *perſon perſonally to* Lycia: *or not rather make no queſtion of the contrary?* Homer *nor any Poets end in ſuch poeticall relations, being to affirme the truth of things perſonally done; but to pleaſe with the truth of their matchleſſe wits, and ſome worthy doctrine conueyed in it. Nor would* Homer *haue any one beleeue the perſonall tranſportance of* Sarpedon *by* Sleepe *and* Death, *but onely varieth and graceth his Poeme with theſe* Proſopopeiaes, *and deliuers vs this moſt ingenious and graue doctrine in it: that the* Heroes *body, for which both thoſe mightie Hoſts ſo mightily contended,* Sleepe *and* Death (*thoſe ſame* quædam inania) *tooke from all their perſonall and ſolid forces. Wherein he would further note to vs, that from all the bittereſt and deadlieſt conflicts and tyrannies of the world,* Sleepe *and* Death, *when their worſt is done, deliuers and transfers men: a little mocking withall, the vehement, and greedy proſecutions of tyrants, and ſouldiers againſt, or for that, which two ſuch deedleſſe poore things takes from all their Emperie. And yet, againſt* Euſtathius *manner of fleighting their powers, what is there of all things belonging to man, ſo powerfull ouer him as* Death *and* Sleep? *And why may not our* Homer (*whoſe words I hold with* Spondanus *ought to be an vndiſputable deed and authoritie with vs*) *as well perſonate* Sleepe *and* Death, *as all men beſides perſonate* Loue, Anger, Sloth, *&c. Thus onely where the ſence and ſoule of my moſt worthily reuerenced Author is abuſed, or not ſeene, I ſtill inſiſt; and gleane theſe few poore corne eares after all other mens harueſts.*

The end of the ſixteenth Booke.

g Ar 58

THE

THE XVII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

A Dreadfull fight, about Patroclus *corse.*
Euphorbus *slaine, by* Menelaus *force.*
Hector, *in th'armour of* Æacides.
Antilochus, *relating the decease*
O slaine Patroclus, *to faire* Thetis *sonne.*
The body from the striuing Troians *wonne.*
Th' Aiaces, *making good the after field,*
Make all the subiect that this booke doth yeeld.

Another Argument.

In Rho, *the ventrous hosts maintaine*
A slaughterous conflict, for the slaine.

NOr could his slaughter rest conceald, from *Menelaus* eare;
Who slew amongst the formost fights, & with his targe & speare
Circled the body: as much grieu'd, and with as tender heed
To keepe it theirs; as any damme, about her first-borne seed;
Not prouing what the paine of birth, would make the loue be-
Nor to pursue his first attaint, *Euphorbus* spirit forbore; (fore;
But seeing *Menelaus* chiefe, in rescue of the dead,
Assaid him thus: *Atrides*, ceasse, and leaue the slaughtered
With his embrew'd spoyle, to the man, that first, of all our state
And famous succours, in faire fight, made passage to his fate;
And therefore suffer me to weare, the good name I haue wonne
Amongst the *Troians*; lest thy life, repay what his hath done.

Euphorbus to Menelaus. This Euphorbus was he, that in Ouid, Pythagoras saith he was in the wars of Troy.

O *Iupiter* (said he, incenst) Thou art no honest man
To baost, so past thy powre to do. Not any Lion can;
Nor spotted Leopard; nor Bore, (whose mind is mightiest
In powring furie from his strength) aduance so prowd a crest
As *Panthus* fighting progenie. But *Hyperenors* pride,
That ioy'd so little time his youth; when he so vilifide
My force in armes, and cald me worst, of all our cheualrie,
And stood my worst; might teach ye all, to shun this surcuidrie:
I thinke he came not safely home, to tell his wife his acts.
Nor lesse right of thy insolence, my equall fate exacts;
And will obtaine me, if thou stay'st; retire then, take aduise:
A foole sees nought, before tis done; and still too late is wise.

Menelaus to Euphorbus.

This mou'd not him, but to the worse; since it renew'd the sting,

That

That his ſlaine brother ſhot in him; rememberd by the king,
To whom he anſwer'd: Thou ſhalt pay, for all the paines endur'd
By that ſlaine brother; all the wounds, ſuſtaind for him, recur'd
With one, made in thy heart by me. Tis true, thou mad'ſt his wife
A heauie wid ow; when her ioyes, of wedlocke ſcarce had life;
And hurt'ſt our parents with his griefe; all which thou glorieſt in:
Foreſpeaking ſo, thy death, that now, their griefes end ſhall begin.
To *Panthus*, and the ſnowy hand, of *Phrontes*, I will bring
Thoſe armes, and that proud head of thine; and this laborious thing
Shall aske no long time to performe: nor be my words alone,
But their performance; *Strength*, and *Fight*, and *Terror* thus ſets on.
This ſaid, he ſtrooke his all-round ſhield; nor ſhrunke that, but his lance
Euphorbus ſlain by Menelaus. That turn'd head in it: then the king, aſſaid the ſecond chance,
Firſt praying to the king of gods, and his dart, entrie got
(The force much driuing backe his foe) in low part of his throte,
And ranne his necke through. Then fell pride, and he, and all with gore
His locks, that like the *Graces* were; and which he euer wore
In gold and ſiluer ribands wrapt; were piteouſly wet.
Simile; And, when alone, in ſome choice place, a husband-man hath ſet
The young plant of an Oliue tree, whoſe roote being euer fed
With plentie of delicious ſprings; his branches brauely ſpred,
And all his freſh and louely head, growne curld with ſnowy flowres,
That dance, and floriſh with the winds, that are of gentleſt powres:
But when a whirlewind (got aloft) ſtoopes, with a ſodaine gale;
Teares from his head his tender curles, and toſſeth therewithall
His fixt roote, from his hollow mines: it well preſents the force
Of *Spartas* king; and ſo the Plant, *Euphorbus*, and his Corſe.
He ſlaine; the king ſtript off his armes, and with their worthy priſe,
(All fearing him) had clearely paſt: if heauens faire eye, of eyes,
Had not (in enuy of his acts) to his encounter ſtird
The *Mars*-like *Hector*; to whoſe powres, the reſcue he preferd
Of thoſe faire armes: and tooke the ſhape, of *Mentas* (Colonell
Of all the *Cicones* that neare, the *Thracian Hebrus* dwell)
Like him, he thus put forth his voice. *Hector*, thou ſcowr'ſt the field
In headſtrong purſuite of thoſe horſe, that hardly are compeld
To take the draught of chariots, by any mortals hand.
Achilles. The great grand child of *Æacus*, hath onely their command;
Whom an immortall mother bore: while thou attendſt on theſe,
Patroclus, ſo cal led, of Menetius his father. The young *Atrides* in defence, of *Menætiades*,
Hath ſlaine *Euphorbus*. Thus the god, tooke troope with men againe,
And *Hector* (heartily perplext) lookt round, and ſaw the ſlaine,
Still ſhedding riuers from his wound: and then tooke enuious view
Of braue *Atrides* with his ſpoyle; in way to whom he flew,
Note the manly & wiſe diſcourſe of Menelaus with himſelfe, ſeeing Hector advancing towards him. Like one of *Vulcans* quenchleſſe flames: *Atrides* heard the crie
That euer vſherd him, and ſigh'd, and ſaid: O me, if I
Should leaue theſe goodly armes, and him, that here lies dead for me;
I feare I ſhould offend the *Greeks*. If I ſhould ſtay, and be
Alone with *Hector* and his men, I may be compaſt in;

Some

Some ſleight or other they may vſe. Many may quickly win
Their wils of one; and all *Troy* comes, euer where *Hector* leades.
But why (deare mind) doſt thou thus talke? when men dare ſet their heads
Againſt the gods, (as ſure they do, that fight with men they loue)
Straight one or other plague enſues: it cannot therefore moue
The grudge of any *Greeke*, that ſees, I yeeld to *Hector*; he
Still fighting with a ſpirit from heauen. And yet if I could ſee
Braue *Aiax*; he and I, would ſtand, though gainſt a god; and ſure
Tis beſt I ſeeke him: and then ſee, if we two can procure
This Corſes freedome through all theſe: a little then let reſt
The body, and my mind be ſtill; of two bads chuſe the beſt.
In this diſcourſe, the troopes of *Troy*, were in with him; and he
Made ſuch a Lionlike retreate; as when the herdſmen ſee
The royall ſauage; and come on, with men, dogs, cries, and ſpeares, *Simile.*
To cleare their horned ſtall; and then, the kingly heart he beares,
(With all his high diſdaine) fals off: ſo, from this ods of aide
The golden-haird *Atrides* fled: and, in his ſtrength, diſplaid
Vpon his left hand, him he wiſht; extremely buſied
About encouraging his men; to whom, an extreme dread
Apollo had infuſde: the king, reacht *Aiax* inſtantly,
And ſaid; Come friend, let vs two haſte, and from the tyranny *Menelaus to Aiax.*
Of *Hector*, free *Patroclus* corſe. He ſtrait, and gladly went;
And then was *Hector* haling of, the body, with intent
To ſpoile the ſhoulders of the head, and giue the dogs the reſt;
(His armes he hauing priſde before.) When *Aiax* brought his breſt
To barre all further ſpoyle; with that, he had ſure, *Hector* thought
Twas beſt to ſatisfie his ſplene; which temper *Aiax* wrought
With his mere ſight, and *Hector* fled: the armes he ſent to *Troy*,
To make his citizens admire, and pray *Ioue* ſend him ioy.
Then *Aiax* gatherd to the corſe, and hid it with his targe:
There ſetting downe as ſure a foote, as (in the tender charge
Of his lou'd whelps) a Lion doth: two hundred hunters neare, *Simile.*
To giue him onſet; their more force, make him the more auſtere;
Drownes all their clamors in his rores; darts, dogs, doth all deſpiſe,
And lets his rough browes downe ſo low, they couer all his eyes.
So *Aiax* lookt, and ſtood, and ſtayd, for great *Priamides*.
When *Glaucus Hippolochides*, ſaw *Aiax* thus depreſſe *Glaucus vp-braids Hector.*
The ſpirit of *eHector*: thus he chid; O goodly man at armes;
In Fght, a *Paris*; why ſhould *Fame*, make thee fort gainſt our harmes,
Being ſuch a fugitiue? now marke, how well thy boaſts defend,
Thy citie onely with her owne. Be ſure, it ſhall deſcend,
To that proofe wholly. Not a man, of any *Lycian* ranke;
Shall ſtrike one ſtroke more, for thy towne: for no mans gets a thanke,
Should he eternally fight here: nor any guard of thee.
How wilt thou (worthleſſe that thou art) keepe off an enemie
From our poore ſouldiers, when their Prince, *Sarpedon*, gueſt and friend
To thee, (and moſt deſeruedly) thou flew'ſt from in his end,
And left'ſt to all the luſt of *Greece*? O gods, a man that was

(In

(In life) ſo huge a good to *Troy*; and to thee ſuch a grace,
(In death) not kept by thee from dogs? if my friends wi'l do well;
We'le take our ſhoulders from your walls, and let all ſinke to hell:
As all will, were our faces turn'd. Did ſuch a ſpirit breath
In all you *Troians*, as becomes, all men that fight beneath
Their countries ſtanderd; you would ſee, that ſuch as prop your cauſe
With like expoſure of their liues, haue all the honour'd lawes
Of ſuch a deare confederacie, kept to them to a thred:
As now ye might repriſe the armes, *Sarpedon* forfeited,
By forfeit of your rights to him; would you but lend your hands,
And force *Patroclus* to your *Troy*? Ye know how deare he ſtands
In his loue, that of all the *Greeks*, is (for himſelfe) farre beſt,
And leades the beſt, neare-fighting men: and therefore would (at leaſt)
Redeeme *Sarpedons* armes: nay him, whom you haue likewiſe loſt.
This body drawne to *Ilion*, would after draw, and coſt
A greater ranſome, if you pleaſd: but *Aiax* ſtartles you;
Tis his breaſt, barres this right to vs. His lookes are darts enow
To mixe great *Hector* with his men. And, not to blame ye are,
You chuſe foes vnderneath your ſtrengths; *Aiax* exceeds ye farre.

Hector to Glaucus.

Hector lookt paſſing ſowre at this; and anſwerd, why dar'ſt thou,
(So vnder) talke aboue me ſo? O friend, I thought till now,
Thy wiſdome was ſuperiour, to all th'inhabitants
Of gleby *Lycia*; but now, impute apparent wants
To that diſcretion thy words ſhew; to ſay I loſt my ground
For *Aiax* greatneſſe: nor feare I, the field in combats drownd;
Nor force of chariots: but I feare, a powre much better ſeene,
In right of all warre, then all we: That god that holds betweene,
Our victorie and vs, his ſhield: lets conqueſt come and go
At his free pleaſure; and with feare, conuerts her changes ſo
Vpon the ſtrongeſt: men muſt fight, when his iuſt ſpirit impels,
Not their vaine glories. But come on, make thy ſteps parallels
To theſe of mine; and then be iudge, how deepe the worke will draw:
If then I ſpend the day in ſhifts? or thou canſt giue ſuch law
To thy detractiue ſpeeches then? or if the *Grecian* hoſt,
Holds any, that in pride of ſtrength, holds vp his ſpirit moſt,
Whom (for the cariage of this Prince, that thou enforceſt ſo)
I make not ſtoope in his defence. You, friends? ye heare and know,
How much it fits ye to make good, this *Grecian* I haue ſlaine,
For ranſome of *Ioues* ſonne, our friend; play then the worthy men,
Till I endue *Achilles* armes. This ſaid, he left the fight,
And cald backe thoſe that bore the armes; not yet without his ſight,
In conuoy of them towards *Troy*. For them, he chang'd his owne;
Remou'd from where it rained teares, and ſent them backe to towne.
Then put he on th'eternall armes, that the celeſtiall ſtates
Gaue *Peleus*; *Peleus* being old, their vſe appropriates
To his *Achilles*, that (like him) forſooke them not for age.
When he, whoſe Empire is in clouds, ſaw *Hector* bent to wage
Warre in diuine *Achilles* armes; he ſhooke his head, and ſaid:

Poore

Poore wretch, thy thoughts are fatre from death; though he ſo neare hath laid
His ambuſh for thee. Thou putſt on, thoſe armes (as braving him)
Whom others feare; haſt ſlaine his friend, and from his youthfull lim,
Torne rudely off his heauenly armes; himſelfe, being gentle, kind,
And valiant. Equall meaſure then, thy life in youth muſt find.
Yet ſince the iuſtice is ſo ſtrickt, that not *Andromache*,
(In thy denied returne from fight) muſt euer take of thee
Thoſe armes; in glory of thy acts: thou ſhalt haue that fraile blaze
Of excellence, that neighbours death: a ſtrength euen to amaze.

Iouet diſcourſe with himſelfe of Hector in the armes of Achilles

To this, his ſable browes did bow; and he made fit his lim
To thoſe great armes; to fill which vp, the *Warre god* entred him;
Auſtere and terrible: his ioynts, and euery part extends
With ſtrength and fortitude; and thus, to his admiring friends,
High *Clamor* brought him. He ſo ſhin'd, that all could thinke no leſſe,
But he reſembl'd euery way, great-ſoul'd *Æacides*.
Then, euery way he ſcowr'd the field; his Captaines calling on;
Aſteropeus, *Eunomus*, (that foreſaw all things done)
Glaucus, and *Medon*, *Deſinor*, and ſtrong *Therſilochus*;
Phorcis, and *Meſtheles*, *Chromius*, and great *Hippothous*:
To all theſe, and their populous troopes; theſe, his excitements were:

Hector to his Captaines and ſouldiers.

Heare vs, innumerable friends; neare-bordering nations, heare;
We haue not cald you from our townes, to fill our idle eye
With number of ſo many men, (no ſuch vaine Emperie
Did euer ioy vs;) but to fight, and of our *Troian* wiues
With all their children, manfully, to ſaue the innocent liues.
In whoſe cares, we draw all our townes, of aiding ſouldiers drie,
With gifts, guards, victuall, all things fit; and hearten their ſupplie
With all like rights; and therefore now, let all ſides ſet downe this,
Or liue, or periſh: this, of warre, the ſpeciall ſecret is.

The ſecret of warre.

In which moſt reſolute deſigne, who euer beares to towne
Patroclus (laid dead to his hand) by winning the renowne
Of *Aiax* ſlaughter; the halfe ſpoyle, we wholly will impart
To his free vſe; and to our ſelfe, the other halfe conuert:
And ſo the glory ſhall be ſhar'd; our ſelfe will haue no more
Then he ſhall ſhine in. This drew all, to bring abrode their ſtore
Before the body: euery man, had hope it would be his,
And forc't from *Aiax*: Silly fooles, *Aiax* preuented this,
By raiſing rampiers to his friend, with halfe their carkaſſes.
And yet his humour was to rore, and feare: and now, no leſſe
To ſtartle *Spartas* king; to whom, he cried out: O my friend!
O *Menelaus*! nere more hope, to get off; here's the end
Of all our labours: not ſo much, I feare to loſe the Corſe,
(For that's ſure gone, the fowles of *Troy*, and dogs, will quickly force
That peece-meale) as I feare my head, and thine ô *Atreus* ſonne;
Hector a cloud brings, will hide all; inſtant deſtruction
Grieuous, and heauie comes; ô call, our Peeres to aid vs; flie.

The promiſe of Hector if Patroclus body could be forced off to their part.

Aiax to Menelaus.

He haſted, and vſde all his voice; ſent farre, and nere his cries:
O Princes, chiefe lights of the *Greeks*; and you that publickly

Eate with our Generall and me: all men of charge, O know,
Ioue giues both grace, and dignitie, to any that will ſhow
Good minds, for onely good it ſelfe; though preſently the eye
Of him that rules diſcerne him not. Tis hard for me t'eſpie
(Through all this ſmoke of burning fight) each Captaine in his place,
And call aſſiſtance to our need. Be then each others grace,
And freely follow each his next; diſdaine to let the ioy
Of great *Æacides* be forc't, to feed the beaſts of *Troy*.
His voyce was firſt heard and obeyd, by ſwift *Oileades*.
Idomeneus, and his mate, (renown'd *Meriones*)
Were ſeconds to *Oileus* ſonne: but, of the reſt, whoſe mind
Can lay vpon his voice the names, that after theſe combind,
In ſetting vp this fight on end? the *Troians* firſt gaue on;
Simile. And as into the ſeas vaſt mouth, when mightie riuers run,
Their billowes, and the ſea, reſound; and all the vtter ſhore
Rebellowes (in her angry ſhocks) the ſeas repulſiue rore.
With ſuch ſounds gaue the *Troians* charge; ſo was their charge repreſt:
One mind fild all *Greeks*; good braſſe ſhields, cloſe coucht to euery breſt:
And on their bright helmes *Ioue* powr'd downe, a mightie deale of night
To hide *Patroclus*. Whom aliue, and when he was the knight
Of that grand child of *Æacus*, *Saturnius* did not hate;
Nor dead, would ſee him dealt to dogs, and ſo did inſtigate
His fellowes, to his worthy guard. At firſt the *Troians* draue
The blacke-ey'd *Grecians* from the Corſe; but not a blow they gaue
That came at death. A while they hung, about the bodies heeles,
The *Greekes* quite gone. But all that while, did *Aiax* whet the ſteeles
Of all his forces; that cut backe, way to the Corſe againe.
Braue *Aiax* (that for forme, and fact, paſt all that did maintaine
The *Grecian* fame, next *Thetis* ſonne;) now flew before the firſt:
Simile. And as a ſort of dogs, and youths, are by a Bore diſperſt
About a mountaine: ſo fled theſe, from mightie *Aiax*, all
That ſtood in conflict for the Corſe. Who thought, no chance could fall
Betwixt them and the priſe, at *Troy*. For bold *Hippothous*,
(*Lethus*, *Pelaſgus* famous ſonne) was ſo aduenturous,
That he would ſtand, to bore the Corſe, about the ankle bone,
Where all the neruie fiuers meete, and ligaments in one,
That make the motion of thoſe parts: through which he did conuay
The thong or bawdricke of his ſhield; and ſo was drawing away
All thanks from *Hector*, and his friends: but in their ſteed he drew
An ill that no man could auert: For *Telamonius* threw
A lance that ſtrooke quite through his helme; his braine came leaping out:
Downe fell *Letheides*; and with him, the bodies hoiſted foote.
Farre from *Lariſſas* ſoyle he fell; a little time allow'd
To his induſtrious ſpirits, to quit, the benefits beſtow'd
By his kind parents. But his wreake, *Priamides* aſſaid,
And threw at *Aiax*; but his dart, (diſcouered) paſt, and ſtaid
At *Schedius*, ſonne of *Iphitus*: a man of ableſt hand
Of all the ſtrong *Phocenſians*; and liu'd with great command,

In

In *Panopæus*. The fell dart, fell through his channell bone;
Pierc't through his ſhoulders vpper part; and ſet his ſpirit gone.
When (after his) another flew; the ſame hand giuing wing
To martiall *Phorcis* ſtartled ſoule, that was the after ſpring
Of *Phænops* ſeed: the iauelin ſtrooke, his curets through, and tore
The bowels from the bellies midſt. His fall made thoſe before
Giue backe a little: *Hectors* ſelfe, enforc't to turne his face.
And then the *Greeks* beſtow'd their ſhowts, tooke vantage of the chace;
Drew off, and ſpoild *Hippothous*, and *Phorcis* of their armes;
And then aſcended *Ilion*, had ſhaken with alarmes,
(Diſcouering th'impotence of *Troy*) euen paſt the will of *Ioue*;
And by the proper force of *Greece*: had *Phœbus* faild to moue
Æneas, in ſimilitude, of *Peripbas* (the ſonne
Of graue *Epytes*) king at armes; and had good ſeruice done
To old *Anchiſes*; being wiſe, and euen with him in yeares.
But (like this man) the farre-ſeene god, to *Venus* ſonne appeares, *Apollo diſguiſed like Peripbas to Æneas.*
And askt him how he would maintaine, ſteepe *Ilion* in her height,
In ſpite of gods (as he preſum'd) when men approu'd ſo ſleight,
All his preſumptions: and all theirs, that puſt him with that pride,
Beleeuing in their proper ſtrengths: and generally ſupplied
With ſuch vnfrighted multitudes? But he well knew that *Ioue*,
(Beſides their ſelfe conceipts ſuſtaind, their forces with more loue
Then theirs of *Greece*; and yet all that, lackt power to hearten them.
Æneas knew the god, and ſaid; It was a ſhame extreme *Æneas to the Troians.*
That thoſe of *Greece* ſhould beate them ſo; and by their cowardiſe,
Not want of mans aide, nor the gods; and this (before his eyes)
A deitie ſtood, euen now, and voucht, affirming *Ioue* their aide.
And ſo bad *Hector*, and the reſt, (to whom all this he ſaid)
Turne head; and not, in that quicke eaſe, part with the Corſe to *Greece*.
This ſaid, before them all he flew; and all (as of a peece)
Againſt the *Greeks* flew. *Venus* ſonne, *Leocritus* did end,
Sonne of *Arisbas*; and had place, of *Lycomedes* friend;
Whoſe fall he friendly pittied: and in reuenge, beſtow'd
A lance, that *Apiſaon* ſtrooke, ſo ſore, that ſtraite he ſtrow'd
The duſtie center; it did ſticke, in that congealed blood
That formes the liuer. Second man, he was of all that ſtood
In name for armes, amongſt the troope, that from *Paonia* came;
Aſteropæus being the firſt: who was, in ruth, the ſame
That *Lycomedes* was; like whom, he put forth for the wreake
Of his ſlaine friend: but wrought it not, becauſe he could not breake
That bulwarke made of *Grecian* ſhields; and briſtl'd wood of ſpeares
Combin'd about the body ſlaine. Amongſt whom *Aiax* beares
The greateſt labour; euery way, exhorting to abide,
And no man flie the Corſe a foote; nor breake their rankes in pride *Aiax his ſouldierly command.*
Of any foremoſt daring ſpirit; but each foote hold his ſtand,
And vſe the cloſeſt fight they could. And this was the command
Of mightie *Aiax*: which obſeru'd; they ſteept the earth in blood.
The *Troians* and their friends fell thicke, Nor all the *Grecians* ſtood

(Though farre the fewer ſuffred fate) for euer they had care
To ſhun confuſion, and the toyle, that ſtill oppreſſeth there.
So ſet they all the field on fire; with which you would haue thought,
The Sunne and Moone had bene put out, in ſuch a ſmoke they fought
About the perſon of the Prince. But all the field beſide
Fought vnderneath a lightſome heauen: the Sun was in his pride,
And ſuch expanſure of his beames, he thruſt out of his throne,
That not a vapour durſt appeare, in all that region:
No, not vpon the higheſt hill. There fought they ſtill and breathd;
Shund danger; caſt their darts aloofe; and not a ſword vnſheathd.
The other plyde, it and the warre, and *Night*, plyde them as well:
The cruell ſteele afflicting all; the ſtrongeſt did not dwell
Vnhurt within their iron roofes. Two men of ſpeciall name,
Antilochus, and *Thraſimed*, were yet vnſeru'd by *Fame*
With notice of *Patroclus* death: they thought him ſtill aliue,
In foremoſt tumult: and might well: for (ſeeing their fellowes thriue
In no more comfortable ſort, then *Fight*, and *Death* would yeeld)
They fought apart; for ſo their Sire, old *Neſtor*, ſtrictly wild,
Enioyning fight, more from the fleet: warre here increaſt his heate
The whole day long; continually, the labour, and the ſweate,
The knees, calues, feete, hands, faces, ſmear'd, of men that *Mars* applide
About the good *Achilles* friend. And [a] as a huge Oxe hide,
An imicable Simile. A Currier giues amongſt his men, to ſupple, and extend
With oyle, till it be drunke withall; they tug, ſtretch out, and ſpend
Their oyle, and licour liberally, and chaſe the leather ſo,
That out they make a vapour breathe; and in their oyle doth go:
A number of them ſet on worke, and in an Orbe they pull;
That all waies, all parts of the hide, they may extend at full:
So here and there, did both parts hale, the Corſe in little place,
And wrought it, alwaies, with their ſweate; the *Troians* hop't for grace
To make it reach to *Ilion*; the *Grecians* to their fleet:
A cruell tumult they ſtird vp, and ſuch, as ſhould *Mars* ſee't;
(That horrid hurrier of men) or ſhe that betters him,
Minerua, neuer ſo incenſt; they could not diſeſteeme.
So banefull a *Contention*, did *Ioue*, that day extend
Of men and horſe about the ſlaine. Of whom, his god-like friend
Had no inſtruction. So farre off, and vnderneath the wall
Of *Troy*, that conflict was maintaind: which was not thought at all
By great *Achilles*; ſince he charg'd, that hauing ſet his foote
Vpon the Ports, he would retire; well knowing *Troy* no boote
For his aſſaults, without himſelfe; ſince not by him, as well,
He knew, it was to be ſubdu'd. His mother oft would tell
The mind of mightie *Ioue* therein; of's hearing it in heauen;
But of that great ill to his friend, was no inſtruction giuen
By carefull *Thetis*: by degrees, muſt ill euents be knowne.
The foes cleft one to other ſtill, about the ouerthrowne.
His death, with death infected both. Euen priuate *Greekes* would ſay
Either to other; Twere a ſhame, for vs to go our way;

And

And let the *Troians* beare to *Troy*, the praiſe of ſuch a priſe:
Which let the blacke earth gaſpe and drinke, our blood for ſacrifiſe,
Before we ſuffer: tis an act, much leſſe infortunate,
And then would thoſe of *Troy* reſolue; Though certainly our fate,
Will fell vs altogether here: of all not turne a face.
The common ſouldiers reſolution.
Thus either ſide, his fellowes ſtrength, excited paſt his place;
And thus through all th'vnfruitfull aire, an iron ſound aſcended
Vp to the golden firmament; when ſtrange affects contended,
In theſe immortall heauen-bred horſe, of great *Æacides*;
Whom (once remou'd from forth the fight) a ſodaine ſenſe did ſeiſe
Of good *Patroclus* death; whoſe hands, they oft had vndergone;
And bitterly they wept for him: nor could *Automedon*,
With any manage make them ſtirre; oft vſe the ſcourge to them;
Oft vſe his faireſt ſpeech; as oft, threats neuer ſo extreme;
They neither to the *Helleſpont*, would beare him; nor the fight:
Simile.
But ſtill as any tombe-ſtone layes, his neuer-ſtirred weight
On ſome good man, or womans graue, for rites of funerall:
So vnremoued ſtood theſe ſteeds; their heads to earth let fall,
And warme teares guſhing from their eyes, with paſſionate deſire,
Of their kind manager; their manes, that floriſht with the fire
Of endleſſe youth allotted them: fell through the yokie ſphere,
Ruthfully ruſl'd and defilde. *Ioue* ſaw their heauy cheare,
And (pittying them) ſpake to his mind; Poore wretched beaſts (ſaid he)
Why gaue we you t'a mortall king? when immortalitie,
And incapacitie of age, ſo dignifies your ſtates?
Ioues diſcourſe with himſelfe of the wretched ſtate of humanitie.
Was it to haſt the miſeries, pour'd out on humane fates?
Of all the miſerabl'ſt things that breathe, and creepe on earth,
No one more wretched is then man. And for your deathleſſe birth,
Hector muſt faile to make you priſe: is't not enough he weares,
And glories vainly in thoſe armes? your chariots, and rich geares,
(Beſides you) are too much for him. Your knees and ſpirits againe
My care of you ſhall fill with ſtrength; that ſo ye may ſuſtaine
Automedon, and beare him off. To *Troy* I ſtill will giue
The grace of ſlaughter, till at fleet, their bloody feete arriue:
Till *Phœbus* drinke the Weſterne ſea; and ſacred darkneſſe throwes,
Her ſable mantle, twixt their points. Thus in the ſteeds he blowes
Exceſſiue ſpirit; and through the *Greeks*, and *Ilians* they rapt
The whirring chariot; ſhaking off, the crumbl'd center, wrapt
Amongſt their treſſes: and with them, *Automedon* let flie
Amongſt the *Troians*; making way, through all as frightfully,
As through a langling flocke of Geeſe, a lordly Vulture beats;
Simile.
Giuen way with ſhrikes, by euery Gooſe, that comes but neare his threats;
With ſuch ſtate fled he through the preaſſe, purſuing as he fled;
But made no ſlaughter; nor he could: alone being carried
Vpon the ſacred chariot. How could he both works, do,
Direct his iauelin, and command, his fiery horſes too?
At length, he came where he beheld, his friend *Alcimedon*,
That was the good *Laercius*, the ſonne of *Æmons* ſonne;

Alcimedon to Automedon.

Who cloſe came to his chariot ſide, and askt; What god is he,
That hath ſo robd thee of thy ſoule, to runne thus frantickly
Amongſt theſe forefights, being alone? thy fighter being ſlaine,
And *Hector* glorying in his armes? he gaue theſe words againe:

Automedon to Alcimedon.

Alcimedon, what man is hee? of all the *Argiue* race,
So able as thy ſelfe, to keepe, in vſe of preaſſe, and pace
Theſe deathleſſe horſes himſelfe being gone, that like the gods had th'art,
Of their high manage? therefore take, to thy command his part,
And eaſe me of the double charge, which thou haſt blam'd with right.
He tooke the ſcourge and reines in hand, *Automedon* the fight:

Hector to Æneas

Which *Hector* ſeeing, inſtantly (*Æneas* ſtanding neare)
He told him, he diſcern'd the horſe, that mere immortall were,
Addreſt to fight, with coward guides; and therefore hop't to make
A rich priſe of them; if his mind, would helpe to vndertake:
For thoſe two could not ſtand their charge. He granted, and both caſt
Drie ſolid hides vpon their neckes, exceeding ſoundly braſt;
And forth they went, aſſociate, with two more god-like men,
Aretus, and bold *Chronius*; nor made they queſtion then
To priſe the goodly creſted horſe, and ſafely ſend to hell
The ſoules of both their guardians: O fooles, that could not tell,
They could not worke out their returne, from fierce *Automedon*
Without the liberall coſt of blood; who firſt made Orizon
To father *Ioue*, and then was fild, with fortitude, and ſtrength;
When (counſelling *Alcimedon*, to keepe at no great length
The horſe from him; but let them breathe, vpon his backe, becauſe
He ſaw th'aduance that *Hector* made; whoſe furie had no lawes
Propoſd to it, but both their liues, and thoſe horſe, made his priſe,
Or his life theirs) he cald to friend, theſe well-approu'd ſupplies;

Automedon cals for aid to the Aiaces and Menelaus.

Th'*Aiaces*, and the *Spartan* king: and ſaid, Come, Princes, leaue
A ſure guard with the corſes; and then, to your kind care receiue
Our threatned ſafeties; I diſcerne, the two chief props of *Troy*
Prepar'd againſt vs: But herein, what beſt men can enioy,

In the Greeke always thus phraſe is vſed, not in the hands, but vpon knees, in the knees of the gods lies our helps, &c

Lies in the free knees of the gods; my dart ſhall leade ye all;
The ſequell, to the care of *Ioue*, I leaue, what euer fall.
All this, ſpake good *Automedon*; then, brandiſhing his lance,
He threw, and ſtrooke *Aretus* ſhield, that gaue it enterance
Through all the ſteele, and (by his belt) his bellies inmoſt part
It pierc't, and all his trembling lims, gaue life vp to his dart.
Then *Hector* at *Automedon*, a blazing lance let flie,
Whoſe flight he ſaw, and, falling flat, the compaſſe was too hie,
And made it ſticke beyond in earth, th'extreme part burſt, and there
Mars buried all his violence. The ſword then, for the ſpeare,
Had chang'd the conflict, had not haſte, ſent both th'*Aiaies* in,
(Both ſeruing cloſe their fellowes call) who, where they did begin
There drew the end. *Priamides*, *Æneas*, *Chronius*,
(In doubt of what ſuch aid might worke) left broken hearted thus,

Automedon inſults.

Aretus to *Automedon*, who ſpoild his armes, and ſaid:
A little this reuiues my life, for him ſo lately dead,

(Though

(Though by this nothing counteruail'd) And with this litle vene
Of inward griefe, he tooke the ſpoile; with which, he made aſcent,
Vp to his Chariot; hands and feete, of bloudie ſtaines ſo full,
That Lion-like he lookt, new turn'd, from tearing vp a Bull.
And now another bitter fight, about *Patroclus* grew;
Teare-thirſtie, and of toile enough; which *Pallas* did renew,
Deſcending from the cope of ſtarres, diſmiſt by ſharp-eyd *Ioue*,
To animate the *Greeks*; for now, inconſtant change did moue
His mind from what he held of late: And as the purple bow, *Simile.*
Ioue bends at mortals, when of warre, he will the ſignall ſhow;
Or make it a preſage of cold, in ſuch tempeſtuous ſort,
That men are of their labours eaſde, but labouring cattell hurt:
So *Pallas* in a purple cloud, inuolu'd her ſelfe, and went
Amongſt the *Grecians*; ſtird vp all; but firſt encouragement
She breath'd in *Atreus* yonger ſonne; and (for diſguiſe) made choiſe
Of aged *Phœnix* ſhape; and ſpake; with his vnwearied voice.
O *Menelaus*, much defame, and equall heauineſſe, *Pallas like Phœnix to Menelaus*
Will touch at thee; if this true friend, of great *Æacides*,
Dogs teare beneath the *Troian* wals; and therefore beare thee well,
Toile through the hoſt; and euery man, with all thy ſpirit, impell.
He anſwerd: O thou long-ſince borne? O *Phœnix?* that haſt wonne *Menelaus to Pallas ſuppoſed Phœnix.*
The honor'd foſter-fathers name, of *Thetis* god-like ſonne:
[b] I would *Minerua* would but giue, ſtrength to me; and but keepe
Theſe buſie darts off; I would then, make in indeed, and ſteepe
My income in their bloods, in aide, of good *Patroclus*; much
His death afflicts me; much: but yet, this *Hectors* grace is ſuch
With *Ioue*; and ſuch a fierie ſtrength, and ſpirit he has, that ſtill
His ſteele is killing, killing ſtill. The kings ſo royall will,
Minerua ioy'd to heare; ſince ſhe, did all the gods outgo
In his remembrance. For which grace, ſhe kindly did beſtow
Strength on his ſhoulders, and did fill, his knees as liberally
With ſwiftneſſe, breathing in his breaſt, the courage of a flie.
Which loues to bite ſo, and doth beare, mans bloud ſo much good will,
That ſtill (though beaten from a man) ſhe flies vpon him ſtill:
With ſuch a courage *Pallas* fild, the blacke parts neare his hart;
And then he haſted to the ſlaine; caſt off a ſhining dart;
And tooke one *Podes*, that was heire, to old *Eetion*,
A rich man, and a ſtrenuous; and by the people done
Much honour; and by *Hector* too, being conſort, and his gueſt;
And him the yellow-headed king, laid hold on at his waſte;
In offering flight, his iron pile, ſtrooke through him; downe he fell;
And vp *Atrides* drew his corſe. Then *Phœbus* did impell
The ſpirit of *Hector*; *Phœnops* like, ſurnam'd *Aſiades*, *Phœbus like Aſiades to Hector.*
Whom *Hector* vſde (of all his gueſts) with greateſt friendlineſſe;
And in *Abydus* ſtood his houſe; in whoſe forme, thus he ſpake:
Hector? what man of all the *Greeks*, will any terror make,
Of meeting thy ſtrength any more; when thou art terrified
By *Menelaus?* who before, he ſlue thy friend, was tried,

A paſſing eaſie ſouldier; where now (beſides his end,
Impoſde by him) he drawes him off (and not a man to friend)
From all the *Troians*. This friend is, *Podes*, *Eetions* ſonne.
This hid him in a cloud of griefe; and ſet him formoſt on;
And then *Ioue* tooke his Snake-fring'd ſhield; and *Ida* couer'd all
With ſulphurie clouds; from whence he let, abhorred lightnings fall,
And thunderd till the mountaine ſhooke: and with this dreadfull ſtate,
He vſherd victorie to *Troy*; to *Argos* flight and fate.
Peneleus Bœotius, was he that formoſt fled,
Being wounded in his ſhoulders height; but there the lances head
Strooke lightly, glancing to his mouth, becauſe it ſtrooke him neare,
Throwne from *Polydamas*: *Leitus*, next left the fight in feare,
(Being hurt by *Hector*, in his hand) becauſe he doubted ſore
His hand, in wiſhed fight with *Troy*, would hold his lance no more.
Idomeneus at Hector. *Idomeneus* ſent a dart, at *Hector* (ruſhing in,
And following *Leitus*) that ſtrooke, his boſome, neare his chin,
And brake at top; the *Ilians*, for his eſcape did ſhout.
When *Hector*, at *Deucalides*, another lance ſent out,
As in his chariot he ſtood; it miſt him narrowly;
For (as it fell) *Cæranus* draue, his ſpeedie chariot by,
And tooke the *Troian* lance himſelfe; he was the Chariotere
Of ſterne *Meriones*; and firſt, on foote did ſeruice there,
Which well he left to gouerne horſe; for ſauing now his king,
With driuing twixt him and his death; though thence his owne did ſpring;
Which kept a mightie victorie, from *Troy*, in keeping death
From his great Soueraigne: the fierce dart, did enter him beneath
His eare, betwixt his iaw and it; draue downe, cut through his tongue,
And ſtrooke his teeth out; from his hands, the horſes raines he flung;
Which now *Meriones* receiu'd, as they beſtrew'd the field,
And bad his Soueraigne ſcourge away; he ſaw that day would yeeld
No hope of victorie for them. He fear'd the ſame, and fled.
Nor from the mightie minded ſonne, of *Telamon*, lay hid
(For all his clouds) high *Ioue* himſelfe; nor from the Spartan king.
They ſaw him in the victorie, he ſtill was varying
For *Troy*; for which fight, *Aiax* ſaid: O heauens, what foole is he,
That ſees not *Ioues* hand in the grace, now done our enemie?
Not any dart they touch, but takes; from whom ſoeuer throwne,
Aiax good counſell. Valiant or coward; what he wants, *Ioue* addes; not any one
Wants his direction to ſtrike ſure; nor ours, to miſſe, as ſure:
But come, let vs be ſure of this, to put the beſt in vre
That lies in vs; which two-fold is; both to fetch off our friend,
And ſo to fetch him off, as we, may likelieſt contend
To fetch our ſelues off; that our friends, ſuruiuing may haue right
In ioy of our ſecure retreat; as he that fell in fight,
Being kept as ſure from further wrong: of which perhaps they doubt;
And looking this way, grieue for vs, not able to worke out
Or paſſe from this man-ſlaughterer, great *Hector*, and his hands,
That are too hote for men to touch; but that theſe thirſtie ſands,

Before

Before our fleete will be enforc't, to drinke our headlong death.
Which to preuent by all fit meanes, I would the parted breath
Of good *Patroclus*, to his friend, with ſpeed imparted were
By ſome he loues: for I beleeue, no heauie meſſenger
Hath yet inform'd him; but alas, I ſee no man to ſend;
Both men and horſe are hid in miſts, that euery way deſcend.
O father *Iupiter*, do thou, the ſonnes of *Greece* releaſe
Of this felt darkneſſe; grace this day, with fit tranſparences;
And giue the eyes thou giu'ſt, their vſe; deſtroy vs in the light,
And worke thy will with vs, ſince needs, thou wilt againſt vs fight.
This ſpake he weeping; and his teares, *Saturnius* pitie ſhow'd,
Diſperſt the darkneſſe inſtantly, and drew away the clowd,
From whence it fell: the Sunne ſhin'd out, and all the hoſt appear'd;
And then ſpake *Aiax*, (whoſe heard prayre, his ſpirits highly chear'd.
Braue *Menelaus*, looke about; and if thou canſt deſcrie
Neſtors Antilochus aliue, incite him inſtantly,
To tell *Achilles*, that his friend, moſt deare to him, is dead.
He ſaid; nor *Menelaus* ſtucke, at any thing he ſaid,
(As loth to do it) but he went; as from a Graſiers ſtall,
A Lion goes, when ouerlaid (with men, dogs, darts, and all
Not eaſely loſing a fat Oxe, but ſtrong watch, all night held)
His teeth yet watering; oft he comes, and is as oft repeld;
The aduerſe darts ſo thicke are pour'd, before his brow-hid eyes,
And burning firebrands; which for all, his great hearts heate, he flies,
And (grumbling) goes his way betimes: So from *Patroclus* went
Atrides, much againſt his mind; his doubts being vehement,
Leſt (he gone from his guard) the reſt, would leaue (for very feare)
The perſon to the ſpoile of *Greece*. And yet his guardians were,
Th' *Aiaces*, and *Meriones*, whom much, his care did preſſe,
And thus exhort; *Aiaces* both, and you *Meriones*:
Now let ſome true friend call to mind, the gentle and ſweete nature
Of poore *Patroclus*; let him thinke, how kind to euery creature,
His heart was, liuing, though now dead. Thus vrg'd the faire-hair'd king,
And parted, caſting round his eye. [d] As when vpon her wing
An Eagle is, whom men affirme, to haue the ſharpeſt ſight
Of all aires region of fowles; and though of mightie height,
Sees yet within her leauie forme, of humble ſhrubs, cloſe laid
A light-foote Hare, which ſtraight ſhe ſtoupes, truſſes, and ſtrikes her dead:
So dead thou ſtrook'ſt thy charge (O king,) through all warres thickets ſo
Thou look'dſt, and ſwiftly found'ſt thy man; exhorting gainſt the foe,
And heartning his plied men to blowes, vſde in the warres left wing:
To whom thou ſaidſt; Thou god-lou'd man, come here, and heare a thing,
Which I wiſh neuer were to heare; I thinke euen thy eye ſees
What a deſtruction God hath laid, vpon the ſonnes of *Greece*;
And what a conqueſt he giues *Troy*; in which, the beſt of men
(*Patroclus*) lies exanimate; whoſe perſon, paſſing faine,
The *Greeks* would reſcue, and beare home; and therefore giue thy ſpeed
To his great friend, to proue if he, will do ſo good a deed,

Aiax to Menelaus.

Simile.

Another direct ſcoffe at Menelaus.

Menelaus to the Aiaces, like himſelfe.

Simile.

To

To fetch the naked perſon off; for *Hectors* ſhoulders weare
Antilochus grief for Patroclus. His priſed armes. *Antilochus*, was highly grieu'd to heare
This heauie newes; and ſtood ſurpriſde, with ſtupid ſilence long;
His faire eyes ſtanding full of teares; his voice ſo ſweete and ſtrong,
Stucke in his boſome; yet all this, wrought in him no neglect
Of what *Atrides* gaue in charge: but for that quicke effect,
He gaue *Laodolus* his armes, (his friend that had the guide
Of his ſwift horſe) and then his knees, were ſpeedily applide
In his ſad meſſage, which his eyes, told all the way in teares.
Another notable Ironie, expreſſing what Homer made of Menelaus. Nor would thy generous heart aſſiſt, his ſore-charg'd ſouldiers
(O *Menelaus*) in meane time, though left in much diſtreſſe;
Thou ſentſt them god-like *Thraſimede*, and mad'ſt thy kind regreſſe
Backe to *Patroclus*; where arriu'd, halfe breathleſſe thou didſt ſay
To both th'*Aiaces* this: I haue ſent, this meſſenger away
To ſwift *Achilles*, who, I feare, will hardly helpe vs now,
(Though mad with *Hector*;) without armes, he cannot fight, ye know:
Let vs then thinke of ſome beſt meane, both how we may remoue
The bodie; and get off our ſelues, from this vociferous droue,
And fate of *Troians*. Brauely ſpoke, at all parts (*Aiax* ſaid)
O glorious ſonne of *Atreus*; take thou then ſtraite the dead,
And thou *Meriones*. We two, of one mind, as one name,
Will backe ye ſoundly; and on vs, receiue the wild-fire flame,
That *Hectors* rage breathes after you, before it come at you.
This ſaid, they tooke into their armes, the bodie; all the ſhow
Menelaus and Meriones beare off the body of Patroclus. That might be, made to thoſe of *Troy*, at armes end bearing it.
Out ſhriekt the *Troians*, when they ſaw, the bodie borne to fleete;
And ruſht on: As at any Bore, gaſht with the hunters wounds,
Simile. A kennell of the ſharpeſt ſet, and foreſt bitten hounds,
Before their youthfull huntſmen haſte; and eagerly a while
Purſue, as if they were aſſur'd, of their affected ſpoile;
But when the Sauage (in his ſtrength, as confident as they)
Turnes head amongſt them; backe they flie, and euery one his way:
So troope-meale *Troy* purſu'd a while, laying on with ſwords and darts;
But when th'*Aiaces* turn'd on them, and made their ſtand; their harts
Drunke from their faces all their blouds; and not a man ſuſtain'd
The forechace, nor the after fight. And thus *Greece* nobly gain'd,
The perſon towards home: but thus, the changing warre was rackt
Out to a paſſing bloudie length: For as once put in act
Simile. A fire inuading citie roofes, is ſodainly engroſt,
And made a wondrous mightie flame; in which is quickly loſt
A houſe, long building; all the while, a boiſterous guſt of wind
Lumbring amongſt it: So the *Greekes* (in bearing of their friend)
More and more foes drew: at their heeles, a tumult thundering ſtill
Simile. Of horſe and foote. Yet, as when Mules, in haling from a hill
A beame or maſt, through foule deepe way, well clapt and heartned, cloſe
Lie to their labour, tug, and ſweate, and paſſing hard it goes:
(Vrg'd by their driuers, to all haſt) So dragg'd they on the corſe;
Still both th'*Aiaces* at their backs; who backe ſtill turn'd the force;

Though

Though after, it grew ſtill the more; yet as a ſyluane hill
Thruſts backe a torrent, that hath kept, a narrow channell ſtill;
Till at his Oken breaſt it beates; but there a checke it takes,
That ſends it ouer all the vale, with all the ſtirre it makes;
Nor can with all the confluence, breake through his rootie ſides:
In no leſſe firme and braue repulſe, th'*Aiaces* curb'd the prides
Of all the *Troians:* yet all held, the purſuite in his ſtrength;
Their chiefes being *Hector*, and the ſonne, of *Venus*, who at length
Put all the youth of *Greece* beſides, in moſt amazefull rout;
Forgetting all their fortitudes, diſtraught, and ſhrieking out;
A number of their rich armes loſt, falne from them, here and there
About, and in the dike; and yet, the warre concludes not here.

Simile, illuſtrating the valour of both the Aiaces.

COMMENTARIVS.

ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ταύροιο βοὸς μεγάλου βάλλῃ
Λαοῖσι δαὶ τανυσθὲν μάλακον πίαρ,
Διξάμενοι δ' ἄρα τόγε διατμήξαντες ταυσίν
Κυκλήσ', ἅμα δ' ἔτι ἰκμὰς ἕλοι, λίπη δ' ὑμὸς
Πολλὸς ὀλίγιστον, τάνυται δ' ἔτι πάντα δι' αὐτό
Ὣς ἴσῃ ἴνδυν καὶ ἴνδυν ἐλίγη ἐπὶ χρόνῳ
Ἑλκηθμῷ ἀμφίτομοι.

Thus tranſlated ad verbum *by* Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando vir tauri bouis magni pellem
Populis dederit diſtendendam temulentam pinguedine,
Accipientes autem vtique hi diſpoſiti extendunt
In orbem; ſtatim autem humor exijt, penetratque adeps.
Multis trahentibus: tenditur autem tota vndique;
Sic hi huc & illuc cadauer paruo in ſpacio
Trahebant vtrique.

Laurent. Valla *thus in proſe:*

Et quemadmodum ſi quis pinguem Tauri pellem à pluribus extendi iuberet; inter extendendum & humor & pingue defudat. Sic illi huc paruo in ſpacio diſtrahebant.

Eobanus *thus in verſe:*

——Ac ſi quis diſtendere pellem
Taurinam iubeat, craſſam pinguedine multa,
Multorum manibus, terræ defudet omaſum
Et liquor omnis humi. Sic ipſum tempore paruo
Patroclum in diuerſa, manus numeroſa, trahebat, &c.

To anſwer a hote obiection made to me by a great ſcholler, for not tranſlating Homer *word for word, and letter for letter (as out of his heate he ſtrained it,) I am enforced to cite this admirable Simile, (like the other before) in my annotations at the end of the fifteenth Booke) and referre it to my indiciall readers examination, whether ſuch a tranſlation becomes* Homer *or not; by noting ſo much as needs to be by one example; whether the two laſt aboue-ſaid tranſlators, in being ſo ſhort with our euerlaſting maſter; do him ſo much right, as my poore conuerſion; expreſſing him by neceſſary expoſition and illuſtration of his words and meaning, with more words, or not. The reaſon of his Simile, is to illuſtrate the ſtriſe of both the armies for the body of* Patroclus; *which it doth performe moſt inimitably; their toile and ſweate about it, being conſidered (which I muſt pray you to turne to before:) the Simile it ſelfe yet, I thought*

(Though farre the fewer ſuffred fate) for euer they had care
To ſhun confuſion, and the toyle, that ſtill oppreſſeth there.
So ſet they all the field on fire; with which you would haue thought,
The Sunne and Moone had bene put out, in ſuch a ſmoke they fought
About the perſon of the Prince. But all the field beſide
Fought vnderneath a lightſome heauen: the Sun was in his pride,
And ſuch expanſure of his beames, he thruſt out of his throne,
That not a vapour durſt appeare, in all that region:
No, not vpon the higheſt hill. There fought they ſtill and breathd;
Shund danger; caſt their darts aloofe; and not a ſword vnſheathd.
The other plyde, it and the warre, and *Night*, plyde them as well:
The cruell ſteele afflicting all; the ſtrongeſt did not dwell
Vnhurt within their iron roofes. Two men of ſpeciall name,
Antilochus, and *Thraſimed*, were yet vnſeru'd by *Fame*
With notice of *Patroclus* death: they thought him ſtill aliue,
In foremoſt tumult: and might well: for (ſeeing their fellowes thriue
In no more comfortable ſort, then *Fight*, and *Death* would yeeld)
They fought apart; for ſo their Sire, old *Neſtor*, ſtrictly wild,
Enioyning fight, more from the fleet: warre here increaſt his heate
The whole day long; continually, the labour, and the ſweate,
The knees, calues, feete, hands, faces, ſmear'd, of men that *Mars* applide
About the good *Achilles* friend. And [a] as a huge Oxe hide,
An imicable Simile. A Currier giues amongſt his men, to ſupple, and extend
With oyle, till it be drunke withall; they tug, ſtretch out, and ſpend
Their oyle, and licour liberally, and chaſe the leather ſo,
That out they make a vapour breathe; and in their oyle doth go:
A number of them ſet on worke, and in an Orbe they pull;
That all waies, all parts of the hide, they may extend at full:
So here and there, did both parts hale, the Corſe in little place,
And wrought it, alwaies, with their ſweate; the *Troians* hop't for grace
To make it reach to *Ilion*; the *Grecians* to their fleet:
A cruell tumult they ſtird vp, and ſuch, as ſhould *Mars* ſee't;
(That horrid hurrier of men) or ſhe that betters him,
Minerua, neuer ſo incenſt; they could not diſeſteeme.
So baneſull a *Contention*, did *Ioue*, that day extend
Of men and horſe about the ſlaine. Of whom, his god-like friend
Had no inſtruction. So farre off, and vnderneath the wall
Of *Troy*, that conflict was maintaind: which was not thought at all
By great *Achilles*; ſince he charg'd, that hauing ſet his foote
Vpon the Ports, he would retire; well knowing *Troy* no boote
For his aſſaults, without himſelfe; ſince not by him, as well,
He knew, it was to be ſubdu'd. His mother oft would tell
The mind of mightie *Ioue* therein; ofs hearing it in heauen;
But of that great ill to his friend, was no inſtruction giuen
By carefull *Thetis*: by degrees, muſt ill euents be knowne.
The foes cleft one to other ſtill, about the ouerthrowne.
His death, with death infected both. Euen priuate *Greekes* would ſay
Either to other; Twere a ſhame, for vs to go our way;

And

And let the *Troians* beare to *Troy*, the praise of such a prise:
Which let the blacke earth gaspe and drinke, our blood for sacrifise,
Before we suffer: tis an act, much lesse infortunate,
And then would those of *Troy* resolue; Though certainly our fate,
Will fell vs altogether here: of all not turne a face.
Thus either side, his fellowes strength, excited past his place;
And thus through all th'vnfruitfull aire, an iron sound ascended
Vp to the golden firmament; when strange affects contended,
In these immortall heauen-bred horse, of great *Æacides*;
Whom (once remou'd from forth the fight) a sodaine sense did seise
Of good *Patroclus* death; whose hands, they oft had vndergone;
And bitterly they wept for him: nor could *Automedon*,
With any manage make them stirre; oft vse the scourge to them;
Oft vse his fairest speech; as oft, threats neuer so extreme;
They neither to the *Hellespont*, would beare him; nor the fight:
But still as any tombe-stone layes, his neuer-stirred weight
On some good man, or womans graue, for rites of funerall:
So vnremoued stood these steeds; their heads to earth let fall,
And warme teares gushing from their eyes, with passionate desire,
Of their kind manager; their manes, that florisht with the fire
Of endlesse youth allotted them: fell through the yokie sphere,
Ruthfully rusl'd and defilde. *Ioue* saw their heauy cheare,
And (pittying them) spake to his mind; Poore wretched beasts (said he)
Why gaue we you t'a mortall king? when immortalitie,
And incapacitie of age, so dignifies your states?
Was it to hast the miseries, pour'd out on humane fates?
Of all the miserabl'st things that breathe, and creepe on earth,
No one more wretched is then man. And for your deathlesse birth,
Hector must faile to make you prise: is't not enough he weares,
And glories vainly in those armes? your chariots, and rich geares,
(Besides you) are too much for him. Your knees and spirits againe
My care of you shall fill with strength; that so ye may sustaine
Automedon, and beare him off. To *Troy* I still will giue
The grace of slaughter, till at fleet, their bloody feete arriue:
Till *Phœbus* drinke the Westerne sea; and sacred darknesse throwes,
Her sable mantle, twixt their points. Thus in the steeds he blowes
Excessiue spirit; and through the *Greeks*, and *Ilians* they rapt
The whirring chariot; shaking off, the crumbl'd center, wrapt
Amongst their tresses: and with them, *Automedon* let flie
Amongst the *Troians*; making way, through all as frightfully,
As through a iangling flocke of Geese, a lordly Vulture beats;
Giuen way with shrikes, by euery Goose, that comes but neare his threats;
With such state fled he through the preasse, pursuing as he fled;
But made no slaughter; nor he could: alone being carried
Vpon the sacred chariot. How could he both works, do,
Direct his iauelin, and command, his fiery horses too?

The common souldiers resolution.

Simile.

Ioues discourse with himselfe of the wretched state of humanities.

Simile.

At length, he came where he beheld, his friend *Alcimedon*,
That was the good *Laercius*, the sonne of *Æmons* sonne;

Alcimedon to Automedon. Who cloſe came to his chariot ſide, and askt; What god is he,
That hath ſo robd thee of thy ſoule, to runne thus frantickly
Amongſt theſe forefights, being alone? thy fighter being ſlaine,
And *Hector* glorying in his armes? he gaue theſe words againe:
Automedon to Alcimedon. *Alcimedon*, what man is he? of all the *Argiue* race,
So able as thy ſelfe, to keepe, in vſe of preaſſe, and pace
Theſe deathleſſe horſe? himſelfe being gone, that like the gods had th'art,
Of their high manage? therefore take, to thy command his part,
And eaſe me of the double charge, which thou haſt blam'd with right.
He tooke the ſcourge and reines in hand, *Automedon* the fight:
Hector to Æneas Which *Hector* ſeeing, inſtantly (*Æneas* ſtanding neare)
He told him, he diſcern'd the horſe, that mere immortall were,
Addreſt to fight, with coward guides; and therefore hop't to make
A rich priſe of them; if his mind, would helpe to vndertake:
For thoſe two could not ſtand their charge. He granted, and both caſt
Drie ſolid hides vpon their neckes, exceeding ſoundly braſt;
And forth they went, aſſociate, with two more god-like men,
Aretus, and bold *Chronius*; nor made they queſtion then
To priſe the goodly creſted horſe, and ſafely ſend to hell
The ſoules of both their guardians: O fooles, that could not tell,
They could not worke out their returne, from fierce *Automedon*
Without the liberall coſt of blood; who firſt made Orizon
To father *Ioue*, and then was fild, with fortitude, and ſtrength;
When (counſelling *Alcimedon*, to keepe at no great length
The horſe from him; but let them breathe, vpon his backe, becauſe
He ſaw th'aduance that *Hector* made; whoſe furie had no lawes
Propoſd to it, but both their liues, and thoſe horſe, made his priſe,
Or his life theirs) he cald to friend, theſe well-approu'd ſupplies;
Th'*Aiaces*, and the *Spartan* king: and ſaid, Come, Princes, leaue
Automedon cals for aid to the Aiaces and Menelaus. A ſure guard with the corſe; and then, to your kind care receiue
Our threatned ſafeties; I diſcerne, the two chief props of *Troy*
Prepar'd againſt vs: But herein, what beſt men can enioy,
In the Greeke always thus phraſe is vſed, not in the hands, but vpon knees, in the knees of the gods lies our helps, &c Lies in the free knees of the gods; my dart ſhall leade ye all;
The ſequell, to the care of *Ioue*, I leaue, what euer fall.
All this, ſpake good *Automedon*; then, brandiſhing his lance,
He threw, and ſtrooke *Aretus* ſhield, that gaue it enterance
Through all the ſteele, and (by his belt) his bellies inmoſt part
It pierc't, and all his trembling limbs, gaue life vp to his dart.
Then *Hector* at *Automedon*, a blazing lance let flie,
Whoſe flight he ſaw, and, falling flat, the compaſſe was too hie,
And made it ſticke beyond in earth, th'extreme part burſt, and there
Mars buried all his violence. The ſword then, for the ſpeare,
Had chang'd the conflict, had not haſte, ſent both th'*Aiaies* in,
(Both ſeruing cloſe their fellowes call) who, where they did begin
There drew the end. *Priamides*, *Æneas*, *Chronius*,
(In doubt of what ſuch aid might worke) left broken hearted thus,
Automedon inſults. *Aretus* to *Automedon*, who ſpoild his armes, and ſaid:
A little this reuiues my life, for him ſo lately dead,

(Though

(Though by this nothing counteruail'd) And with this little vent
Of inward griefe, he tooke the ſpoile; with which, he made aſcent,
Vp to his Chariot; hands and feete, of bloudie ſtaines ſo full,
That Lion-like he lookt, new turn'd, from tearing vp a Bull.
And now another bitter fight, about *Patroclus* grew;
Teare-thirſtie, and of toile enough; which *Pallas* did renew,
Deſcending from the cope of ſtarres, diſmiſt by ſharp-eyd *Ione*,
To animate the *Greeks*; for now, inconſtant change did moue
His mind from what he held of late: And as the purple bow, *Simile.*
Ioue bends at mortals, when of warre, he will the ſignall ſhow;
Or make it a preſage of cold, in ſuch tempeſtuous ſort,
That men are of their labours eaſde, but labouring cattell hurt:
So *Pallas* in a purple cloud, inuolu'd her ſelfe, and went
Amongſt the *Grecians*; ſtird vp all; but firſt encouragement
She breath'd in *Atreus* yonger ſonne; and (for diſguiſe) made choiſe
Of aged *Phœnix* ſhape; and ſpake; with his vnwearied voice.
O *Menelaus*, much defame, and eqvall heauineſſe, *Pallas like Phœnix to Menelaus*
Will touch at thee; if this true friend, of great *Æacides*,
Dogs teare beneath the *Troian* wals; and therefore beare thee well,
Toile through the hoſt; and euery man, with all thy ſpirit, impell.
He anſwerd: O thou long-ſince borne? O *Phœnix?* that haſt wonne *Menelaus to Pallas ſuppoſed Phœnix.*
The honor'd foſter-fathers name, of *Thetis* god-like ſonne:
[b] I would *Minerua* would but giue, ſtrength to me; and but keepe
Theſe buſie darts off; I would then, make in indeed, and ſteepe
My income in their bloods, in aide, of good *Patroclus*; much
His death afflicts me; much: but yet, this *Hectors* grace is ſuch
With *Ioue*; and ſuch a fierie ſtrength, and ſpirit he has, that ſtill
His ſteele is killing, killing ſtill. The kings ſo royall will,
Minerua ioy'd to heare; ſince ſhe, did all the gods outgo
In his remembrance. For which grace, ſhe kindly did beſtow
Strength on his ſhoulders, and did fill, his knees as liberally
With ſwiftneſſe, breathing in his breaſt, the courage of a flie.
Which loues to bite ſo, and doth beare, mans bloud ſo much good will,
That ſtill (though beaten from a man) ſhe flies vpon him ſtill:
With ſuch a courage *Pallas* fild, the blacke parts neare his hart;
And then he haſted to the ſlaine; caſt off a ſhining dart;
And tooke one *Podes*, that was heire, to old *Eetion*,
A rich man, and a ſtrenuous; and by the people done
Much honour; and by *Hector* too, being conſort, and his gueſt;
And him the yellow-headed king, laid hold on at his waſte;
In offering flight, his iron pile, ſtrooke through him; downe he fell;
And vp *Atrides* drew his corſe. Then *Phœbus* did impell
The ſpirit of *Hector*; *Phœnops* like, ſurnam'd *Aſiades*, *Phœbus like Aſiades to Hector.*
Whom *Hector* vſde (of all his gueſts) with greateſt friendlineſſe;
And in *Abydus* ſtood his houſe; in whoſe forme, thus he ſpake:
Hector? what man of all the *Greeks*, will any terror make,
Of meeting thy ſtrength any more; when thou art terrified
By *Menelaus?* who before, he ſlue thy friend, was tried,

A paſſing eaſie ſouldier; where now (beſides his end,
Impoſde by him) he drawes him off (and not a man to friend)
From all the *Troians*. This friend is, *Podes*, *Eetions* ſonne.
This hid him in a cloud of griefe; and ſet him formoſt on;
And then *Ioue* tooke his Snake-fring'd ſhield; and *Ida* couer'd all
With ſulphurie clouds; from whence he let, abhorred lightnings fall,
And thunderd till the mountaine ſhooke: and with this dreadfull ſtate,
He vſherd victorie to *Troy*; to *Argos* flight and fate.
Peneleus Bœotius, was he that formoſt fled,
Being wounded in his ſhoulders height; but there the lances head
Strooke lightly, glancing to his mouth, becauſe it ſtrooke him neare,
Throwne from *Polydamas*: *Leitus*, next left the fight in feare,
(Being hurt by *Hector*, in his hand) becauſe he doubted ſore
His hand, in wiſhed fight with *Troy*, would hold his lance no more.
Idomeneus ſent a dart, at *Hector* (ruſhing in,
Idomeneus at Hector. And following *Leitus*) that ſtrooke, his boſome, neare his chin,
And brake at top; the *Ilians*, for his eſcape did ſhout.
When *Hector*, at *Deucalides*, another lance ſent out,
As in his chariot he ſtood; it miſt him narrowly;
For (as it fell) *Cæranus* draue, his ſpeedie chariot by,
And tooke the *Troian* lance himſelfe; he was the Chariotere
Of ſterne *Meriones*; and firſt, on foote did ſeruice there,
Which well he left to gouerne horſe; for ſauing now his king,
With driuing twixt him and his death; though thence his owne did ſpring;
Which kept a mightie victorie, from *Troy*, in keeping death
From his great Soueraigne: the fierce dart, did enter him beneath
His eare, betwixt his iaw and it; draue downe, cut through his tongue,
And ſtrooke his teeth out; from his hands, the horſes raines he flung;
Which now *Meriones* receiu'd, as they beſtrew'd the field,
And bad his Soueraigne ſcourge away; he ſaw that day would yeeld
No hope of victorie for them. He fear'd the ſame, and fled.
Nor from the mightie minded ſonne, of *Telamon*, lay hid
(For all his clouds) high *Ioue* himſelfe; nor from the Spartan king.
They ſaw him in the victorie, he ſtill was varying
For *Troy*; for which ſight, *Aiax* ſaid: O heauens, what foole is he,
That ſees not *Ioues* hand in the grace, now done our enemie?
Not any dart they touch, but takes; from whom ſoeuer throwne,
Aiax good counſell. Valiant or coward; what he wants, *Ioue* addes; not any one
Wants his direction to ſtrike ſure; nor ours, to miſſe, as ſure:
But come, let vs be ſure of this, to put the beſt in vre
That lies in vs; which two-fold is; both to fetch off our friend,
And ſo to fetch him off, as we, may likelieſt contend
To fetch our ſelues off; that our friends, ſuruiuing may haue right
In ioy of our ſecure retreat; as he that fell in fight,
Being kept as ſure from further wrong: of which perhaps they doubt;
And looking this way, grieue for vs, not able to worke out
Or paſſe from this man-ſlaughterer, great *Hector*, and his hands,
That are too hote for men to touch; but that theſe thirſtie ſands,

Before

Before our fleete will be enforc't, to drinke our headlong death.
Which to preuent by all fit meanes, I would the parted breath
Of good *Patroclus*, to his friend, with ſpeed imparted were
By ſome he loues: for I beleeue, no heauie meſſenger
Hath yet inform'd him; but alas, I ſee no man to ſend;
Both men and horſe are hid in miſts, that euery way deſcend.
O father *Iupiter*, do thou, the ſonnes of *Greece* releaſe
Of this felt darkneſſe; grace this day, with fit tranſparences;
And giue the eyes thou giu'ſt, their vſe; deſtroy vs in the light,
And worke thy will with vs, ſince needs, thou wilt againſt vs fight.
This ſpake he weeping; and his teares, *Saturnius* pitie ſhow'd,
Diſperſt the darkneſſe inſtantly, and drew away the clowd,
From whence it fell: the Sunne ſhin'd out, and all the hoſt appear'd;
And then ſpake *Aiax*, (whoſe heard prayre, his ſpirits highly chear'd.
Braue *Menelaus*, looke about; and if thou canſt deſcrie
Neſtors Antilochus aliue, incite him inſtantly,
To tell *Achilles*, that his friend, moſt deare to him, is dead.
He ſaid; nor *Menelaus* ſtucke, at any thing he ſaid,
(As loth to do it) but he went; as from a Graſiers ſtall,
A Lion goes, when ouerlaid (with men, dogs, darts, and all
Not eaſely loſing a fat Oxe, but ſtrong watch, all night held)
His teeth yet watering; oft he comes, and is as oft repeld;
The aduerſe darts ſo thicke are pour'd, before his brow-hid eyes,
And burning firebrands; which for all, his great hearts heate, he flies,
And (grumbling) goes his way betimes: So from *Patroclus* went
Atrides, much againſt his mind; his doubts being vehement,
Leſt (he gone from his guard) the reſt, would leaue (for very feare)
The perſon to the ſpoile of *Greece*. And yet his guardians were,
Th'*Aiaces*, and *Meriones*, whom much, his care did preſſe,
And thus exhort; *Aiaces* both, and you *Meriones*:
Now let ſome true friend call to mind, the gentle and ſweete nature
Of poore *Patroclus*; let him thinke, how kind to euery creature,
His heart was, liuing, though now dead. Thus vrg'd the faire-hair'd king,
And parted, caſting round his eye. [d] As when vpon her wing
An Eagle is, whom men affirme, to haue the ſharpeſt ſight
Of all aires region of fowles; and though of mightie height,
Sees yet within her leauie forme, of humble ſhrubs, cloſe laid
A light-foote Hare, which ſtraight ſhe ſtoupes, truſſes, and ſtrikes her dead:
So dead thou ſtrook'ſt thy charge (O king,) through all warres thickets ſo
Thou look'dſt, and ſwiftly found'ſt thy man; exhorting gainſt the foe,
And heartning his plied men to blowes, vſde in the warres left wing:
To whom thou ſaidſt; Thou god-lou'd man, come here, and heare a thing,
Which I wiſh neuer were to heare; I thinke euen thy eye ſees
What a deſtruction God hath laid, vpon the ſonnes of *Greece*;
And what a conqueſt he giues *Troy*; in which, the beſt of men
(*Patroclus*) lies exanimate; whoſe perſon, paſſing faine,
The *Greeks* would reſcue, and beare home; and therefore giue thy ſpeed
To his great friend, to proue if he, will do ſo good a deed,

Aiax to Menelaus.

Simile.

Another direct ſcoffe at Menelaus.

Menelaus to the Aiaces, like himſelfe.

Simile.

To

To fetch the naked perſon off; for *Hectors* ſhoulders weare
Antilochus griefe for *Patroclus*. His priſed armes. *Antilochus*, was highly grieu'd to heare
This heauie newes; and ſtood ſurpriſde, with ſtupid ſilence long;
His faire eyes ſtanding full of teares; his voice ſo ſweete and ſtrong,
Stucke in his boſome; yet all this, wrought in him no neglect
Of what *Atrides* gaue in charge: but for that quicke effect,
He gaue *Laodolus* his armes, (his friend that had the guide
Of his ſwift horſe) and then his knees, were ſpeedily applide
In his ſad meſſage, which his eyes, told all the way in teares.
Another notable Ironie, expreſſing what Homer made of Menelaus. Nor would thy generous heart aſſiſt, his ſore-charg'd ſouldiers
(O *Menelaus*) in meane time, though left in much diſtreſſe;
Thou ſentſt them god-like *Thraſimede*, and mad'ſt thy kind regreſſe
Backe to *Patroclus*; where arriu'd, halfe breathleſſe thou didſt lay
To both th'*Aiaces* this: I haue ſent, this meſſenger away
To ſwift *Achilles*, who, I feare, will hardly helpe vs now,
(Though mad with *Hector*;) without armes, he cannot fight, ye know:
Let vs then thinke of ſome beſt meane, both how we may remoue
The bodie; and get off our ſelues, from this vociferous droue,
And fate of *Troians*. Brauely ſpoke, at all parts (*Aiax* ſaid)
O glorious ſonne of *Atreus*; take thou then ſtraite the dead,
And thou *Meriones*. We two, of one mind, as one name,
Will backe ye ſoundly; and on vs, receiue the wild-fire flame,
That *Hectors* rage breathes after you, before it come at you.
This ſaid, they tooke into their armes, the bodie; all the ſhow
Menelaus and Meriones beare off the body of Patroclus. That might be, made to thoſe of *Troy*, at armes end bearing it.
Out ſhriekt the *Troians*, when they ſaw, the bodie borne to fleetes;
And ruſht on: As at any Bore, gaſht with the hunters wounds,
Simile. A kennell of the ſharpeſt ſet, and foreſt bitten hounds,
Before their youthfull huntſmen haſte; and eagerly a while
Purſue, as if they were aſſur'd, of their affected ſpoile;
But when the Sauage (in his ſtrength, as confident as they)
Turnes head amongſt them; backe they flie, and euery one his way:
So troope-meale *Troy* purſu'd a while, laying on with ſwords and darts;
But when th'*Aiaces* turn'd on them, and made their ſtand; their harts
Drunke from their faces all their blouds; and not a man ſuſtain'd
The forechace, nor the after fight. And thus *Greece* nobly gain'd,
The perſon towards home: but thus, the changing warre was racke
Simile. Out to a paſſing bloudie length: For as once put in act
A fire inuading citie roofes, is ſodainly engroſt,
And made a wondrous mightie flame; in which is quickly loſt
A houſe, long building; all the while, a boiſterous guſt of wind
Lumbring amongſt it: So the *Greekes* (in bearing of their friend)
Simile. More and more foes drew: at their heeles, a tumult thundering ſtill
Of horſe and foote. Yet, as when Mules, in haling from a hill
A beame or maſt, through foule deepe way, well clapt and heartned, cloſe
Lie to their labour, tug, and ſweate, and paſſing hard it goes:
(Vrg'd by their driuers, to all haſt) So dragg'd they on the corſe;
Still both th'*Aiaces* at their backs; who backe ſtill turn'd the force;

Though

Though after, it grew ſtill the more; yet as a ſyluane hill
Thruſts backe a torrent, that hath kept, a narrow channell ſtill,
Till at his Oken breaſt it beates; but there a checke it takes,
That ſends it ouer all the vale, with all the ſtirre it makes;
Nor can with all the confluence, breake through his rootie ſides:
In no leſſe firme and braue repulſe, th'*Aiaces* curb'd the prides
Of all the *Troians:* yet all held, the purſuite in his ſtrength;
Their chiefes being *Hector*, and the ſonne, of *Venus*, who at length
Put all the youth of *Greece* beſides, in moſt amazefull rout;
Forgetting all their fortitudes, diſtraught, and ſhrieking out;
A number of their rich armes loſt, falne from them, here and there
About, and in the dike; and yet, the warre concludes not here.

Simile, illuſtrating the valour of both the Aiaces.

COMMENTARIVS.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ταύροιο βοὸς μεγάλου βοείην
Λαοῖσιν δοὺς ταινίσσαι μάλιστα κελεύῃ,
Δίξηλοι δ' ἄρα τε ῥίγα διαστάντες ταινύσιν
Κυκλόσε, ἄφαρ δ' ὑπὸ τε ἰσχὰς ἦλθε, λιπὼν δ' ὑδρωὼς ἔλαιον
Πολλῶν ὀλκήσαντα, τείνονται δ' ὑπὸ πᾶσα δι' ἀσπὶς
Ὣς ἴσην ἴδρῳ τε καὶ ἴδρῳ πλῆσαν καὶ χροῒ
Εἵλκεσκον ἀμφίτεροι.

Thus tranſlated ad verbum *by* Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando vir tauri bouis magni pellem
Populis dederit diſtendendam temulentam pinguedine,
Accipientes autem vtique hi diſpoſiti extendunt
In orbem; ſtatim autem humor exijt, penetratque adeps.
Multis trahentibus: tenditur autem tota vndique;
Sic hi huc & illuc cadauer paruo in ſpacio
Trahebant vtrique.

Laurent. Valla *thus in proſe:*

Et quemadmodum ſi quis pinguem Tauri pellem à pluribus extendi iuberet; inter extendendum & humor & pingue defudat. Sic illi huc parno in ſpacio diſtrahebant.

Eobanus *thus in verſe:*

——Ac ſi quis diſtendere pellem
Taurinam iubeat, craſſam pinguedine multa,
Multorum manibus, terræ defudet omaſum
Et liquor omnis humi. Sic ipſum tempore paruo
Patroclum in diuerſa, manus numeroſa, trahebat, &c.

To anſwer a hote obiection made to me by a great ſcholler, for not tranſlating Homer *word for word, and letter for letter (as out of his heate he ſtrained it,) I am enforced to cite this admirable Simile, (like the other before in my annotations at the end of the fifteenth Booke) and referre it to my iudiciall readers examination, whether ſuch a tranſlation becomes* Homer *or not; by noting ſo much as needs to be by one example; whether the two laſt aboue-ſaid tranſlators, in being ſo ſhort with our euerlaſting maſter; do him ſo much right, as my poore conuerſion; expreſſing him by neceſſary expoſition and illuſtration of his words and meaning, with more words, or not. The reaſon of his Simile, is to illuſtrate the ſtrife of both the armies for the body of Patroclus; which it doth performe moſt inimitably; their toile and ſweate about it, being conſidered (which I muſt pray you to turne to before:) the Simile it ſelfe yet, I thought*

thought not vnfit to inſert here, to come vp the cloſer to them, with whom I am to be compared. My paines and vnderſtanding conuerting it thus:

——And as a huge oxe hide,
A Currier giues amongſt his men, to ſupple and extend
With oile, till it be drunke withall: they tug, ſtretch out, and ſpend
Their oile and licour liberally; and chafe the leather ſo,
They make it breathe a vapour out; and in their licours go,
A number of them ſet a worke; and in an orbe they pull,
That all wayes, all parts of the hide, they may extend at full:
So here and there did both hoſts hale, the corſe in litle place;
And wrought it all wayes with their ſweate, &c. *In which laſt words of the application conſidered, lies the life of this illuſtration. Our* Homers *diuine inuention wherein, I ſee not in any of their ſhorter tranſlations toucht at. But what could expreſſe more the toile about this body, forcing it this way and that, as the oppoſite aduantage ſerued on both ſides? An Oxes hide, after the tanning, asking ſo much labour and oile to ſupple and extend it,* —— ταυρου μαδυωσαν ελαιῳ, diſtendendam, temulentam pinguedine; *to be ſtretcht out, being drunke with tallow, oile, or licour: the word* μαδυωσαν, *which ſignifies* temulentam; *of* μαδαω, *ſignifying* ebrius ſum, (*being a metaphor*) *and vſed by* Homer, *I thought fit to expreſſe ſo; both becauſe it is* Homers, *and doth much more illuſtrate then* craſſam pinguedine multa, *as* Eoban *turnes it. But* Valla *leaues it clearely out; and with his briefeneſſe, vtterly maimes the Simile; which (to my vnderſtanding being ſo excellent) I could not but with thus much repetition and labour inculcate the ſence of it; ſince I ſee not that any tranſlator hath euer thought of it. And therefore (againſt the obiector, that would haue no more words then* Homer *vſed, in his tranſlator) I hope thoſe few words I vſe more, being neceſſarie to expreſſe ſuch a ſence as I vnderſtand in* Homer, *will be at leaſt borne withall; without which, and other ſuch needfull explanations, the moſt ingenious inuention and ſence of ſo matchleſſe a writer, might paſſe endleſly obſcured and vnthought on. My manner of tranſlation being partly built on this learned and iudicious authoritie:* Eſt ſciti interpretis, non verborum numerum, & ordinem ſectari; ſed res ipſas, & ſententias attentè perpendere; eaſque verbis, & formulis orationis veſtire idoneis, & aptis ei linguæ in quam conuertitur.

[b] —— οι δ' Αθηνη, *&c.* Minerua *appearing* to Menelaus *like* Phœnix, *and encouraging him (as you may reade before) to fight; he ſpeakes as to* Phœnix, *and wiſhes* Minerua *would but put away the force or violence of the darts, and he would aid and fight brauely: which is a continuance of his character, being expreſt for the moſt part by* Homer *ridiculous and ſimple. The originall words yet (becauſe neither* Eobanus *nor* Valla *vnderſtood the character) they vtterly peruert; as if you pleaſe to examine them, you may ſee. The words are theſe,* βελεων δ' απεπυκοι ιῳλω, *which* Spondanus *truly interprets* telorum verò depulerit impetum; Απεπυκω, *being a compound of* ιῳυκω, *ſignifying* arceo, repello, propulſo, abigo; *and yet they tranſlate the words,* & telis vim afferret: *as if* Menelaus *wiſht that* Pallas *would giue force to his darts; which* Eobanus *followes, ſaying,* & tela valentia præſtet, *moſt ignorantly and vnſufferably conuerting it; ſuppoſing them to be his owne darts he ſpake of; and would haue bleſt with* Miuerues *addition of vertue and power; where* Homers *are plaine, he ſpake of the enemies darts; whoſe force if ſhe would auert, he would fight for* Patroclus.

[c] Καὶ οἱ μυῖς θαρσος ἐνὶ ῥινοῖσιν ἐθηκεν, *&c.* Et ei Muſcæ audaciam in pectoribus immiſit.

miſit. Minerua *inſpired him with the courage of a flie; which all his interpreters very ridiculouſly laugh at in* Homer; *as if he heartily intended to praiſe* Menelaus *by it, not vnderſtanding his Ironie here, agreeing with all the other ſillineſſe noted in his character.* Eobanus Heſſus, *in pitie of* Homer, *leaues it vtterly out; and* Valla *comes ouer him with a little ſalue for the ſore diſgrace he hath by his ignorant readers laughters; and expounds the words aboueſaid thus:* Lene namque eius ingenium prudenti audacia impleuit: *laying his medicine not hing neare the place.* Sponda-nus (*diſliking* Homer *with the reſt in this Simile*) *would not haue* Lucian *forgotten in his merry* Encomium *of a Flie; and therefore cites him vpon this place, playing vpon* Homer; *which, becauſe it is already anſwered in the Ironie to be vnderſtood in* Homer, (*he laughing at all men ſo ridiculous*) *I forbeare to repeate; and cite onely* Euſtathius, *that would ſalue it, with altering the word* θαρσος, *which ſignifies* confidentia, *or* audacia (per Metatheſin literæ ρ) *for* θρασος, *which is* temeritas; *of which I ſee not the end: and yet cite all, to ſhew how ſuch great Clerks are perplext, and abuſe* Homer, *as not being* ſatis compotes mentis Poeticæ; *for want of which (which all their reading and language cannot ſupply) they are thus often graueld and miſtaken.*

[d] Ὡς δ' αἰετὸς, &c. Veluti Aquila: *The ſport* Homer *makes with* Menelaus, *is here likewiſe confirmed and amplified in another Simile, reſembling him intentionally to a harefinder, though for colours ſake he vſeth the word* Eagle; *as in all other places where he preſents him (being ſo eminent a perſon) he hides his ſimplicity with ſome ſhadow of glory or other. The circumſtances making it cleare; being here, and in diuers other places made a meſſenger from* Aiax, *and others, to call ſuch and ſuch to their aid; which was vnfit for a man of his place, if he had bene in magnanimitie and valour equall, or any thing neare it. But to confirme his imperfection therein in diuers other places, he is called* μαλθακὸς ἀρχιστὴς, mollis bellator; *and therefore was fitteſt to be employed to cal vp thoſe that were hardier and abler. In going about which buſineſſe,* Homer *ſhewes how he lookt about, leering like a hare-finder: for to make it ſimply a Simile illuſtrating the ſtate of his addreſſe in that baſe affaire, had neither wit nor* decorum. *Both which being at their height in the other ſence (becauſe our* Homer *was their great maſter to all accompliſhment) let none detract ſo miſerably from him, as to take this otherwiſe then a continuance of his Ironie.*

The end of the ſeuenteenth Booke.

THE XVIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ACHilles *mournes, told of* Patroclus *end;*
When Thetis *doth from forth the ſea aſcend,*
And comfort him; adviſing to abſtaine
From any fight, till her requeſt could gaine
Fit armes of Vulcan. Iuno *yet commands*
To ſhew himſelfe. And at the dike he ſtands
In ſight of th'enemie; who with his ſight
Flies; and a number periſh in the flight.
Patroclus *perſon (ſafe brought from the warres)*
His ſouldiers waſh. Vulcan *the armes prepares.*

Another Argument.

Sigma *continues the alarmes,*
And faſhions the renowmed armes.

THey fought ſtill, like the rage of fire. And now *Antilochus*
Came to *Æacides*; whoſe mind, was much ſolicitous,
For that, which (as he fear'd) was falne. He found him neer the fleet
With vpright ſaile-yeards, vttering this, to his heroike conceit:
Ay me; why ſee the *Greeks* themſelues, thus beaten from the field,
Achilles to himſelfe concerning Patroclus. And routed headlong to their fleet. O let not heauen yeeld
Effect to what my ſad ſoule feares; that (as I was foretold)
The ſtrongeſt *Myrmidon*, (next me) when I ſhould ſtill behold
The Sunnes faire light, muſt part with it. Paſt doubt, *Menætius* ſonne
Is he on whom that fate is wrought; O wretch, to leaue vndone
What I commanded; that the fleete, once freed of hoſtile fire,
(Not meeting *Hector*) inſtantly, he ſhould his powres retire.
As thus his troubl'd mind diſcourſt, *Antilochus* appear'd,
Antilochus repates Patroclus death. And told with teares the ſad newes thus: My Lord, that muſt be heard,
Which would to heauen I might not tell; *Menætius* ſonne lies dead;
And for his naked corſe (his armes alreadie forfeited,
And worne by *Hector*) the debate, is now moſt vehement.
This ſaid, *Griefe* darkned all his powres. With both his hands he rent
Achilles his rage The blacke mould from the forced earth, and pour'd it on his head;
Smear'd all his louely face; his weeds (diuinely faſhioned)
All filde and mangl'd; and himſelfe, he threw vpon the ſhore;
Lay, as laid out for funerall. Then tumbl'd round, and tore
His gracious curles; his Ecſtacie, he did ſo farre extend,
That all the Ladies wonne by him, and his now ſlaughterd friend,

(Afflicted

(Afflicted ſtrangely for his plight) came ſhrieking from the tents,
And fell about him; beate their breaſts; their tender lineaments
Diſſolu'd with ſorrow. And with them, wept *Neſtors* warlike ſonne,
Fell by him, holding his faire hands, in feare he would haue done
His perſon violence; his heart (extremely ſtreightned) burn'd,
Beate, ſweld, and ſighd, as it would burſt. So terribly he mourn'd;
That *Thetis* ſitting in the deepes, of her old fathers ſeas;
Heard, and lamented. To her plaints, the bright *Nereides*
Flockt all; how many thoſe darke gulfes, ſoeuer comprehend.
There *Glauce* and *Cymodoce*, and *Spyo* did attend;
Neſæa and *Cymothoa*, and calme *Amphithoe*;
Thalia, *Thoa*, *Panope*, and ſwift *Dynanime*;
Actæa and *Lymnoria*; and *Halia* the faire,
Fam'd for the beautie of her eyes; *Amathia* for her haire;
Iara, *Proto*, *Clymene*, and curl'd *Dexamine*;
Pheruſa, *Doris*; and with theſe, the ſmooth *Amphinome*;
Chaſt *Galathea* ſo renowm'd; and *Callianira* came
With *Doto* and *Orythia*, to cheare the mournfull Dame;
Apſeudes likewiſe viſited; and *Callianaſſa* gaue
Her kind attendance; and with her, *Agaue* grac't the Caue;
Nemertes, *Mæra* followed; *Melita*, *Ianeſſe*,
With *Ianira*, and the reſt, of thoſe *Nereides*,
That in the deepe ſeas make abode; all which together beate
Their dewie boſomes; and to all, thus *Thetis* did repeate
Her cauſe of mourning: Siſters, heare, how much the ſorrowes wey,
Whoſe cries, now cald ye: hapleſſe I, brought forth vnhappily
The beſt of all the ſonnes of men; who (like a well-ſet plant,
In beſt ſoiles) grew and flouriſhed; and when his ſpirit did want
Employment for his youth and ſtrength: I ſent him with a fleete
To fight at *Ilion*; from whence, his fate-confined feete
Paſſe all my deitie to retire. The court of his high birth,
The glorious court of *Peleus*, muſt entertaine his worth,
Neuer hereafter. All the life, he hath to liue with me,
Muſt waſt in ſorrowes; and this ſonne, I now am bent to ſee,
Being now afflicted with ſome griefe; not vſually graue;
Whoſe knowledge and recure I ſeeke. This ſaid, ſhe left her caue;
Which all left with her; ſwimming forth; the greene waues, as they ſwom,
Cleft with their boſomes, curld, and gaue, quicke way to *Troy*. Being come,
They all aſcended; two and two; and trod the honor'd ſhote,
Till where the fleete of *Myrmidons* (drawne vp in heapes) it bore.
There ſtayd they at *Achilles* ſhip; and there did *Thetis* lay
Her faire hand on her ſonnes curl'd head, ſigh'd, wept, and bad him ſay,
What griefe drew from his eyes thoſe teares: conceale it not (ſaid ſhe)
Till this houre, thy vplifted hands, haue all things granted thee.
The *Greeks* (all thruſt vp at their ſternes) haue pour'd out teares enow;
And in them ſeene how much they miſſe, remiſſion of thy vow.
He ſaid, Tis true, *Olympius*, hath done me all that grace:
But what ioy haue I of it all: when thus, thruſts in the place,

Thetis to the Nereides.

Thetis to Achilles.

Achilles to Thetis.

Losse of my whole selfe, in my friend: whom, when his foe had slaine,
He spoil'd of those prophaned armes, that *Peleus* did obtaine
From heauens high powres, solemnizing, thy sacred nuptiall bands,
As th'onely present of them all; and fitted well their hands;
Being louely, radiant, maruellous; O would to heauen thy throne,
With these faire deities of the sea, thou still hadst sate vpon;
And *Peleus* had a mortall wife; since by his meanes is done
So much wrong to thy grieued mind; my death being set so soone,
And neuer suffering my returne, to grace of *Peleus* court;
Nor do I wish it; nor to liue, in any mans resort;
But onely that the crying bloud, for vengeance, of my friend,
Mangl'd by *Hector*, may be stild; his foes death paying his end.

Thetis to Achilles.

She weeping, said: That houre is neare, and thy deaths houre then nie;
Which in thy wish seru'd of thy foe, succeedeth instantly.

Achilles to Thetis.

And instantly it shall succeed, (he answerd) since my fate
Allow'd not to my will a powre, to rescue (ere the date
Of his late slaughter) my true friend. Farre from his friends he died;
Whose wrong therein my eyes had light, and right to see denied.
Yet now I neither light my selfe, nor haue so spent my light,
That either this friend or the rest, (in numbers infinite
Slaughterd by *Hector*) I can helpe; nor grace, with wisht repaire
To our deare country; but breathe here, vnprofitable aire,
And onely liue a lode to earth, with all my strength, though none
Of all the *Grecians* equall it. In counsell, many a one
Is my superiour; what I haue, no grace gets; what I want,
Disgraceth all. How then too soone, can hastiest death supplant
My fate-curst life? her instrument, to my indignitie,
Being that blacke friend *Contention*; whom, would to God might die
To gods and men; and *Anger* too, that kindles tyrannie
In men most wise; being much more sweete, then liquid hony is
To men of powre, to satiate, their watchfull enmities;
And like a pliant fume it spreds, through all their breasts; as late
It stole sterne passage thorough mine; which he did instigate,
That is our Generall. But the fact, so long past, the effect
Must vanish with it, though both grieu'd; nor must we still respect
Our soothed humours; *Need* now takes, the rule of eithers mind.
And when the loser of my friend, his death in me shall find;
Let death take all. Send him, ye gods; Ile giue him my embrace;
Not *Hercules* himselfe shund death, though dearest in the grace
Of *Iupiter*; euen him, *Fate* stoopt, and *Iunoes* crueltie;
And if such Fate expect my life; where death strikes, I will lie.
Meane time I wish a good renowme, that these deepe-brested Dames
Of *Ilion* and *Dardania*, may, for th'extinguisht flames
Of their friends liues, with both their hands, wipe miserable teares
From their so curiously-kept cheekes; and be the officers
To execute my sighs on *Troy*; when (seeing my long retreate
But gatherd strength, and giues my charge, an answerable heate)
They well may know twas I lay still; and that my being away,

Presented

Preſented all their happineſſe. But any further ſtay,
(Which your much loue perhaps may wiſh) aſſay not to perſwade;
All vowes are kept; all prayres heard; now, free way for fight is made.
The ſiluer-footed Dame replide: It fits thee well, my ſonne,
To keepe deſtruction from thy friends; but thoſe faire armes are wonne
And worne by *Hector*, that ſhould keepe, thy ſelfe in keeping them,
Though their fruition be but ſhort; a long death being neare him,
Whoſe cruell glorie they are yet: by all meanes then forbeare
To tread the maſſacres of warre, till I againe appeare
From *Mulciber* with fit new armes; which, when thy eye ſhall ſee
The Sunne next riſe, ſhall enter here, with his firſt beames and me.
Thus to her ſiſters of the ſea, ſhe turn'd, and bad them ope
The doores and deepes of *Nereus*; ſhe, in Olympus top
Muſt viſite *Vulcan* for new armes, to ſerue her wreakfull ſonne;
And bad informe her father ſo, with all things further done.
This ſaid, they vnderwent the ſea, her ſelfe flew vp to heauen;
In meane ſpace, to the Helleſpont, and ſhips, the *Greeks* were driuen,
In ſhamefull rout; nor could they yet, from rage of *Priams* ſonne,
Secure the dead of new aſſaults; both horſe and men made on,
With ſuch impreſſion: thrice the feete, the hands of *Hector* ſeaſd;
And thrice th' *Aiaces* thumpt him off. With whoſe repulſe diſpleaſd,
He wreakt his wrath vpon the troupes; then to the corſe againe,
Made horrid turnings, crying out, of his repulſed men,
And would not quit him quite for death. A Lion almoſt ſteru'd,
Is not by vpland herdſmen driuen, from vrging to be ſeru'd
With more contention, then his ſtrength, by thoſe two of a name;
And had perhaps his much praiſd will; if th'airie-footed dame
(Swift *Iris*) had not ſtoopt in haſt, Ambaſſadreſſe from heauen,
To *Peleus* ſonne, to bid him arme; her meſſage being giuen
By *Iuno*; kept from all the gods; ſhe thus excited him:
Riſe thou moſt terrible of men, and ſaue the precious lim
Of thy belou'd; in whoſe behalfe, the conflict now runnes hie
Before the fleete; the either hoſt, fels other mutually;
Theſe to retaine, thoſe to obtaine; amongſt whom, moſt of all
Is *Hector* prompt; hee's apt to drag, thy friend home; he your pall
Will make his ſhoulders; his head forc't; hee'l be moſt famous; riſe,
No more lie idle; ſet the foe, a much more coſtly priſe
Of thy friends value; then let dogs, make him a monument,
Where thy name will be grauen. He askt, What deitie hath ſent
Thy preſence hither? She repli'd; *Saturnia*; ſhe alone,
Not high *Ioue* knowing; nor one god, that doth inhabite on
Snowie Olympus. He againe; How ſhall I ſet vpon
The worke of ſlaughter, when mine armes, are worne by *Priams* ſon?
How will my goddeſſe mother grieue, that bad I ſhould not arme,
Till ſhe brought armes from *Mulciber*? But ſhould I do ſuch harme
To her and dutie: who is he (but *Aiax*) that can vant
The fitting my breſt with his armes? and he is conuerſant
Amongſt the firſt, in vſe of his; and rampiers of the foe

Thetis to Achilles.

Thetis and the Nymphs leaue Achilles.

Iris ambaſſadreſſe to Achilles from Iuno.

(Slaine neare *Patroclus*) builds to him. All this (ſaid ſhe) we know,
And wiſh, thou onely wouldſt but ſhow, thy perſon to the eyes
Of theſe hote *Ilians*, that (afraid, of further enterpriſe)
The *Greeks* may gaine ſome litle breath. She woo'd, and he was won,
And ſtraite *Minerua* honor'd him; who *Ioues* ſhield clapt vpon
His mightie ſhoulders; and his head, girt with a cloud of gold,
That caſt beames round about his browes. And as when armes enfold
Simile. A citie in an Ile; from thence, a fume at firſt appeares,
(Being in the day) but when the Euen, her cloudie forehead reares,
Thicke ſhow the fires, and vp they caſt, their ſplendor, that men nie
Seeing their diſtreſſe, perhaps may ſet, ſhips out to their ſupply:
So (to ſhew ſuch aid) from his head, a light roſe, ſcaling heauen.
And forth the wall he ſtept and ſtood; nor brake the precept giuen
By his great mother (mixt in fight,) but ſent abroad his voice,
Which *Pallas* farre off ecchoed; who did betwixt them hoiſe
Simile. Shrill Tumult to a topleſſe height. And as a voice is heard
With emulous affection, when any towne is ſpher'd
With ſiege of ſuch a foe, as kils, mens minds; and for the towne
Makes ſound his trumpet: ſo the voice, from *Thetis* iſſue throwne,
Won emulouſly th'eares of all. His brazen voice once heard,
The minds of all were ſtartl'd ſo, they yeelded; and ſo feard
The faire-man'd horſes, that they flew, backe, and their chariots turn'd,
Preſaging in their augurous hearts, the labours that they mourn'd
A litle after; and their guides, a repercuſſiue dread
Tooke from the horrid radiance, of his refulgent head.
Which *Pallas* ſet on fire with grace. Thrice great *Achilles* ſpake;
And thrice (in heate of all the charge) the *Troians* ſtarted backe.
Twelue men, of greateſt ſtrength in *Troy*, left with their liues exhald,
Their chariots and their darts, to death, with his three ſummons cald.
And then the *Grecians* ſpritefully, drew from the darts the corſe,
And hearſt it, bearing it to fleete. His friends, with all remorſe
Marching about it. His great friend, diſſoluing then in teares,
To ſee his truly-lou'd return'd, ſo horſt vpon an herſe,
Whom with ſuch horſe and chariot, he ſet out ſafe and whole;
Now wounded with vnpittying ſteele, now ſent without a ſoule,
Neuer againe to be reſtor'd, neuer receiu'd but ſo;
He follow'd mourning bitterly. The Sunne (yet farre to go)
Iuno commands the Sunne to go downe before his time. *Iuno* commanded to go downe; who in his powres deſpight,
Sunke to the Ocean; ouer earth, diſperſing ſodaine Night.
And then the *Greeks*, and *Troians* both, gaue vp their horſe and darts.
The *Troians* all to counſell call'd, ere they refreſht their hearts
With any ſupper; nor would ſit; they grew ſo ſtiffe with feare,
To ſee (ſo long from heauie fight) *Æacides* appeare.
Polydamas began to ſpeake, who onely could diſcerne
Things future by things paſt; and was, vow'd friend to *Hector*; borne
Polydamas to Hector and the Troians. In one night both; he thus aduiſde: Conſider well (my friends)
In this ſo great and ſodaine change, that now it ſelfe extends;
What change is beſt for vs t'oppoſe. To this ſtands my command;

Make

Make now the towne our ſtrength; not here, abide lights roſie hand;
Our wall being farre off, and our foe, (much greater) ſtill as nere.
Till this foe came, I well was pleaſde, to keepe our watches here;
My fit hope, of the fleetes ſurpriſe, enclin'd me ſo; but now,
Tis ſtronglier guarded; and (their ſtrength, increaſt) we muſt allow
Our owne proportionate amends. I doubt exceedingly
That this indifferencie of fight, twixt vs and th'enemie;
And theſe bounds we prefixe to them; will nothing ſo confine,
Th'vncurb'd mind of *Æacides*. The height of his deſigne
Aimes at our citie, and our wiues; and all barres in his way
(Being backt with leſſe then wals) his powre, will ſcorne to make his ſtay;
And ouerrunne, as ouerſeene; and not his obiect. Then
Let *Troy* be freely our retreate; leſt being enforc't, our men
Twixt this, and that, be taken vp, by Vultures; who by night
May ſafe come off; it being a time, vntimely for his might
To ſpend at randome; that being ſure. If next light ſhew vs here
To his aſſaults, each man will wiſh, that *Troy* his refuge were;
And then feele, what he heares not now. I would to heauen mine eare
Were free euen now of thoſe complaints, that you muſt after heare,
If ye remoue not. If ye yeeld (though wearied with a fight)
So late and long; we ſhall haue ſtrength, in counſell, and the night.
And (where we here haue no more force, then *Need* will force vs to,
And which muſt riſe out of our nerues) high ports, towres, walls will do
What wants in vs. And in the morne, all arm'd vpon our towres;
We all will ſtand out to our foe. Twill trouble all his powres,
To come from fleet, and giue vs charge; when his high-creſted horſe,
His rage ſhall ſatiate with the toyle, of this, and that wayes courſe;
Vaine entrie ſeeking vnderneath, our well-defended wals;
And he be glad to turne to fleet, about his funerals.
For of his entrie here, at home; What mind will ſerue his thirſt?
Or euer feed him with ſackt *Troy*? the dogs ſhall eate him firſt.

Hector's angry reply to Polydamas.

At this ſpeech, *Hector* bent his browes; and ſaid, This make not great
Your grace with me, *Polydamas*; that argue for retreate
To *Troys* old priſon; haue we not, enough of thoſe towres yet?
And is not *Troy*, yet, charg'd enough, with impoſitions ſet
Vpon her citizens; to keepe, our men from ſpoyle, without?
But ſtill we muſt impoſe, within? that houſes, with our rout,
As well as purſes, may be plagu'd? Before time, *Priams* towne
Traffickt with diuerſ-languag'd men; and all gaue the renowne
Of rich *Troy* to it; braſſe, and gold, abounding: but her ſtore
Is now from euery houſe exhauſt; poſſeſſions euermore,
Are ſold out into *Phrygia*, and louely *Maonie*;
And haue bene, euer ſince *Ioues* wrath. And now his clemencie
Giues me the meane, to quit our want, with glorie; and conclude
The *Greeks* in ſea-bords, and our ſeas; to ſlacke it, and extrude
His offerd bountie by our flight. Foole that thou art, bewray
This counſell to no common eare; for no man ſhall obay.
If any will, Ile checke his will. But what our ſelfe command,

Let all obſerue: take ſuppers all; keeepe watch of euery hand.
If any *Troian* haue ſome ſpoyle, that takes his too much care,
Make him diſpoſe it publickly; tis better any fare
The better for him, then the *Greeks*. When light then deckes the skies,
Let all arme for a fierce aſſault. If great *Achilles* riſe,
And will enforce our greater toyle; it may riſe ſo to him;
On my backe, he ſhall find no wings; my ſpirit, ſhall force my lim
To ſtand his worſt; and giue, or take; *Mars* is our common Lord,
And the deſirous ſword-mans life; he euer puts to ſword.
This counſell gat applauſe of all; ſo much were all vnwiſe;
Minerua robd them of their braines, to like the ill aduice
The great man gaue; and leaue the good, ſince by the meaner giuen.
All tooke their ſuppers; but the *Greeks*, ſpent all the heauy Euen
About *Patroclus* mournfull rites; *Pelides* leading all
In all the formes of heauineſſe: he, by his ſide did fall;
And his man-ſlaughtering hands impoſd, into his oft-kiſt breſt;
Simile. Sighes, blew vp ſighes: and Lion-like, grac't with a goodly creſt,
That in his abſence being robd, by hunters of his whelps,
Returnes to his ſo deſolate den: and (for his wanted helps)
Beholding his vnlookt-for wants, flies roring backe againe;
Hunts the ſlie hunter; many a vale, reſounding his diſdaine.
So mourn'd *Pelides*, his late loſſe; ſo weightie were his mones,
Achilles to his Myrmidons. Which (for their dumbe ſounds) now gaue words, to all his *Myrmidons*.
O gods (ſaid he) how vaine a vow, I made, (to cheare the mind)
Of ſad *Menætius*, when his ſonne, his hand to mine reſign'd;
That high-towr'd *Opus* he ſhould ſee; and leaue rac't *Ilion*,
With ſpoyle, and honor, euen with me? but *Ioue* vouchſafes to none,
Wiſht paſſages to all his vowes; we both were deſtinate
To bloody one earth here in *Troy*; nor any more eſtate
In my returne, hath *Peleus*, or *Thetis*; but becauſe,
I, laſt muſt vndergo the ground, Ile keepe no funerall lawes
Achilles to Patroclus body. (O my *Patroclus*) for thy Corſe; before I hither bring,
The armes of *Hector*, and his head, to thee for offering.
Twelue youths, the moſt renown'd of *Troy*, Ile ſacrifile beſide,
Before thy heape of funerall, to thee vnpacifide.
In meane time, by our crooked ſternes, lye drawing teares from me;
And round about thy honour'd Corſe, theſe dames of *Dardanie*,
And *Ilion*, with the ample breaſts (whom our long ſpeares, and powres,
And labours, purchaſt from the rich, and by-vs-ruind towres,
And cities ſtrong, and populous, with diuerſ-languag'd men)
Shall kneele, and neither, day, nor night, be licenſt to abſtaine
From ſolemne watches; their toil'd eyes, held ope with endleſſe teares.
This paſſion paſt; he gaue command, to his neare ſouldiers;
To put a Tripod to the fire, to cleanſe the feſtred gore,
From off the perſon. They obeyd, and preſently did powre
Freſh water in it; kindl'd wood, and with an inſtant flame,
The belly of the Tripod girt; till fires hote qualitie came
Vp to the water. Then they waſht, and fild the mortall wound

With

With wealthy oyle, of nine yeares old; then wrapt the body round,
In largeneſſe of a fine white ſheete, and put it then in bed,
When all, watcht all night, with their Lord, and ſpent ſighes on the dead.
Then *Ioue* askt *Iuno*, if at length, ſhe had ſuffiſde her ſplene; *Ioue to Iuno.*
Achilles being wonne to armes? or if ſhe had not beene
The naturall mother of the *Greeks*; ſhe did ſo ſtill preferre
Their quarrell? She incenſt, askt why, he ſtill was tanting her,
For doing good to thoſe ſhe lou'd? ſince man to man might ſhow
Kind offices, though thrall to death; and though they did not know
Halfe ſuch deepe counſels, as diſclold; beneath her farre-ſeeing ſtate: *Iuno to Ioue.*
She, reigning Queene of goddeſſes; and being ingenerate
Of one ſtocke with himſelfe; beſides, the ſtate of being his wife;
And muſt her wrath, and ill to *Troy*, continue ſuch a ſtrife
From time to time, twixt him and her? This priuate ſpeech they had;
And now the ſiluer-footed Queene, had her aſcenſion made, *Thetis enters the Court of Vulcan.*
To that incorruptible houſe, that ſtarry golden court
Of fiery *Vulcan*; beautifull, amongſt th'immortall ſort.
Which yet the lame god built himſelfe: ſhe found him in a ſweate,
About his bellowes; and in haſte, had twentie Tripods beate,
To ſet for ſtooles about the ſides, of his well-builded hall. *elegantiſsima.*
To whoſe feete, little wheeles of gold, he put, to go withall;
And enter his rich dining roome; alone, their motion free
And backe againe go out alone, miraculous to ſee.
And thus much he had done of them; yet handles were to adde;
For which he now was making ſtuds. And while their faſhion had
Employment of his skilfull hand; bright *Thetis* was come neare,
Whom firſt, faire well-haird *Charis* ſaw, that was the nuptiall fere,
Of famous *Vulcan*; who, the hand, of *Thetis* tooke, and ſaid;
Why, faire-train'd, lou'd, and honour'd Dame, are we thus viſited *Charis the wife of Vulcan to Thetis.*
By your kind preſence? You I thinke, were neuer here before;
Come neare, that I may banquet you, and make you viſite more.
She led her in, and in a chaire, of ſiluer (being the fruite
Of *Vulcans* hand) ſhe made her ſit: a footſtoole, of a ſuite,
Appoſing to her Criſtall feete; and cald the god of fire
For *Thetis* was arriu'd (ſhe ſaid) and entertain'd deſire,
Of ſome grace, that his art might grant. *Thetis* to me (ſaid he) *Vulcan to Charis*
Is mightie, and moſt reuerend, as one that nouriſht me,
When *Griefe* conſum'd me; being caſt, from heauen, by want of ſhame
In my proud mother, who becauſe, ſhe brought me forth ſo lame,
Would haue me made away; and then, had I bene much diſtreſt,
Had *Thetis* and *Eurynome*, in eithers ſiluer breaſt
Not reſcu'd me. *Eurynome*, that to her father had
Reciprocall *Oceanus*; nine yeares with them I made
A number of well-arted things; round bracelets, buttons braue;
Whiſtles, and Carquenets: my forge, ſtood in a hollow Caue,
About which (murmuring with ſome) th'vnmeaſur'd *Ocean*
Was euer beating; my abode, knowne not to god, nor man,
But *Thetis*, and *Eurynome*, and they would ſee me ſtill:

They

They were my louing guardians: now then the ſtarry hill,
And our particular roofe thus grac't, with bright-hair'd *Thetis* here;
It fits me alwaies to repay, a recompence as deare
To her thoughts, as my life to me. Haſte *Charis*, and appoſe
Some daintie gueſt-rites to our friend, while I my bellowes loſe
From fire, and lay vp all my tooles. Then from an anuile roſe
Th'vnweildy Monſter; halted downe, and all awry he went.
He tooke his bellowes from the fire, and euery inſtrument
Lockt ſafe vp in a ſiluer cheſt. Then with a ſponge he dreſt
His face all ouer, necke and hands, and all his hairie breaſt:
Put on his Cote, his Scepter tooke, and then went halting forth:
Vulcans attendants. Handmaids of gold, attending him; reſembling in all worth,
Liuing yong damzels; fild with minds, and wiſedome, and were train'd
In all immortall miniſtrie; virtue, and voice contain'd,
And mou'd with voluntarie powres: and theſe ſtill waited on
Their fierie Soueraigne; who (not apt, to walke) ſate neare the throne
Of faire-hair'd *Thetis*; tooke her hand; and thus he courted her:
Vulcan to Thetis. For what affaire, ô faire-train'd Queene, reuerend to me, and deare,
Is our Court honord with thy ſtate? That haſt not heretofore
Perform'd this kindneſſe? Speake thy thoughts; thy ſuite can be no more,
Then my mind giues me charge to grant; can my powre get it wrought?
Or that it haue not onely powre, of onely act in thought?
Thetis to Vulcan. She thus: O *Vulcan*, is there one, of all that are of heauen,
That in her neuer-quiet mind, *Saturnius* hath giuen
So much affliction as to me? whom onely he ſubiects
(Of all the Sea-Nymphs) to a man; and makes me beare th'affects
Of his fraile bed: and all againſt, the freedome of my will.
And he worne to his roote, with age: from him, another ill,
Ariſeth to me; *Iupiter*, you know, hath giuen a ſonne
(The excellenſt of men) to me; whoſe education,
On my part, well hath anſwered, his owne worth; hauing growne,
As in a fruitfull ſoyle, a tree, that puts not vp alone,
His body to a naked height; but ioyntly giues his growth
A thouſand branches; yet to him, ſo ſhort a life I brought,
That neuer I ſhall ſee him more, return'd to *Peleus* Court.
And all that ſhort life he hath ſpent, in moſt vnhappy ſort.
For firſt he wonne a worthy Dame, and had her by the hands
Of all the *Grecians*: yet this Dame, *Atrides* countermands:
For which, in much diſdaine he mourn'd, and almoſt pin'd away,
And yet, for this wrong, he receiu'd, ſome honor, I muſt ſay;
The *Greeks* being ſhut vp at their ſhips; not ſufferd to aduance,
A head out of their batterd ſternes; and mightie ſuppliance,
By all their graue men hath bene made, gifts, honors, all propoſde
For his reflection; yet he ſtill, kept cloſe, and ſaw encloſde
Their whole hoſt, in this generall plague. But now his friend put on
His armes; being ſent by him to field, and many a *Myrmidon*
In conduct of him; all the day, they fought before the gates

Of

Of *Scea*; and moſt certainly, that day had ſeene the dates,
Of all *Troyes* honors, in her duſt; if *Phœbus* (hauing done
Much miſchiefe more) the enuyed life, of good *Menatius* ſonne,
Had not with partiall hands enforc't; and all the honor giuen
To *Hector*, who hath priſd his armes; and therefore I am driuen,
T'embrace thy knees, for new defence, to my lou'd ſonne: ahlas,
His life prefixt, ſo ſhort a date, had need ſpend that with grace.
A ſhield then for him, and a helme, faire greaues, and curets ſuch,
As may renowne thy workmanſhip; and honor him as much;
I ſue for, at thy famous hands. Be confident (ſaid he)
Let theſe wants breed thy thoughts, no care; I would it lay in me,
To hide him from his heauy death; when Fate ſhall ſeeke for him;
As well, as with renowned armes, to fit his goodly limme;
Which thy hands ſhall conuey to him; and all eyes ſhall admire:
See, and deſire againe to ſee, thy ſatisfied deſire.

Vulcan to Thetis

This ſaid, he left her there; and forth, did to his bellows go,
Appoſde them to the fire againe, commanding them to blow.
Through twenty holes made to his harth, at once blew twenty paire,
That fir'd his coles, ſometimes with ſoft, ſometimes with vehement ayre;
As he will'd, and his worke requir'd. Amids the flame he caſt,
Tin, Siluer, precious Gold, and Braſſe; and in the ſtocke he plac't,
A mightie anuile; his right hand, a weightie hammer held;
His left his tongs. And firſt he forg'd, a ſtrong and ſpacious ſhield
Adornd with twenty ſeuerall hewes: about whoſe verge he beate,
A ring, three-fold and radiant; and on the backe he ſet,
A ſiluer handle; fiue-fold were, the equall lines he drew
About the whole circumference: in which, his hand did ſhew,
(Directed with a knowing mind) a rare varietie:
For in it he preſented earth; in it, the ſea, and skie:
In it, the-neuer-wearied Sunne; the Moone exactly round,
And all thoſe ſtarres, with which the browes, of ample heauen are crownd;
Orion, all the *Pleiades*; and thoſe ſeuen *Atlas* got;
The cloſe-beam'd *Hyades*. The *Beare*, ſurnam'd the Chariot,
That turnes about heauens axeltree; holds ope a conſtant eye,
Vpon *Orion*; and, of all, the Creſſets in the skie,
His golden forehead neuer bowes, to th'*Ocean* Emperie.

Vulcan begins to forge armes for Achilles.

Two cities in the ſpacious ſhield, he built with goodly ſtate,
Of diuerſe-languag'd men: the one, did nuptials celebrate,
Obſeruing at them, ſolemne feaſts: the Brides from foorth their bowres
With torches, vſherd through the ſtreets: a world of Paramours
Excited by them; youths, and maides, in louely circles danc't:
To whom the merrie Pipe, and Harpe, the ſpritely ſounds aduanc't;
The matrones ſtanding in their dores, admiring. Otherwhere,
A ſolemne Court of law was kept, were throngs of people were:
The caſe in queſtion, was a fine, impoſde on one, that ſlue
The friend of him that follow'd it, and for the fine did ſue;
Which th'other pleaded he had paide. The aduerſe part denied,

Two cities forged in Achilles armes

And

And openly affirm'd he had, no penny ſatisfied.
Both put it to arbiterment; the people cryed twas beſt
For both parts; and th'Aſſiſtants too, gaue their doomes like the reſt.
The Heralds made the people peace: the Seniors then did beare
The voicefull Heralds ſcepters; ſate, within a ſacred ſphere
On poliſht ſtones; and gaue by turnes, their ſentence. In the Court
Two talents gold were caſt, for him, that iugd'd in iuſteſt ſort.

The martiall citie in the ſhield of Achilles.

The other citie, other warres, employ'd as buſily,
Two armies glittering in armes, of one confederacie,
Beſieg'd it; and a parle had, with thoſe within the towne;
Two wayes they ſtood reſolu'd; to ſee, the citie ouerthrowne:
Or that the citizens ſhould heape, in two parts all their wealth,
And giue them halfe. They neither lik't, but arm'd themſelues by ſtealth:
Left all their old men, wiues, and boyes, behind, to man their wals;
And ſtole out to their enemies towne. The Queene of martials,
And *Mars* himſelfe conducted them; both which being forg'd of gold,
Muſt needs haue golden furniture: and men might ſo behold,
They were preſented deities. The people, *Vulcan* forg'd
Of meaner mettall. When they came, where that was to be vrg'd
For which they went; within a vale, cloſe to a flood, whoſe ſtreame
Vſde to giue all their cattell drinke; they there enambuſht them:
And ſent two ſcouts out to deſcrie, when th'enemies heards, and ſheepe
Were ſetting out. They ſtrait came forth, with two that vſde to keepe
Their paſſage alwayes; both which pip't, and went on merrily;
Nor dream'd of Ambuſcados there. The Ambuſh then let flie;
Slue all their white fleec't ſheepe, and neate, and by them laid their guard.
When thoſe in ſiege before the towne, ſo ſtrange an vprore heard,
Behind, amongſt their flocks, and heards; (being then in counſell ſet)
They then ſtart vp, tooke horſe, and ſoone, their ſubtle enemie met;
Fought with them on the riuers ſhore, where both gaue mutuall blowes
With well pil'd darts. Amongſt them all: peruerſe *Contention* roſe,
Amongſt them *Tumult* was enrag'd: amongſt them ruinous *Fate*,
Had her red-finger; ſome they tooke, in an vnhurt eſtate;
Some hurt; yet liuing; ſome quite ſlaine: and thoſe they tug'd to them
By both the feete; ſtrip't off and tooke, their weeds, with all the ſtreame
Of blood vpon them; that their ſteeles, had manfully let out.
They far'd as men aliue indeed, drew dead indeed about.

A new tared field in the ſhield.

To theſe, the fierie Artizan, did adde a new-ear'd field
Larg'd and thrice plowd; the ſoyle being ſoft, and of a wealthy yeeld,
And many men at plow he made, that draue earth here and there,
And turnd vp ſtitches orderly; at whoſe end when they were,
A fellow euer gaue their hands, full cups of luſcious wine;
Which emptied, for another ſtitch, the earth they vndermine;
And long till th'vtmoſt bound be reacht, of all the ample Cloſe:
The ſoyle turnd vp behind the plow, all blacke like earth aroſe,
Though forg'd of nothing elſe but gold, and lay in ſhow as light,
As if it had bene plowd indeed; miraculous to ſight.

A field of corne.

There grew by this, a field of corne, high, ripe; where reapers wrought,

And

And let thicke handfuls fall to earth; for which, ſome other brought
Bands, and made ſheaues. Three binders ſtood, and tooke the handfuls reapt,
From boyes that gatherd quickly vp; and by them armefuls heapt.
Amongſt theſe at a furrowes end, the king ſtood pleaſd at heart;
Said no word, but his ſcepter ſhewd. And from him, much apart,
His harueſt Bailiffes, vnderneath, an Oke, a feaſt prepar'd:
And hauing kild a mightie Oxe, ſtood there to ſee him ſhar'd;
Which women, for their harueſt folks (then come to ſup) had dreſt;
And many-white-wheate-cakes beſtow'd, to make it vp a feaſt.
He ſet neare this, a vine of gold; that crackt beneath the weight *A vine of gold.*
Of bunches, blacke with being ripe, to keepe which, at the height,
A ſiluer raile ranne all along; and round about it flow'd
An azure mote; and to this guard, a quick-ſet was beſtow'd
Of Tin, one onely path to all; by which the preſſemen came
In time of vintage; youths, and maids, that bore not yet the flame
Of manly *Hymen*; baskets bore, of grapes, and mellow fruite.
A lad that ſweetly toucht a harpe, to which his voice did ſuite,
Centerd the circles of that youth; all whoſe skill could not dot
The wantons pleaſure to their minds, that danc't, ſung, whiſtl'd to.
A herd of Oxen then he caru'd, with high raiſd heads; forg'd all *A heard of oxen*
Of Gold and Tin (for colour mixt) and bellowing from their ſtall,
Ruſht to their paſtures, at a flood, that eccho'd all their throtes;
Exceeding ſwift, and full of feeds; and all in mellow cotes,
Foure heardſmen follow'd; after whom, nine Maſtiues went. In head
Of all the heard, vpon a Bull, that deadly bellowed,
Two horrid Lions rampt, and ſeiſd, and (tugg'd off) bellowing ſtill,
Both men, and dogs came; yet they tore, the hide, and lapt their fill
Of blacke blood; and the entrailes eate. In vaine the men aſſayd,
To ſet their dogs on: none durſt pinch, but curre-like ſtood and bayd
In both the faces of their kings; and all their onſets fled.
Then in a paſſing pleaſant vale, the famous Artſman fed, *Flocks of ſheepe.*
(Vpon a goodly paſture ground) rich flocks, of white-fleec't ſheepe;
Built ſtables, cottages, and cotes; that did the ſheapheards keepe
From winde and weather. Next to theſe, he cut a dancing place, *A labyrinth.*
All full of turnings; that was like, the admirable maze
For faire-hair'd *Ariadne* made, by cunning *Dedalus*;
And in it, youths, and virgins danc't; all yong and beautious,
And glewed in anothers palmes. Weeds that the winde did toſſe,
The virgines wore: the youths, wouen cotes, that caſt a faint dimme gloſſe,
Like that of oyle. Freſh garlands to, the virgines temples crownd;
The youths guilt ſwords wore, at their thighs; with ſiluer bawdricks bound:
Sometimes all wound cloſe in a ring; to which as faſt they ſpunne,
As any wheele a Turner makes, being tried how it will runne,
While he is ſet; and out againe, as full of ſpeed, they wound;
Not one left faſt, or breaking hands. A multitude ſtood round;
Delighted with their nimble ſport: to end which two begun
(Mids all) a ſong, and turning ſung, the ſports concluſion.
All this he circl'd in the ſhield, with pouring round about

(In all his rage) the *Ocean*, that it might neuer out.
This ſhield thus done, he forg'd for him, ſuch curets, as out ſhin'd
The blaze of fire: a helmet then (through which no ſteele could find
Forc't paſſage) he compoſde, whoſe hue, a hundred colours tooke;
And in the creſt, a plume of gold, that each breath ſtirr'd, he ſtucke.
All done; he all to *Thetis* brought, and held all vp to her;
She tooke them all, and lik't the hawke, (ſurnam'd the Oſſpringer)
From *Vulcan* to her mightie ſonne; with that ſo glorious ſhow,
Stoopt from the ſteepe *Olympian* hill, hid in eternall ſnow.

COMMENTARIVS.

Ἀ Ω' ὡδ' ὅτ' ἀριζήλα φωνὴ ὅτε τ' ἴαχε σάλπιγξ
Ἀ γυ ἀφεστηκυῖαν δῆϊον ἀμφὶ δύμεσσιν·
Ὡς τότ' ἀριζήλα φωνὴ γίνετ' Αἰακίδαο.
Οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν ἄυσαν τρῶες χάλκεον Αἰακίδαο,
Πᾶσιν ὁρίνθη θυμός.

Thus turned by Spondanus ad verbum:

Vt autem cognitu facilis vox eſt, cum clangit tuba
Vrbem obſidentes hoſtes propter perniciosos:
Sic tunc clara vox fuit *Æacide*,
Hi autem poſtquam igitur audiuerunt vocem ferream *Æacidæ*:
Omnibus commotus eſt animus.

Valla *thus*:

Sicut enim cum obſidentibus ſæuis vrbem hoſtibus, vel clarior vox, vel claſſicum perſtrepit; ita nunc *Achilles* magna voce inclamauit. —quam cum audirent *Troiani*, perturbati ſunt animis.

Eobanus Heſſus *thus*:

——— Nam ſicut ab vrbe Obſeſſa increpuere tubæ, vel claſſica cantu Ferrea; ſic *Troas* vox perturbabat *Achillis*.

Mine owne harſh conuerſion (in which I will be bold to repeate after theſe, thus cloſely for your eaſier examination) is this; as before,

——And as a voice is heard
With emulous attention, when any towne is ſpher'd
With ſiege of ſuch a foe as kils, mens minds; and for the towne
Makes ſound his trumpet: ſo the voice, from *Thetis* iſſue throwne,
Wonne emulouſly the eares of all. His brazen voice once heard,
The minds of all were ſtartl'd ſo, they yeelded.

In conference of all our tranſlations, I would gladly learne of my more learned Reader; if the two laſt conuerſions do any thing neare expreſſe the conceipt of Homer, *or if they beare any grace worth the ſignification of his words, and the ſence of his illuſtration. Whoſe intent was not to expreſſe the clearenesſe or ſhrilneſſe of his voice in it ſelf; but the enuious terror it wrought in the* Troians. ἀριζηλα φωνη, *not ſignifying in this place* clara, *or* cognitu facilis vox; *but* emulanda vox. ἀριζηλος *ſignifying*, quẽ valde æmulamur, aut valde æmulandus: *though theſe interpreters would rather receiue it here for* ἀριδηλος, verſo δ in ζ, vt ſit clarus, illuſtris, &c. *But how ſilly a curioſitie is it to alter the word vpon ignorance of the ſignificatiõ it hath in his place? the word* ἀριζηλος *being a compound of* ἀρι, *which ſignifieth* valde, *and* ζηλος, *which is* æmulatio: *or of* ζηλοω *which ſignifies* æmulor? *To this effect then (ſaith* Homer *in this Simile,) As a voice that workes a terror, carrying an enuy with it, ſounds to a*

citie

citie beſieged when the trumpet of a dreadfull and mind-deſtroying enemie ſummons it, (for ſo δεινην δυσμενειαν, ſignifies, δυσμενεις ſignifying animum deſtruens, being a compound of ὀλεω, which ſignifies deſtruo; and δυμος which is animus,) that is, when the parle comes, after the trumpets ſound, vttering the reſolution of the dreadfull enemie before it. The further application of this ſimile is left out by miſchance.

The end of the eighteenth Booke.

THE XIX. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THetis, preſenting armour to her ſonne;
He cals a Court, with full reflection
Of all his wrath. Takes of the king of men
Free-offerd gifts. All take their breakefaſt then;
He (onely faſting) Armes, and brings abrode,
The Grecian *hoſt. And (hearing the abode*
Of his neare death by Xanthus *prophecied)*
The horſe, for his ſo bold preſage, doth chide.

Another Argument.

Tau gives the anger period
And great Achilles *comes abrode.*

THe Morne aroſe, and from the *Ocean*, in her ſaffron tobe;
Gaue light to all: as well to gods, as men of th'vnder globe.
Thetis ſtoopt home, and found the proſtrate perſon of her ſonne, *Thetis appeares To Achilles.*
About his friend; ſtill pouring out, himſelfe in paſſion:
A number more, being heauy conſorts to him in his cares.
Amongſt them all, *Thetis* appear'd; and ſacred comforters
Made theſe ſhort words. Though we muſt grieue, yet beare it thus; (my ſon)
It was no man that proſtrated, in this ſad faſhion
Thy deareſt friend; it was a god, that firſt laid on his hand;
Whoſe will is law: the gods decrees, no humane muſt withſtand.
Do thou embrace this Fabricke of a god; whoſe hand, before,
Nere forg'd the like; and ſuch as yet, no humane ſhoulder wore.
Thus (ſetting downe;) The precious mettall of the armes was ſuch,
That all the roome rung with the weight, of euery ſlendreſt touch.
Cold tremblings tooke the *Myrmidons*; none durſt ſuſtaine, all fear'd
T'oppoſe their eyes: *Achilles* yet, as ſoone as they appear'd, *Achilles rapture at the ſight of his armes.*
Sterne *Anger* enterd. From his eyes (as if the day-ſtarre roſe)
A radiance terrifying men, did all the ſtate encloſe.
At length, he tooke into his hands, the rich gift of the god;
And (much pleaſd, to behold the art, that in the ſhield he ſhow'd)
He brake forth into this applauſe; O mother, theſe, right well,
Shew an immortall fingers touch; mans hand muſt neuer deale
With armes againe. Now I will arme; yet (that no honour make
My friend forgotten) I much feare, leſt with the blowes of flies,
His braſſe-inflicted wounds are filde; life gone; his perſon lies

All apt to putrifaction. She bad him, doubt no harme,
Of thoſe offences: ſhe would care, to keepe the petulant ſwarme
Of flies (that vſually taint, the bodies of the ſlaine)
From his friends perſon: though a yeare, the earths top ſhould ſuſtaine
His ſlaughterd body, it ſhould ſtill, reſt ſound, and rather hold
A better ſtate, then worſe; ſince time, that death firſt made him cold:
And ſo bad call a Councell to, diſpoſe of new alarmes,
Where (to the king, that was the Paſtor of that flocke in armes)
He ſhould depoſe all anger and, put on a fortitude
Fit for his armes. All this, his powres, with dreadfull ſtrength indude.
She, with her faire hand, ſtill'd into, the noſtrils of his friend,
Red *Nectar*, and *Ambroſia*; with which ſhe did defend
The Corſe from putrifaction. He trod along the ſhore,
Achilles ſummons all the Greeks to Counſell. And ſummon'd all th'Heroique *Greekes*; with all that ſpent before
The time in exerciſe with him; the Maiſters, Pilots to,
Victlers, and all; all when they ſaw, *Achilles* ſummon ſo,
Swarm'd to the Councell, hauing long, left the laborious wars.
To all theſe, came two halting kings, true ſeruitors of *Mars*,
Tydides, and wiſe *Ithacus*, both leaning on their ſpeares:
Their wounds ſtill painefull; and both theſe, ſat firſt of all the Peeres.
The laſt come, was the king of men, ſore wounded with the lance
Achilles firſt ſpeaker in the Councell. Of *Coon Antenorides*. All ſet, the firſt in vtterance,
Was *Thetis* ſonne; who roſe, and ſaid; *Atrides*, had not this
Conferd moſt profite to vs both? when both our enmities
Conſum'd vs for and for a wench? whom, when I chuſde for priſe,
(In laying *Lyrneſſus* ruin'd walls, amongſt our victories)
I would to heauen (as firſt ſhe ſet, her daintie foote abord)
Dianas hand had tumbl'd off, and with a iauelin gor'd.
For then, th'vnmeaſurable earth, had not ſo thick bene gnawne,
(In deaths conulſions) by our friends; ſince my affects were drawne
To ſuch diſtemper. To our foe, and to our foes chiefe friend
Our iarre brought profite: but the *Greeks*, will neuer giue an end
To thought of what it preiudic't them. Paſt things yet, paſt our aide;
Fit griefe, for what wrath rulde in them; muſt make th'amends repaid
With that neceſſitie of loue; that now forbids our ire;
Which I with free affects obey. Tis for the ſenſleſſe fire
Still to be burning, hauing ſtuffe; but men, muſt curbe rage ſtill,
Being fram'd with voluntarie powres, as well to checke the will,
As giue it raines. Giue you then charge, that for our inſtant fight,
The *Greeks* may follow me to field; to trie if ſtill the *Night*
Will beare out *Troians* at our ſhips. I hope there is ſome one,
Amongſt their chiefe encouragers, will thanke me to be gone;
And bring his heart downe to his knees, in that ſubmiſſion.
The *Greeks* reioyc't, to heare the heart, of *Peleus* mightie ſonne,
So quallified. And then the king (not riſing from his throne,
For his late hurt) to get good eare; thus orderd his replie:
Agamemnon to the Princes of Greece. Princes of *Greece*, your ſtates ſhall ſuffer no indignitie;
If (being farre off) ye ſtand and heare; nor fits it ſuch as ſtand,

At

At greater diſtance, to diſturbe, the counſell now in hand,
By vprore; in their too much care, of hearing. Some, of force,
Muſt loſe ſome words: for, hard it is, in ſuch a great concourſe,
(Though hearers eares be nere ſo ſharpe) to touch at all things ſpoke.
And in aſſemblies of ſuch thruſt, how can a man prouoke
Fit powre to heare, or leaue to ſpeake? beſt auditors may there,
Loſe fitteſt words; and the moſt vocall Orator, fit eare.
My maine end then, to ſatisfie, *Pelides* with replie,
My words ſhall proſecute. To him, my ſpeech eſpecially
Shall beare direction. Yet I wiſh, the court in generall,
Would giue fit eare; my ſpeech ſhall need, attention of all.
Oft haue our Peeres of *Greece*, much blam'd, my forcing of the priſe,
Due to *Achilles*; of which act, not I, but deſtinies,
And *Ioue* himſelfe; and blacke *Erynnis* (that caſts falſe miſts ſtill
Betwixt vs, and our actions done, both by her powre, and will)
Are authors: what could I do then? The very day, and howre,
Of our debate, that furie ſtole, in that act, on my powre.
And more; All things are done by ſtrife: that ancient ſeed of *Ioue*
Ate, that hurts all, perfects all. Her feete, are ſoft; and moue *Ate the goddeſſe of contention.*
Not on the earth; they beare her ſtill, aloft men heads; and there,
The harmefull hurts them. Nor was I, alone her priſoner;
Ioue (beſt of men, and gods) hath ben:. Not he himſelfe hath gone
Beyond her fetters: no ſhe made, a woman put them on.
For when *Alcmena* was to vent, the force of *Hercules*,
In well wall'd *Thebes*: thus *Ioue* triumpht; Heare gods, and goddeſſes,
The words, my ioyes vrg'd: In this day, *Lucina* (bringing paine,
To labouring women) ſhall produce, into the light of men,
A man, that all his neighbour kings, ſhall in his Empire hold;
And vant, that more then manly race, whoſe honor'd veines enfold
My eminent blood. *Saturnia*, conceiu'd a preſent ſleight,
And vrg'd confirmance of his vant, t'infringe it; her conceipt,
In this ſort vrg'd: Thou wilt not hold, thy word with this rare man;
Or if thou wilt, confirme it with, the oath *Olympian*;
That whoſoeuer fals this day, betwixt a womans knees,
Of thoſe mens ſtockes, that from thy blood, deriue their pedigrees
Shall all his neighbour townes command. *Ioue* (ignorant of fraude) *Iunos deceipt of Iupiter.*
Tooke that great oth, which his great ill, gaue little cauſe t'applaude.
Downe from *Olympus* top, ſhe ſtoopt; and quickly reacht the place
In *Argos*, where the famous wife, of *Sthenelus* (whoſe race
He fetch from *Ioue*, by *Perſeus*) dwelt. She was but ſeuenths months gone
With iſſue; yet ſhe brought it forth; *Alcmenas* matchleſſe ſonne
Delaide from light; *Saturnia*, repreſt the teeming throwes
Of his great mother. Vp to heauen, ſhe mounts againe, and ſhowes,
(In glorie) her deceipt to *Ioue*. Bright lightning *Ioue* (ſaid ſhe)
Now th' *Argiues* haue an Emperour; a ſonne deriu'd from thee *Iunos inſult at ſtil after her deceipt*
Is borne to *Perſean Sthenelus*; *Euryſtheus*, his name;
Noble and worthy of the rule, thou ſwor'ſt to him. This came
Cloſe to the heart of *Iupiter*; and *Ate*, that had wrought

This anger by *Saturnia*, by her bright-haire he caught;
Held downe her head, and ouer her, made this infallible vow:
That neuer to the cope of ſtarres, ſhould reaſcend that brow,
Being ſo infortunate to all. Thus, ſwinging her about,
He caſt her from the fierie heauen; who euer ſince thruſt out
Her forkt ſting, in th'affaires of men. *Ioue* euer ſince did grieue,
Since his deare iſſue *Hercules*, did by his vow atchieue,
Th'vniuſt toyles of *Euryſteus*: thus fares it now with me;
Since vnder *Hectors* violence, the *Grecian* progenie,
Fell ſo vnfitly by my ſplene; whoſe fals will euer ſticke
In my grieu'd thoughts; my weakneſſe yet, (*Saturnius* making ſicke
The ſtate my mind held) now recur'd; th'amends ſhall make euen weight
With my offence: and therefore rouſe, thy ſpirits to the fight,
With all thy forces; all the gifts, propoſde thee, at thy tent,
(Laſt day) by royall *Ithacus*, my officers ſhall preſent;
And (if it like thee) ſtrike no ſtroke, (though neuer ſo on thornes
Thy mind ſtands to thy friends reuenge) till my command, adornes
Thy tents, and cofers, with ſuch gifts, as well may let thee know,
Achilles his noble anſwer of Agamemnon. How much I wiſh thee ſatisfied. He anſwerd, let thy vow,
(Renown'd *Atrides*) at thy will, be kept, (as iuſtice would)
Or keepe thy gifts, tis all in thee. The counſell now we hold,
Is for repairing our maine field, with all our fortitude.
My faire ſhew made, brookes no retreat; nor muſt delaies delude
Our deeds expectance. Yet vndone, the great worke is; all eyes
Muſt ſee *Achilles* in firſt fight, depeopling enemies;
As well as counſell it in court: that euery man ſet on;
May chuſe his man, to imitate, my exerciſe vpon.
Vlyſſes to Achilles. *Vlyſſes* anſwerd, do not yet, (thou man, made like the gods)
Take faſting men to field: ſuppoſe, that whatſoeuer ods,
It brings againſt them, with full men, thy boundleſſe eminence,
Can amplie anſwer; yet refraine, to tempt a violence.
The conflict wearing out our men, was late, and held as long;
Wherein, though moſt, *Ioue* ſtood for *Troy*; he yet made our part ſtrong
To beare that moſt. But twas to beare, and that breeds little heart.
Let wine and bread then adde to it: they helpe the twofold part,
The ſoule, and body in a man; both force, and fortitude.
All day men cannot fight, and faſt; though neuer ſo indude
With minds to fight; for that ſuppoſde, there lurks yet ſecretly,
Thirſt, hunger, in th'oppreſſed ioynts; which no mind can ſupply.
They take away a marchers knees. Mens bodyes throughly fed,
Their minds ſhare with them in their ſtrength; and (all day combatted)
One ſtirres not, till you call off all. Diſmiſſe them then to meate,
And let *Atrides* tender here, in ſight of all this ſeate,
The gifts he promiſt. Let him ſweare, before vs all, and riſe
To that oath; that he neuer toucht, in any wanton wiſe,
The Ladie he enforc't. Beſides, that he remaines in mind
As chaſtly ſatisfied: not toucht, or priuily enclind
With future vantages. And laſt; tis fit he ſhould approue

All

All theſe rites, at a ſolemne feaſt, in honour of your loue;
That ſo you take no mangl'd law, for merites abſolute.
And thus the honours you receiue, reſoluing the purſuite
Of your friends quarrell, well will quit, your ſorrow for your friend.
And thou *Atrides* in the taſt, of ſo ſeuere an end;
Hereafter may on others hold, a iuſter gouernment.
Nor will it ought empaire a king, to giue a ſound content
To any ſubiect, ſoundly wrong'd. I ioy (replide the king) *Agamemnon to Vlyſſes.*
O *Laertiades*, to heare, thy liberall counſelling.
In which is all *decorum* kept; nor any point lackes touch,
That might be thought on, to conclude, a reconcilement, ſuch
As fits example; and vs two. My mind yet makes me ſweare,
Not your impulſion. And that mind, ſhall reſt ſo kind and cleare,
That I will not forſweare to God. Let then *Achilles* ſtay,
(Though neuer ſo inflam'd for fight) and all men here I pray,
To ſtay, till from my tents theſe gifts, be brought here; and the truce,
At all parts finiſht before all. And thou, of all I chuſe,
(Diuine *Vlyſſes*) and command, to chuſe of all your hoſt,
Youths of moſt honour, to preſent, to him we honour moſt,
The gifts we late vow'd; and the Dames. Meane ſpace, about our tents,
Talthybius ſhall prouide a Bore; to crowne theſe kind euents,
With thankfull ſacrifice to *Ioue*, and to the God of light.
Achilles anſwerd: Theſe affaires, will ſhew more requiſite
(Great king of men) ſome other time, when our more free eſtates *Achilles to Vlyſſes.*
Yeeld fit ceſſation from the warre; and when my ſplene abates.
But now (to all our ſhames beſides) our friends by *Hector* ſlaine,
(And *Ioue* to friend) lie vnfetch off. Haſte then, and meate your men;
Though I muſt ſtill ſay: My command, would leade them faſting forth,
And all together feaſt, at night. Meate will be ſomething worth,
When ſtomacks firſt haue made it way, with venting infamie,
(And other ſorrowes late ſuſtain'd) with long'd for wreakes, that lie
Heauie vpon them, for rights ſake. Before which lode be got
From off my ſtomacke; meate nor drinke, I vow, ſhall downe my throte;
My friend being dead; who digd with wounds, & bor'd through both his feet,
Lies in the entrie of my tent; and in the teares doth fleete
Of his aſſociates. Meate and drinke, haue litle merit then
To comfort me; but bloud and death, and deadly grones of men.
The great in counſels, yet made good, his former counſels thus: *Vlyſſes his reply.*
O *Peleus* ſonne, of all the *Greeks*, by much moſt valorous;
Better and mightier then my ſelfe; no little, with thy lance,
I yeeld thy worth; in wiſedome yet, no leſſe I dare aduance
My right aboue thee; ſince aboue, in yeares, and knowing more.
Let then thy mind reſt in thy words; we quickly ſhall haue ſtore,
And all facietie of fight; whoſe ſteele heapes ſtore of ſtraw,
And litle corne vpon a floore; when *Ioue* (that doth withdraw,
And ioyne all battels) once begins, t'encline his ballances,
In which he weighs the liues of men. The *Greeks* you muſt not preſſe,
To mourning with the belly; death, hath nought to do with that,

In healthfull men, that mourne for friends. His ſteele we ſtumble at,
And fall at, euery day you ſee, ſufficient ſtore, and faſt.
What houre is it that any breathes? we muſt not vſe more haſt
Then ſpeed holds fit for our reuenge: nor ſhould we mourne too much.
Who dead is, muſt be buried; mens patience ſhould be ſuch,
That one dayes mone ſhould ſerue one man: the dead muſt end with Death,
And life laſt with what ſtrengthens life. All thoſe that held their breath
From death in fight, the more ſhould eate, that ſo they may ſupply
Their fellowes that haue ſtucke in field; and fight inceſſantly.
Let none expect reply to this, nor ſtay; for this ſhall ſtand,
Or fall with ſome offence to him, that lookes for new command;
Who euer in diſlike holds backe. All ioyne then; all things fit,
Allow'd for all; ſet on a charge; at all parts anſwering it.
This ſaid, he chuſde (for nobleſt youths, to beare the preſents) theſe,
The names of thoſe that caried the preſents to Achilles. The ſonnes of *Neſtor*; and with them, renowm'd *Meriones*.
Phylidas, *Thoas*, *Lycomed*, and *Meges*, all which went
(And *Menalippus* following, *Vlyſſes*) to the tent
Of *Agamemnon*. He but ſpake; and with the word, the deed
Had ioynt effect: the fitneſſe well, was anſwerd in the ſpeed.
The preſents, added to the Dame, the Generall did enforce,
Were twentie Caldrons, Tripods ſeuen, twelue yong and goodly horſe:
The preſents. Seuen Ladies excellently ſeene, in all *Mineruaes* skill;
The eight *Briſæis*, who had powre, to rauiſh euery will.
Twelue talents of the fineſt gold; all which *Vlyſſes* weyd,
And caried firſt; and after him, the other youths conueyd
The other preſents; tenderd all, in face of all the Court.
Vp roſe the King. *Talthybius* (whoſe voice had a report
Like to a god) cald to the rites; there, hauing brought the Bore,
Atrides with his knife tooke ſey, vpon the part before;
Agamẽnons attеſtation. And lifting vp his ſacred hands, to *Ioue*, to make his vowes;
Graue Silence ſtrooke the compleate Court; when (caſting his high browes,
Vp to the broad heauen) thus he ſpake: Now witneſſe *Iupiter*,
(Firſt, higheſt, and thou beſt of gods) thou Earth, that all doeſt beare;
Thou Sunne; ye Furies vnder earth, that euery ſoule torment,
Whom impious periury diſtaines; that nought incontinent,
In bed, or any other act, to any ſlendreſt touch
Of my light vowes, hath wrong'd the Dame; and let my plagues be ſuch,
As are inflicted by the gods, in all extremitie
On whomſoeuer periur'd men, if godleſſe periurie
In leaſt degree diſhonor me. This ſaid, the briſtl'd throte
Of the ſubmitted ſacrifice, with ruthleſſe ſteele he cut.
Which ſtraight into the horie ſea, *Talthybius* caſt, to feed
The ſea-borne nation. Then ſtood vp, the halfe-celeſtiall ſeed
Of faire-hair'd *Thetis*, ſtrengthning thus, *Atrides* innocence.
Achilles to Iupiter. O father *Iupiter*, from thee, deſcends the confluence
Of all mans ill; for now I ſee, the mightie king of men,
At no hand forc't away my priſe; nor firſt inflam'd my ſplene,
With any ſet ill in himſelfe; but thou, the king of gods,

(Incenſt

(Incenſt with *Greece*) made that the meane to all their periods.
Which now, amend we, as we may; and giue all ſuffrages
To what wiſe *Ithacus* aduiſde. Take breakfaſts, and addreſſe
For inſtant conflict. Thus he raiſd, the Court, and all tooke way
To ſeuerall ſhips. The *Myrmidons*, the preſents did conuay
T'*Achilles* fleete; and in his tents, diſpoſde them; doing grace,
Of ſeate, and all rites to the Dames. The horſes put in place,
With others of *Æacides*. When (like Loues golden Queene)
Briſeis (all in ghaſtly wounds) had dead *Patroclus* ſeene;
She fell about him, ſhrieking out; and with her white hands tore
Her haire, breaſts, radiant cheekes, and drown'd, in warme teares, did deplore
His cruell deſtinie. At length, ſhe gat powre to expreſſe
Her violent paſſion; and thus ſpake, this-like-the goddeſſes:

Briſeis complaint ouer the body of Patroclus.

O good *Patroclus*, to my life, the deareſt grace, it had;
I (wretched dame) departing hence, enforc't; and dying ſad,
Left thee aliue, when thou hadſt chear'd, my poore captiuitie;
And now return'd, I find thee dead; miſery on miſerie,
Euer increaſing with my ſteps. The Lord to whom my Sire,
And deareſt mother gaue my life, in nuptials; his lifes fire
I ſaw before our citie gates, extinguiſht; and his fate;
Three of my worthy brothers liues, in one wombe generate,
Felt all, in that blake day of death. And when *Achilles* hand
Had ſlaine all theſe, and rac't the towne, *Mynetes* did command;
(All cauſe of neuer-ending griefes, preſented) thou took'ſt all
On thy endeuour, to conuert, to ioy as Generall;
Affirming, he that hurt, ſhould heale; and thou wouldſt make thy friend
(Braue Captaine that thou wert) ſupply, my vowed husbands end;
And in rich *Phthia* celebrate, amongſt his *Myrmidons*,
Our nuptiall banquets; for which grace, with theſe moſt worthy mones,
I neuer ſhall be ſatiate; thou euer being kind;
Euer delightſome; one ſweete grace, fed ſtill with one ſweete mind.
Thus ſpake ſhe weeping; and with her, did th'other Ladies mone,
Patroclus fortunes in pretext, but in ſad truth their owne.
About *Æacides* himſelfe, the kings of *Greece* were plac't,
Entreating him to food; and he, entreated them as faſt,
(Still intermixing words and ſighes) if any friend were there
Of all his deareſt; they would ceaſſe, and offer him no cheare,
But his due ſorrowes; for before, the Sunne had left that skie,
He would not eate; but of that day, ſuſtaine th'extremitie.
Thus all the kings (in reſolute griefe, and faſting) he diſmiſt;
But both th'*Atrides*, *Ithacus*, and warres *old Martialiſt*, *Neſtor.*
Idomenæus and his friend; and *Phœnix*; theſe remain'd
Endeuoring comfort; but no thought, of his vow'd woe reſtrain'd.
Nor could, till that dayes bloudie fight, had calm'd his bloud; he ſtill
Rememberd ſomething of his friend; whoſe good, was all his ill.
Their vrging meate, the diligent faſhion of his friend renew'd,
In that excitement: thou (ſaid he) when this ſpeed was purſu'd
Againſt the *Troians*; euermore, appoſedſt in my tent,

A pleasing breakfast; being so free, and sweetly diligent,
Thou mad'st all meate sweete. Then the warre, was tearefull to our foe,
But now to me; thy wounds so wound me, and thy ouerthrow.
For which my readie food I flie, and on thy longings feed.
Nothing could more afflict me: Fame, relating the foule deed
Of my deare fathers slaughter; bloud, drawne from my sole sonnes heart,
No more could wound me. Cursed man, that in this forrein part,
(For hatefull *Hellen*) my true loue; my countrey, Sire, and son,
Scyros was an Ile in the sea Ægeum, where Achilles himself was brought vp as well as his son
I thus should part with. *Scyros* now, giues education
(O *Neoptelemus*) to thee, (if liuing yet) from whence
I hop't (deare friend) thy longer life, (safely return'd from hence,
And my life quitting thine) had powre, to ship him home; and show
His yong eyes *Phthia*, subiects, court; my father being now
Dead, or most short-liu'd; troublous age, oppressing him, and feare
Still of my deaths newes. These sad words, he blew into the eare
Of euery visitant, with sighs; all eccho'd by the Peares,
Remembring who they left at home. All whose so humane teares
Ioue pitied: and since they all, would in the good of one
Ioue to Minerua Be much reuiu'd; he thus bespake, *Minerua*: *Thetis* sonne,
(Now daughter) thou hast quite forgot. O, is *Achilles* care
Extinguisht in thee? prostrated, in most extreme ill fare,
He lies before his high-sail'd fleet, for his dead friend; the rest
Are strengthning them with meate; but he, lies desperatly oppresst
With heartlesse fasting: Go thy wayes, and to his breast instill
Red *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*; that Fast procure no ill
To his neare enterprise. This spurre, he added to the free;
And like a Harpye (with a voice, that shrickes so dreadfully,
And feathers that like needles prickt) she stoopt through all the starres
Amongst the *Grecians*; all whose tents, were now fill'd for the warres.
Her feres strooke through *Achilles* tent; and closely she instill'd
Heauens most-to-be-desired feast, to his great breast; and fill'd
His sinewes with that sweete supply, for feare vnsauorie Fast
Should creepe into his knees. Her selfe, the skies againe enchac't.
The show of the army, setting forth vnder Achilles conduct.
The host set forth; and pour'd his steele waues, farre out of the fleete.
And as from aire; the frostie Northwind blowes a cold thicke sleete,
That dazels eyes; flakes after flakes, incessantly descending:
So thicke helmes, curets, ashen darts, and round shields, neuer ending,
Flow'd from the nauies hollow wombe: their splendors gaue heauens eye,
His beames againe; Earth laught to see, her face so like the skie.
Armes shin'd so hote; and she such clouds, made with the dust she cast,
She thunderd; feete of men and horse, importun'd her so fast.
In midst of all; diuine *Achilles* his faire person arm'd;
His teeth gnasht as he stood; his eyes, so full of fire, they warm'd.
Vnsufferd griefe and anger at, the *Troians* so combin'd.
His greaues first vsde, his goodly curets on his bosome shin'd;
His sword, his shield; that cast a brightnesse from it, like the Moone.
And as from sea, sailers discerne, a harmfull fire, let runne
By herdsmens faults, till all their stall, flies vp in wrastling flame;

Which

Which being on hils, is ſeene farre off; but being alone, none came
To giue it quench; at ſhore no neighbours; and at ſea, their friends
Driuen off with tempeſts; ſuch a fire, from his bright ſhield extends
His ominous radiance; and in heauen, impreſt his feruent blaze.
His creſted helmet, graue and high, had next triumphant place;
On his curl'd head: and like a ſtarre, it caſt a ſpurrie ray;
About which, a bright thickned buſh, of golden haire, did play;
Which *Vulcan* forg'd him for his plume. Thus compleate arm'd, he tride
How fit they were: and if his motion could with eaſe abide
Their braue inſtruction; and ſo farre, they were from hindring it;
That to it they were nimble wings; and made ſo light his ſpirit,
That from the earth, the princely Captaine they tooke vp to aire.
Then from his armoury he drew, his lance, his fathers ſpeare,
Huge, weightie, firme; that not a *Greeke*, but he himſelfe alone
Knew how to ſhake; it grew vpon, the mountaine *Pelion*;
From whoſe height, *Chiron* hew'd it for, his Sire; and fatall twas
To great-ſoul'd men. Of *Peleus* and *Pelion*, ſurnamed *Pelias*.
Then from the ſtable, their bright horſe, *Automedon* withdrawes;
And *Alcymus*. Put Poitrils on, and caſt vpon their rawes,
Their bridles; hurling backe the raines, and hung them on the ſeate.
The faire ſcourge then *Automedon*, takes vp, and vp doth get,
To guide the horſe. The fights ſeate laſt, *Achilles* tooke behind;
Who lookt ſo arm'd, as if the Sunne, there falne from heauen had ſhin'd.
And terribly, thus charg'd his ſteeds. *Xanthus*, and *Balius*, *Achilles to his horſes.*
Seed of the Harpye; in the charge, ye vndertake of vs;
Diſcharge it not; as when *Patroclus* ye left dead in field.
But when with bloud, for this dayes faſt obſeru'd, *Reuenge* ſhall yeeld
Our heart ſacietie; bring vs off. Thus ſince *Achilles* ſpake,
As if his aw'd ſteeds vnderſtood: twas *Iunoes* will to make
Vocall the pallat of the one; who ſhaking his faire head,
(Which in his mane (let fall to earth) he almoſt buried)
Thus *Xanthus* ſpake: Ableſt *Achilles* now (at leaſt) our care *Xanthus the horſe of Achi. to Achilles.*
Shall bring thee off; but not farre hence, the fatall minutes are,
Of thy graue ruine. Nor ſhall we, be then to be reprou'd,
But mightieſt Fate, and the great God. Nor was thy beſt belou'd
Spoil'd ſo of armes by our ſlow pace; or courages empaire;
The beſt of gods, *Latonaes* ſonne, that weares the golden haire,
Gaue him his deaths wound; though the grace, he gaue to *Hectors* hand.
We, like the ſpirit of the Weſt, that all ſpirits can command
For powre of wing, could runne him off: but thou thy ſelfe muſt go;
So Fate ordaines; God and a man, muſt giue thee ouerthrow.
This ſaid, the Furies ſtopt his voice. *Achilles* farre in rage, *Achilles reply to Xanthus.*
Thus anſwerd him: It fits not thee, thus proudly to preſage
My ouerthrow; I know my ſelfe, it is my fate to fall
Thus farre from *Phthia*; yet that Fate, ſhall faile to vent her gall,
Till mine vent thouſands. Theſe words vſde, he fell to horrid deeds;
Gaue dreadfull ſignall; and forthright, made flie, his one-hou'd ſteeds.

COMMENTA.

COMMENTARIVS.

ἄ Κλαγξ ὑπαιθέτω, &c. Aprum præparet mactandum Iouique Soliquæ: He ſhall prepare a Bore for ſacrifice to *Ioue* and the Sunne. *It is the end of* Agamemnons *ſpeech in this booke before to* Vlyſſes, *and promiſeth that ſacrifice to* Ioue *and the Sun, at the reconciliation of himſelfe and* Achilles. *Our Commentors* (Euſtathius *and* Spondanus, &c.) *will by no meanes allow the word* Καπρος *here for* Homers, *but an vnskilfulneſſe in the diuulger; and will needs haue it* ὗς *or* σῦς; *which* Spondanus *ſayes is altogether here to be vnderſtood: as* Euſtathius *words teach; for to offer ſo fierce a beaſt to* Ioue *as a Bore, he ſayes is abſurd: and cites* Natalis lib. 1. cap. 17. *where he ſayes,* Homer *in this place makes a tame Sow ſacrificed to* Ioue; *who was as tamely and ſimply deceiued as the reſt.* Euſtathius *reaſon for it, is, that* ſus *is* animal ſalax; *and ſince the oath* Agamemnon *takes at this ſacrifice to ſatisfie* Achilles (*that he hath not toucht* Briſeis) *is concerning a woman, very fitly is a Sow here ſacrificed. But this ſeemes to* Spondanus *ſomething ridiculous (as I hope you will eaſily iudge it.) And, as I conceiue, ſo is his owne opinion to haue the originall word* Καπρος *altered, and expounded* ſuem. *His reaſon for it, he makes nice to vtter, ſaying, he knowes what is ſet downe amongſt the learned touching the ſacrifice of a Sow. But becauſe it is (he ſayes)* ἀπροσδιονυσον, nihil ad rem, (*though as they expound it, tis too much* ad rem) *he is willing to keepe his opinion in ſilence; vnleſſe you will take it for a ſplayed or gelded Sow; as if* Agamemnon *would innuate, that as this Sow (being ſplayed) is free from* Venus, *ſo had he neuer attempted the diſhonour of* Briſeis. *And peraduenture (ſayes* Spondanus) *you cannot think of a better expoſition: when a worſe cannot be coniectured, vnleſſe that of* Euſtathius; *as I hope you will cleerly grant me, when you heare but mine. Which is this: The ſacrifice is not made by* Agamemnon, *for any reſemblance or reference it hath to the Lady now to be reſtored, (which ſince theſe Clerkes will needs haue it a Sow, in behalfe of Ladies, I diſdaine) but onely to the reconciliation of* Agamemnon *and* Achilles; *for a ſacred ſigne whereof, and that their wraths were now abſolutely appeaſed,* Agamemnon *thought fit, a Bore (being the moſt wrathfull of all beaſts) ſhould be ſacrificed to* Ioue; *intimating, that in that Bore, they ſacrificed their wraths to* Iupiter, *and became friends. And thus is the originall word preſerued, which (together with the ſacred ſence of our* Homer) *in a thouſand other places, ſuffers moſt ignorant and barbarous violence. But here (being weary, both with finding faults, and my labour) till a refreſhing come, I wil end my poore Comment. Holding it not altogether vnfit with this ridiculous contention of our Commentors, a litle to quicken you, and make it ſomething probable, that their ouerſight in this trifle, is accompanied with a thouſand other errors in matter of our diuine* Homers *depth and grauitie. Which will not open it ſelfe to the curious auſteritie of belabouring art, but onely to the naturall and moſt ingenuous ſoule of our thrice ſacred Poeſie.*

The end of the nineteenth Booke.

THE

THE XX. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

The Argvment.

BY Ioues *permission, all the gods descend*
To aide on both parts. For the Greekes contend,
Iuno, Minerua, Neptune, Mulciber,
And Mercurie. *The deities that prefer*
The Troian part, are, Phœbus, Cyprides,
Phœbe, Latona, *and the foe to Peace;* Mars.
With bright Scamander. Neptune *in a mist*
Preserues Æneas, (*daring to resist*
Achilles;) *by whose hand, much skath is done;*
Besides the slaughter of old Priams *sonne,*
(*Yong* Polydor) *whose rescue,* Hector *makes;*
Him (flying) Phœbus, *to his rescue takes,*
The rest (all shunning their importun'd fates)
Achilles *beates, euen to the Ilian gates.*

Another Argument.

In Ypsilon *Strife stirres in heauen.*
The dayes grace, to the Greekes is giuen.

THe *Greeks* thus arm'd; and made insatiate, with desire of fight,
About thee, *Peleus* sonne; The foe, in ground of greatest height,
Stood opposite, rang'd. Then *Ioue* charg'd *Themis*, frō *Olympus* top
To call a court; she euery way, disperst; and summon'd vp
All deities; Not any floud (besides *Oceanus*) *Ioue summons all the deities to counsell.*
But made apparance: not a Nymph (that arbours odorous,
The heads of flouds, and flowrie medowes make their sweete abodes)
Was absent there; but all at his court that is king of gods,
Assembl'd; and in lightsome seates, of admirable frame
(Perform'd for *Ioue*, by *Vulcan*) sate. Euen angry *Neptune* came;
Nor heard the goddesse with vnwilling eare; but with the rest,
Made free ascension from the sea; and did his state inuest
In midst of all: begun the counsell, and inquir'd of *Ioue*,
His reason for that session; and on what point did moue
His high intention for the foes; he thought the heate of warre,
Was then neare breaking out in flames. To him, the Thunderer:
Thou know'st this counsell by the rest, of those forepurposes,
That still inclin'd me; my cares still, must succour the distresse
Of *Troy*; though in the mouth of Fate; yet vow I, not to stirre
One step from off this top of heauen; but all th'affaire referre

To any one. Here Ile hold ſtate, and freely take the ioy
Of eithers fate: helpe whom ye pleaſe; for tis aſſur'd, that *Troy*,
Not one dayes conflict can ſuſtaine, againſt *AEacides*,
If heauen oppoſe not. His meere lookes, threw darts enow, t'impreſſe
Their powres with trembling; but when blowes, ſent from his fiery hand,
(Thrice heat by ſlaughter of his friend) ſhall come and countermand
Their former glories: we haue feare, that though Fate keepe their wall,
Hee'l ouerturne it. Then deſcend; and ceaſſe not till ye all
Adde all your aides; mixe earth and heauen, together with the fight
Achilles vrgeth. Theſe his words, did ſuch a warre excite,
As no mans powre could wraſtle downe; the gods with parted harts,
Departed heauen, and made earth warre. To guide the *Grecian* darts,
The names of the gods partakers with either part. *Iuno* and *Pallas*, with the god, that doth the earth embrace,
And moſt-for-mans-vſe, *Mercurie* (whom good wiſe inwards grace)
Were partially, and all emploid; and with them halted downe
(Proud of his ſtrength) lame *Mulciber*; his walkers quite miſgrowne,
But made him tread exceeding ſure. To aide the *Ilian* ſide,
The changeable in armes, went (*Mars*); and him accompanied
Diana, that delights in ſhafts; and *Phœbus*, neuer ſhorne;
And *Aphrodite*, laughter-pleaſde; and ſhe, of whom was borne
Still-yong *Apollo*; and the floud, that runnes on golden ſands
Bright *Xanthus*. All theſe aided *Troy*; and till theſe lent their hands,
The *Grecians* triumpht in the aide, *AEacides* did adde;
The *Troians* trembling with his ſight; ſo glorioufly clad,
He ouerſhin'd the field; and *Mars*, no harmfuller then he.
He bore the iron ſtreame on cleare; but when *Ioues* high decree
Let fall the gods amongſt their troupes; the field fweld, and the fight
Pallas. Grew fierce and horrible. The * Dame, that armies doth excite,
Thunderd with Clamor; ſometimes ſet, at dike without the wall,
And ſometimes on the bellowing ſhore. On th'other ſide, the Call
Of *Mars* to fight was terrible; he cried out, like a ſtorme;
Set on the cities pinnacles; and there he would informe
Sometimes his heartnings; Other times, where *Simois* powres on
His ſiluer currant, at the foote, of high *Callicolon*.
And thus the bleſt gods, both ſides vrg'd; they all ſtood in the mids,
The ſtate of the preparation to the fight, when the gods were to encounter. And brake Contention to the hoſts. And ouer all their heads,
The gods king, in abhorred claps, his thunder ratt'l'd out.
Beneath them, *Neptune* toſt the earth; the mountaines round about,
Bow'd with affright, and ſhooke their heads: *Ioues* hill, the earth quake felt;
(Steepe Ida) trembling at her rootes, and all her fountaines ſpilt:
Their browes all crannied. *Troy* did nod; the *Grecian* nauie plaid
(As on the ſea): th'infernall king, that all things frayes, was fraid;
And leapt affrighted from his throne; cried out, leſt ouer him
Neptune ſhould rend in two the earth; and ſo his houſe ſo dim,
So lothſome, filthy, and abhord, of all the gods beſide,
Should open, both to gods and men. Thus, all things ſhooke and cri'd,
When this blacke battell of the gods, was ioyning; thus arraied:
Gainſt *Neptune*, *Phœbus* with wing'd ſhafts; gainſt *Mars* the blew-eyd maid:

Gainſt

Gainſt *Iuno*, *Phœbe*, whoſe white hands, bore ſinging darts of gold;
Her ſide arm'd with a ſheafe of ſhafts; and (by the birth twofold
Of bright *Latona*) ſiſter twin, to him that ſhootes ſo farre;
Againſt *Latona*, *Hermes* ſtood (graue guard in peace and warre,
Of humane beings;) gainſt the god, whoſe Empire is in fire;
The watry godhead; that great flood, to ſhew whoſe powre entire
In ſpoile as th'other: all his ſtreame, on lurking whirlepits trod,
Xanthus, by gods; by men *Scamander* cald. Thus, god gainſt god,
Enterd the field. *Æacides*, ſuſtain'd a feruent mind
To cope with *Hector*; paſt all theſe, his ſpirit ſtood enclin'd,
To glut *Mars* with the bloud of him. And at *Æacides*,
Apollo ſet *Anchiſes* ſonne. But firſt he did impreſſe,
A more then naturall ſtrength in him; and made him feele th'exceſſe,
Infuſde from heauen. *Lycaons* ſhape, gaue ſhow to his addreſſe,
(Old *Priams* ſonne) and thus he ſpake: Thou counſeller of *Troy*,
Where now flie out thoſe threats, that late, put all our Peeres in ioy
Of thy fight with *Æacides*? Thy tongue once (ſteept in wine)
Durſt vant as much. He anſwerd him: But why wouldſt thou incline
My powres gainſt that proud enemie, and gainſt my preſent heate?
I meane not now to bid him blowes; that feare founds my retreate,
That heretofore diſcourag'd me: when after he had rac't
Lyrneſus, and ſtrong *Pedaſus*, his ſtill breath'd furie chac't
Our oxen from th'Idæan hill, and ſet on me; but *Ioue*
Gaue ſtrength and knees, and bore me off, that had not walkt aboue
This center now, but propt by him. *Mineruaes* hand (that held
A light to this her fauorite; whoſe beames, ſhew'd, and impeld
His powres to ſpoile) had ruin'd me. For theſe eares heard her crie:
Kill, kill the ſeed of *Ilion*; kill, th'Aſian *Lelegi*.
Meere man then muſt not fight with him, that ſtill hath gods to friend;
Auerting death on others darts; and giuing his no end,
But with the ends of men. If God, like Fortune in the fight,
Would giue my forces; not with eaſe, wing'd *Victorie* ſhould light
On his proud ſhoulders; nor he ſcape, though all of braſſe he boſts
His plight conſiſteth. He replide: Pray thou, thoſe gods of hoſts,
Whom he implores, as well as he; and his chance may be thine;
Thou cam'ſt of gods like him: the Queene, that reignes in *Salamine*,
Fame ſounds, thy mother; he deriu'd, of lower deitie.
Old *Nereus* daughter bearing him; Beare then thy heart as hie,
And thy vnwearied ſteele as right; nor vtterly be beate
With onely crueltie of words; not proofe againſt a threat.

Apollo inſtigates Æneas to the encounter of Achilles, in ſhape of Lycaon.

Æneas to Apollo.

This ſtrengthned him; and forth he ruſht; nor could his ſtrengthening flie,
White-wriſted *Iuno*; nor his drifts. She, euery deitie
Of th'Achiue faction cald to her; and ſaid: Ye muſt haue care
(*Neptune* and *Pallas*) for the frame, of this important warre
Ye vndertake here; *Venus* ſonne (by *Phœbus* being impeld)
Runnes on *Achilles*; turne him backe; or ſee our friend vpheld
By one of vs. Let not the ſpirit of *Æacides*,
Be ouer-dar'd; but make him know, the mightieſt deities

Iuno to the gods of Greece.

Stand kind to him; and that the gods, protectors of theſe towres
That fight againſt *Greece*; and were here, before our eminent powres,
Beare no importance. And beſides, that all we ſtoope from heauen
To curbe this fight, that no empaire, be to his perſon giuen
By any *Troians*, nor their aides, while this day beares the Sunne;
Hereafter, all things that are wrapt, in his birth-threed, and ſpunne
By *Parcas*, (in that point of time, his mother gaue him aire)
He muſt ſuſtaine. But if *Report*, performe not the repaire
Of all this to him, by the *Voice*, of ſome immortall ſtate,
He may be fearfull, (if ſome god, ſhould ſet on him) that Fate,
Makes him her miniſter. The gods, when they appeare to men,
And manifeſt their proper formes, are paſſing dreadfull then.

Neptune to Iuno *Neptune* replide: *Saturnia*, at no time let your Care
Exceed your Reaſon; tis not fit. Where onely humanes are,
We muſt not mixe the hands of gods; our ods is too extreme.
Sit we by, in ſome place of height, where we may ſee to them,
And leaue the warres of men, to men. But if we ſee from thence,
Or *Mars*, or *Phœbus*, enter fight; or offer leaſt offence
To *Thetis* ſonne; not giuing free way to his conquering rage;
Then comes the conflict to our eares; we ſoone ſhall diſ-engage
Achilles, and ſend them to heauen, to ſettle their abode
With Equals; flying vnder-ſtrifes. This ſaid, the blacke-hair'd god,
Led to the towre of of *Hercules*; built circular and hie
By *Pallas* and the *Ilians*, for fit ſecuritie
Hercules. To *Ioues* diuine *ſonne, gainſt the Whale, that draue him from the ſhore,
To th'ample field. There *Neptune* ſate, and all the gods that bore
The *Greekes* good meaning; caſting all, thicke mantles made of clouds,
On their bright ſhoulders. Th'oppos'd gods, ſate hid in other ſhrouds,
On top of ſteepe *Callicolon*; about thy golden ſides,
O *Phœbus*, brandiſher of darts; and thine, whoſe rage abides
No peace in cities. In this ſtate, theſe gods in counſell ſate;
All lingring purpoſde fight, to trie, who firſt would eleuate
His heauenly weapon. High-thron'd *Ioue*, cried out, to ſet them on;
Ioue ſets on the other gods to fight. Said; all the field was full of men; and that the earth did grone
With feete of proud encounterers, burn'd with the armes of men,
And barbed horſe. Two champions, for both the armies then,
Met in their midſt, prepar'd for blowes; diuine *Æacides*,
And *Venus* ſonne; *Æneas* firſt, ſtept threatning forth the preaſſe,
His high helme nodding; and his breaſt, bard with a ſhadie ſhield,
And ſhooke his iauelin. *Thetis* ſonne, did his part to the field,
Simile. As when the harmfull king of beaſts, (ſore threatn'd to be ſlaine,
By all the countrie vp in armes) at firſt makes coy *Diſdaine*
Prepare reſiſtance; but at laſt, when any one hath led
Bold charge vpon him with his dart; he then turnes yawning head;
Fell Anger lathers in his iawes; his great heart ſwels; his ſterne
Laſheth his ſtrength vp; ſides and thighes, wadl'd with ſtripes to learne
Their owne powre; his eyes glow; he rores; and in he leapes, to kill,
Secure of killing: So his powre, then rowſde vp to his will,

Matchleſſe

Matchleſſe *Achilles*, coming on, to meete *Anchiſes* ſonne.
Both neare; *Achilles* thus enquir'd: Why ſtandſt thou thus alone, *Achilles to AEneas.*
Thou ſonne of *Venus?* cals thy heart, to change of blowes with me?
Sure *Troyes* whole kingdome is propoſde; ſome one hath promiſt thee
The throne of *Priam* for my life; but *Priams* ſelfe is wiſe;
And (for my ſlaughter) not ſo mad, to make his throne thy priſe.
Priam hath ſonnes to ſecond him. Is't then ſome peece of land,
Paſt others, fit to ſet and ſow, that thy victorious hand,
The *Ilians* offer for my head? I hope that priſe will proue
No eaſie conqueſt: once, I thinke, my buſie iauelin droue;
(With terror) thoſe thoughts from your ſpleene. Retain'ſt thou not the time,
When ſingle on th'Idæan hill, I tooke thee with the crime
Of Run-away? thy Oxen left? and when thou hadſt no face,
That I could ſee; thy knees bereft, it, and *Lyrneſus* was
The maske for that. Then that maske too, I opened to the aire,
(By *Ioue* and *Pallas* helpe) and tooke, the free light from the faire;
Your Ladies bearing priſoners. But *Ioue* and th'other gods,
Then ſaft thee; yet againe I hope, they will not adde their ods,
To ſaue thy wants, as thou preſum'ſt; retire then, aime not at
Troys throne by me; flie ere thy ſoule, flies; fooles are wiſe too late.
He anſwerd him: Hope not that words, can child-like terrifie *AEneas to Achilles.*
My ſtroke-proofe breaſt; I well could ſpeake, in this indecencie,
And vſe tart termes; but we know well, what ſtocke vs both put out;
Too gentle to beare fruites ſo rude. Our parents ring about,
The worlds round boſome; and by fame, their dignities are blowne
To both our knowledges; by ſight; neither, to either knowne;
Thine, to mine eyes; nor mine to thine. Fame ſounds thy worthineſſe
From famous *Peleus*; the ſea Nymph, that hath the louely treſſe,
(*Thetis*) thy mother; I my ſelfe, affirme my Sire to be
Great-ſoul'd *Anchiſes*; ſhe that holds, the Paphian deitie,
My mother; and of theſe, this light, is now t'exhale the teares
For their lou'd iſſue; thee or me; childiſh, vnworthy dares,
Are not enough to part our powres; for if thy ſpirits want
Due excitation (by diſtruſt, of that deſert I vant)
To ſet vp all reſts for my life; Ile lineally proue
(Which many will confirme) my race. Firſt, cloud commanding *Ioue* *AEneas pedigree.*
Was ſire to *Dardanus*, that built, *Dardania*; for the wals
Of ſacred *Ilion*, ſpred not yet, theſe fields; thoſe faire-built hals,
Of diuers-languag'd men, not raiſd; all then made populous
The foote of *Idaes* fountfull hill. This *Ioue*-got *Dardanus*,
Begot king *Erichthonius*; for wealth, paſt all compares,
Of liuing mortals; in his fens, he fed three thouſand mares,
All neighing by their tender foles; of which, twice ſixe were bred
By loftie *Boreas*; their dams, lou'd by him, as they fed;
He tooke the braue forme of a horſe, that ſhooke an azure mane,
And ſlept with them. Theſe twice ſixe colts, had pace, ſo ſwift they ranne
Vpon the top-ayles of corne-eares; nor bent them any whit.
And when the brode backe of the ſea, their pleaſure was to ſit,

The ſuperficies of his waues, they ſlid vpon; their houes
Not dipt in danke ſweate of his browes. Of *Erichthonius* loues
Sprang *Tros*, the king of *Troians*; *Tros* three yong princes bred,
Ilus, renowm'd *Aſſaracus*, and heauenly *Ganymed*,
The faireſt youth of all that breath'd; whom (for his beauties loue)
The gods did rauiſh, to their ſtate, to beare the cup to *Ioue*.
Ilus begot *Laomedon*; god-like *Laomedon*
Got *Tithon*, *Priam*, *Clytius*, *Mars*-like *Hycetaon*,
And *Lampus*. Great *Aſſaracus*, *Capys* begot; and he,
Anchiſes; Prince *Anchiſes*, me. King *Priam*, *Hector*; we
Sprang both of one high family. Thus, fortunate men giue birth;
But *Ioue* giues vertue; he augments; and he empaires the worth
Of all men; and his will, their Rule; he ſtrong'ſt; all ſtrength affoords;
Why then paint we (like dames) the face, of *Conflict* with our words?
Both may giue language, that a ſhip, driuen with a hundred ores,
Would ouer-burthen: a mans tongue, is voluble; and poures
Words out, of all ſorts; euery way; ſuch as you ſpeake, you heare.
What then need we vie calumnies, like women that will weare
Their tongues out, being once incenſt; and ſtriue for ſtrife, to part
(Being on their way) they trauell ſo: from words, words may auert;
From vertue, not; it is your ſteele (diuine *Æacides*)
Muſt proue my proofe, as mine ſhall yours. Thus amply did he eaſe
Æneas chargeth Achilles. His great heart of his pedigree; and ſharply ſent away
A dart, that caught *Achilles* ſhield; and rung ſo, it did fray
The ſonne of *Thetis*; his faire hand, farre-thruſting out his ſhield,
For feare the long lance had driuen through; O foole, to thinke twould yeeld;
And not to know, the gods firme gifts, want want, to yeeld ſo ſoone
To mens poore powres; the eager lance, had onely conqueſt wonne
Of two plates; and the ſhield had fiue; two forg'd of tin, two braſſe,
One (that was center-plate) of gold, and that forbad the paſſe
Of *Anchiſiades* his lance. Then ſent *Achilles* forth
Achilles at Æneas. His lance, that through the firſt fold ſtrooke; where braſſe of litle worth,
And no great proofe of hides was laid; through all which *Pelias* ranne
His iron head; and after it, his aſhen body wanne
Paſſe to the earth, and there it ſtucke; his top on th'other ſide:
And hung the ſhield vp; which, hard downe, *Æneas* pluckt to hide
His breaſt from ſword blowes; ſhrunke vp round, and in his heauie eye,
Was much griefe ſhadowed; much afraid, that *Pelias* ſtucke ſo nie.
Then prompt *Achilles* ruſhing in, his ſword drew; and the field
Rung with his voice. *Æneas* now, left, and let hang his ſhield,
And (all diſtracted) vp he ſnatcht, a two mens ſtrength of ſtone;
And either, at his ſhield or caske, he ſet it rudely gone,
Nor car'd where; ſo it ſtrooke a place, that put on armes, for death;
But he (*Achilles* came ſo cloſe) had doubtleſſe ſunke beneath,
His owne death, had not *Neptune* ſeene, and interpoſde the ods
Of his diuine powre; vttering this, to the *Achaian* gods:
Neptune to the other gods of Greece. I grieue for this great hearted man; he will be ſent to hell,
Euen inſtantly, by *Peleus* ſonne, being onely mou'd to deale

By

By *Phœbus* words: What foole is he? *Phœbus* did neuer meane,
To adde to his great words, his guard, against the ruine then
Summon'd against him: and what cause, hath he, to head him on
To others miseries? He being cleare, of any trespasse done
Against the *Grecians*? thankfull gifts, he oft hath giuen to vs;
Let vs then quit him, and withdraw, this combat, for if thus,
Achilles end him: *Ioue* will rage, since his escape in fate,
Is purposde; left the progenie, of *Dardanus* take date;
Whom *Ioue*, past all his issue, lou'd, begot of mortall dames:
All *Priams* race he hates; and this, must propagate the names
Of *Troians*, and their sonnes sonnes rule, to all posteritie.
Saturnia said, make free your pleasure, saue, or let him die;
Pallas and I haue taken many, and most publique oathes,
That th'ill day neuer shall auert, her eye (red with our wroths)
From hated *Troy*: No, not when all, in studied fire she flames
The *Greeke rage*, blowing her last coale. This nothing turn'd his aimes
From present rescue: but through all, the whizzing speares he past,
And came where both were combatting; when instantly he cast,
A mist before *Achilles* eyes, drew from the earth, and shield,
His lance, and laid it at his feete: and then tooke vp, and held
Aloft, the light *Anchises* sonne, who past (with *Neptunes* force)
Whole orders of Heroes heads, and many a troope of horse
Leapt ouer, till the bounds he reacht, of all the feruent broyle,
Where all the *Caucons* quarters lay. Thus (farre freed from the toyle)
Neptune had time to vse these words: *Æneas*, who was he
Of all the gods, that did so much, neglect thy good, and thee,
To vrge thy fight with *Thetis* sonne? who, in immortall rates,
Is better, and more deare then thee? Hereafter, left (past fates)
Hell be thy headlong home, retire; make bold stand neuer neare,
Where he aduanceth: but his fate, once satisfied, then beare,
A free, and full sayle: no *Greeke* else, shall end thee. This reueald,
He left him, and dispersst the cloud, that all this act conceald
From vext *Achilles*: who againe, had cleare light from the skies,
And (much disdaining the escape) said: O ye gods, mine eyes
Discouer miracles: my lance, submitted, and he gone
At whom I sent it, with desire, of his confusion?
Æneas sure was lou'd of heauen; I thought his vant from thence,
Had flow'd from glorie. Let him go, no more experience
Will his mind long for, of my hands: he flies them now so cleare:
Cheare then the *Greeks*, and others trie. Thus rang'd he euery where
The *Grecian* orders; euery man, (of which the most lookt on
To see their fresh Lord shake his lance) he thus put charge vpon:
Diuine *Greeks*, stand not thus at gaze, but man to man apply
Your seuerall valours: tis a taske, laide too vnequally
On me, left to so many men; one man, oppos'de to all.
Not *Mars*, immortall and a god, nor warres she Generall;
A field of so much fight could chace, and worke it out with blowes;
But what a man may execute, that all lims will expose,

Homers prophecy of Æneas, to propagate the Troian race.

Iuno to Neptune.

Neptune to Æneas.

Achilles admires the scape of Æneas.

And all their ſtrength to th'vtmoſt nerue (though now I loſt ſome play,
By ſome ſtrange miracle) no more, ſhall burne in vaine the day;
To any leaſt beame; all this hoſt, Ile ranſacke, and haue hope,
Of all; not one (againe) will ſcape; whoeuer giues ſuch ſcope
To his aduenture; and ſo neare; dares tempt, my angry lance.
Thus he excited. *Hector* then, as much ſtriues to aduance,
The hearts of his men; adding threates, affirming he would ſtand,
Hector to his Ilians. In combat with *Æacides*. Giue *Feare* (ſaid he) no hand,
Of your great hearts, (braue *Ilians*) for *Pelæus* talking Sonne;
Ile fight with any god with words; but when their ſpeares put on,
The worke runs high; their ſtrength exceeds, mortalitie ſo farre.
And they may make works crowne their words; which holds not in the warre
Achilles makes; his hands haue bounds; this word he ſhall make good,
And leaue another to the field: his worſt ſhall be withſtood,
With ſole obiection of my ſelfe. Though in his hands he beare
A rage like fire; though fire it ſelfe, his raging fingers were;
And burning ſteele flew in his ſtrength. Thus he incited his;
Phebus to Hector. And they raiſd lances, and to worke, with mixed courages;
And vp flew *Clamor*; but the heate, in *Hector*, *Phœbus* gaue
This temper: Do not meet (ſaid he) in any ſingle braue,
The man thou threatn'ſt, but in preaſſe; and in thy ſtrength impeach
His violence; for farre off, or neare, his ſword, or dart will reach.
The gods voice made a difference, in *Hectors* owne conceipt,
Betwixt his, and *Achilles* words; and gaue ſuch ouerweight,
As weigh'd him backe into his ſtrength, and curb'd his flying out.
At all threw fierce *Æacides*, and gaue a horrid ſhout.
Iphition ſlaine by Achilles. The firſt of all he put to dart, was fierce *Iphition*;
Surnam'd *Otryntides*, whom *Nais*, the water Nymph made ſonne
To towne-deſtroyer *Otryneus*. Beneath the ſnowy hill,
Of *Tmolus*, in the wealthie towne, of *Ide*: at his will,
Were many able men at armes. He ruſhing in, tooke full,
Pelides lance, in his heads midſt; that cleft, in two, his skull.
Achilles knew him, one much fam'd; and thus inſulted then:
Th'art dead *Otryntides*, though cald, the terribleſt of men;
Thy race runs at *Gygæus* lake, there thy inheritance lay,
Neare fiſhy *Hillus*; and the gulfs, of *Hermus*: but this day,
Remoues it to the fields of *Troy*. Thus left he Night to ſeaſe
His cloſed eyes, his body laid, in courſe of all the preaſe;
Which *Grecian* horſe, broke with the ſtrakes, naild to their chariot wheeles.
Demoleon ſlaine by Achilles. Next (through the temples) the burſt eyes, his deadly iauelin ſteeles
Of great-in-*Troy Antenors* ſonne, renown'd *Demoleon*;
A mightie turner of a field. His ouerthrow, ſet gone
Hippodamas, who leapt from horſe, and as he fled before
Æacides; his turned backe, he made fell *Pelias* gore,
And forth he puft his flying ſoule; and as a tortur'd Bull;
Simile. (To *Neptune* brought for ſacrifice) a troope of yongſters pull
Downe to the earth, and dragge him round, about the hallowed ſhore;
To pleaſe the watry deitie, with forcing him to rore;

And

And forth he powres his vtmoſt throte. So bellow'd this ſlaine friend,
Of flying *Ilion*, with the breath, that gaue his being end.
Then ruſht he on; and in his eye, had heauenly *Polydore*,
Old *Priams* ſonne; whom laſt of all, his fruitfull Princeſſe bore;
And for his youth (being deare to him) the king forbad to fight.
Yet (hote of vnexperienc't blood, to ſhew how exquiſite
He was of foote: for which of all, the fiftie ſonnes he held
The ſpeciall name.) He flew before, the firſt heate of the field;
Euen till he flew out breath and ſoule: which, through the backe, the lance
Of ſwift *Achilles*, put in ayre, and did his head aduance
Out at his nauill: on his knees, the poore Prince crying fell;
And gatherd with his tender hands, his entrailes; that did ſwell
Quite through the wide wound, till a cloud, as blacke as death, conceald
Their ſight, and all the world from him. When *Hector* had beheld
His brother tumbl'd ſo to earth (his entrailes ſtill in hand)
Darke ſorrow ouercaſt his eyes; nor farre off could he ſtand
A minute longer: but like fire, he brake out of the throng;
Shooke his long lance, at *Thetis* ſonne; And then came he along,
To feed th'encounter: O (ſaid he) here comes the man that moſt,
Of all the world deſtroyes my minde: the man by whom I loſt
My deare *Patroclus*; now not long, the crooked paths of warre,
Can yeeld vs any priuie ſcapes: Come, keepe not off ſo farre;
(He cryed to *Hector*) make the paine, of thy ſure death as ſhort,
As one, ſo deſperate of his life, hath reaſon. In no ſort,
This frighted *Hector*, who bore cloſe: and ſaid; *Æacides*,
Leaue threates for children; I haue powre, to thunder calumnies,
As well as others; and well know, thy ſtrength ſuperiour farre,
To that my nerues hold; but the gods, (not nerues) determine warre.
And yet (for nerues) there will be found, a ſtrength of powre in mine,
To driue a lance home to thy life; my lance, as well as thine
Hath point, and ſharpeneſſe, and tis this. Thus brandiſhing his ſpeare,
He ſet it flying; which a breath, of *Pallas*, backe did beare
From *Thetis* ſonne, to *Hectors* ſelfe; and at his feet it fell.
Achilles vſde no dart; but cloſe, flew in; and thought to deale
With no ſtrokes, but of ſure diſpatch; but what with all his blood
He labor'd; *Phœbus* clear'd with eaſe, as being a god; and ſtood
For *Hectors* guard; as *Pallas* did, *Æacides* for thine.
He rapt him from him; and a cloud, of much *Night* caſt betweene
His perſon, and the point oppoſde. *Achilles* then exclaim'd
O ſee, yet more gods are at worke; *Apollos* hand hath fram'd
(Dog that thou art) thy reſcue now: to whom, go, pay the vowes
Thy ſafetie owes him; I ſhall vent, in time, thoſe fatall blowes,
That yet beate in my heart, on thine; if any god remaine,
My equall fautor. In meane time, my anger muſt maintaine
His fire on other *Ilians*. Then laid he at his feet,
Great *Demochus*, *Philetors*, ſonne; and *Dryope* did greet
With like encounter. *Dardanus*, and ſtrong *Laogonus*,
(Wiſe *Byas* ſonnes) he hurld from horſe, of one, victorious

Polydore ſlaine by Achilles.

Achilles paſſion at the ſight of Hector.

Hector to Achilles.

Pallas breathes backe Hectors lance throwne at Achilles.

Apollo reſcues Hector.

With

With his cloſe ſword; the others life, he conquerd with his lance.
Then *Tros*, *Alaſtors* ſonne made in, and ſought to ſcape their chance,
With free ſubmiſſion. Downe he fell, and praid about his knees,
He would not kill him, but take ruth; as one that Deſtinies
Made to that purpoſe; being a man, borne in the ſelfe ſame yeare
That he himſelfe was: O poore foole, to ſue to him to beare
A ruthfull mind; he well might know, he could not faſhion him,
In *Ruths* ſoft mould; he had no ſpirit, to brooke that interim
In his hote furie: he was none, of theſe remorſefull men;
Gentle, and affable: but fierce, at all times, and mad then.
He gladly would haue made a prayre, and ſtill ſo hugg'd his knee,
He could not quit him: till at laſt, his ſword was faine to free
His fetterd knees: that made a vent, for his white liuers blood,
That cauſd ſuch pittifull affects: of which, it pour'd a flood
About his boſome; which it fild, euen till it drownd his eyes;
And all ſenſe faild him. Forth then flew, this Prince of tragedies,
Who next, ſtoopt *Mulius*, euen to death, with his inſatiate ſpeare:
One eare it enterd, and made good, his paſſe to th'other eare.
Echeclus then, (*Agenors* ſonne) he ſtrooke betwixt the browes;
Whoſe blood ſet fire vpon his ſword, that coold it till the throwes
Of his then labouring braine, let out, his ſoule to fixed fate,
And gaue cold entrie to blacke death. *Deucalion* then, had ſtate
In theſe mens beings: where the nerues, about the elbow knit,
Downe to his hand his ſpeares ſteele pierc't, and brought ſuch paine to it,
As led *Death* ioyntly; whom he ſaw, before his fainting eyes;
And in his necke felt, with a ſtroke, laid on ſo; that off flies
His head: one of the twiſe twelue bones, that all the backe bone make,
Let out his marrow; when the head, he helme and all did take,
And hurl'd amongſt the *Ilians*; the body ſtretcht on earth.
Rhigmus of fruitfull *Thrace*, next fell; he was the famous birth
Of *Pireus*: his bellies midſts, the lance tooke; whoſe ſterne force,
Quite tumbl'd him from chariot. In turning backe the horſe,
Their guider *Areithous*, receiu'd another lance,
That threw him to his Lord. No end, was put to the miſchance
Simile. *Achilles* enterd: But, as fire, falne in a flaſh from heauen,
Inflames the high-woods of drie hils; and with a ſtorme is driuen,
Through all the Syluane deepes; and raues, till downe goes euery where
The ſmotherd hill: So euery way, *Achilles* and his ſpeare
Conſum'd the Champaine, the blacke earth, flow'd with the veines he tore.
And looke how Oxen, (yok't and driuen, about the circular floore,
Of ſome faire barne) treade ſodainly, the thicke ſheaues, thin of corne;
Simile. And all the corne, conſum'd with chaffe: ſo mixt and ouerborne,
Beneath *Achilles* one-hou'd horſe, ſhields, ſpeares, and men lay trod;
His axel-tree, and chariot wheeles, all ſpatterd with the blood
Hurl'd from the ſteeds houes, and the ſtrakes. Thus to be magnified,
His moſt inacceſſible hands, in humane blood he died.

8 AP 58

The end of the twentieth Booke.

THE

THE XXI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

IN two parts, Troyes hoſt parted; Thetis ſonne;
One to Scamander, *one to* Ilion
Purſues. Twelue Lords he takes aliue, to end
In ſacrifice, for vengeance to his friend.
Aſteropæus, dies by his fierce hand,
And Priams *ſonne,* Lycaon. *Ouer land*
The flood breakes: where, Achilles *being engag'd,*
Vulcan *preſerues him; and with ſpirit enrag'd,*
Sets all the Champaine, and the Flood on fire;
Contention *then, doth all the gods inſpire.*
Apollo, *in* Agenors *ſhape, doth ſtay*
Achilles *furie; and by giuing way,*
Makes him purſue; till the decript giues leaue,
That Troy, *in ſafetie, might her freinds receiue.*

Another Argument.

Phy, *at the floods ſhore, doth expreſſe*
The labours of Æacides.

AND now they reacht, the goodly ſwelling channell of the flood,
Gulfe-eating *Xanthus*; whom *Ioue* mixt, with his immortall brood:
And there *Achilles* cleft the hoſt, of *Ilion*: one ſide fell
On *Xanthus*, th'other on the towne: and that did he impell
The ſame way, that the laſt daies rage, put all the *Greeks* in rout,
When *Hectors* furie reign'd. Theſe now, *Achilles* powr'd about
The ſcatterd field. To ſtay the flight, *Saturnia* caſt before
Their haſtie feete, a ſtanding fogge; and then *Flights* violence bore
The other halfe full on the flood. The ſiluer-gulphed deepe
Receiu'd them with a mightie crie: the billowes vaſt and ſteepe,
Ror'd at their armours; which the ſhores, did round about reſound:
This way, and that, they ſwum, and ſhriekt; as in the gulphs they drownd:
And as in fit'd fields, *Locuſts* riſe, as the vnwearied blaze *Simile.*
Plies ſtill their riſing, till in ſwarmes, all ruſh as in amaze,
(For ſcape) into ſome neighbour flood: So, th' *Achilleian* ſtroke,
Here draue the foe. The gulfie flood, with men and horſe did choke.
Then on the ſhore, the Worthy hid, and left his horrid lance
Amids the Tamriskes; and ſpritelike, did with his ſword aduance,
Vp to the riuer; ill affaires, tooke vp his furious braine,
For *Troyes* engagements: euery way, he doubl'd ſlaine on ſlaine.

A moſt vnmanly noiſe was made, with thoſe he put to ſword,
Of grones and outcries; the flood bluſht, to be ſo much engor'd
With ſuch baſe ſoules: And as ſmall fiſh, the ſwift-finn'd Dolphin flie,
Simile. Filling the deepe pits in the ports; on whoſe cloſe ſtrength they lie:
And there he ſwallowes them in ſholes: So here, to rockes, and holes,
About the flood, the *Troians* fled; and there moſt loſt their ſoules:
Euen till he tir'd his ſlaughterous arme. Twelue faire yong Princes then,
He chuſde of all, to take aliue; to haue them freſhly ſlaine
On that moſt ſolemne day of wreake, reſolu'd on for his friend.
Theſe led he trembling forth the flood; as fearefull of their end,
As any Hinde calues: all their hands, he pinnioned behind
With their owne girdles; worne vpon, their rich weeds; and reſign'd
Their perſons to his *Myrmidons*, to beare to fleete: and he
Plung'd in the ſtreame againe; to take, more worke of *Tragedie*.
He met, then iſſuing the flood; with all intent of flight,
Lycaon, (*Dardan Priams* ſonne;) whom lately in the night,
Achilles his ſtrange encounter of Lycaon. He had ſurpriſde; as in a wood, of *Priams*, he had cut,
The greene armes of a wild figge tree; to make him ſpokes to put
In Naues of his new chariot. An ill then, all vnthought,
Stole on him in *Achilles* ſhape, who tooke him thence, and brought
To well-built *Lemnos*, ſelling him, to famous *Iaſons* ſonne:
From whom, a gueſt then, in his houſe; (*Imbrius Eetion*)
Redeem'd at high rate, and ſent home, t' *Arisba*; whence he fled,
And ſaw againe his fathers court: eleuen daies banquetted;
Amongſt his friends; the twelfth god thruſt, his hapleſſe head againe
In t'hands of ſterne *Æacides*; who now muſt ſend him ſlaine,
To *Plutos* Court; and gainſt his will. Him, when *Achilles* knew
Naked of helmet, ſhield, ſword, lance; (all which for eaſe he threw
To earth, being ouercome with ſweate; and labour wearying
His flying knees) he ſtorm'd, and ſaid; O heauen, a wondrous thing
Inuades mine eyes; thoſe *Ilians*, that heretofore I ſlue,
Riſe from the darke dead, quicke againe: this man, fate makes eſchew
Her owne ſteele fingers: he was ſold, in *Lemnos*; and the deepe
Of all Seas, twixt this *Troy*, and that (that many a man doth keepe
From his lou'd countrie) barres not him; Come then; he now ſhall taſt
The head of *Pelias*; and trie, if ſteele will downe as faſt
As other fortunes; or kind earth, can any ſure reiſe
On his ſlie perſon; whoſe ſtrong armes, haue held downe *Hercules*.
Lycaons feare to be ſeene of Achilles. His thoughts thus mou'd, while he ſtood firme; to ſee if he, he ſpide,
Would offer flight, (which firſt he thought) but when he had deſcride,
He was deſcried, and flight was vaine; fearefull, he made more nie,
With purpoſe to embrace his knees; and now long'd much to flie
His blacke fate, and abhorred death, by coming in. His foe
Obſeru'd all this; and vp he raiſd, his lance, as he would throw;
And then *Lycaon* cloſe ran in; fell on his breaſt, and tooke
Achilles knees; whoſe lance (on earth, now ſtaid) did ouerlooke,
His ſtil'-turn'd backe; with thirſt to glut, his ſharpe point with the blood,
That lay ſo readie; but that thirſt, *Lycaons* thirſt withſtood;

To

To ſaue his blood, *Achilles* knee, in his one hand he knit;
His other held the long lance hard, and would not part with it:
But thus beſought: I kiſſe thy knees, diuine *Æacides*:
Reſpect me, and my fortunes rue; I now preſent th'acceſſe
Of a poore ſuppliant, for thy ruth: and I am one that is
Worthy thy ruth (ô *Ioues* belou'd.) Firſt houre my miſeries
Fell into any hand, twas thine: I taſted all my bread
By thy gift ſince: O ſince that houre, that thy ſurpriſall led
From forth the faire wood, my ſad feete; farre from my lou'd allies,
To famous *Lemnos*, where I found, an hundred Oxens priſe
To make my ranſome: for which now, I thriſe the worth will raiſe.
This day, makes twelue ſince I arriu'd, in *Ilion*: many daies
Being ſpent before in ſufferance: and now a cruell fate,
Thruſts me againe into thy hands. I ſhould hant *Ioue* with hate,
That with ſuch ſet malignitie, giues thee my life againe.
There were but two of vs, for whom, *Laothoe* ſufferd paine,
(*Laothoe*, old *Altes* ſeed; *Alte*, whoſe pallace ſtood
In height of vpper *Pedaſus*, neare *Satnius* ſiluer flood;
And rulde the warre-like *Lelegi*. Whoſe ſeed (as many more)
King *Priam* married, and begot, the godlike *Polydor*;
And me accurſt: thou ſlaughterdſt him: and now thy hand on me
Will proue as mortall. I did thinke, when here I met with thee,
I could not ſcape thee; yet giue eare, and adde thy mind to it;
I told my birth to intimate, though one ſire did beget;
Yet one wombe brought not into light, *Hector* (that ſlue thy friend)
And me. O do not kill me then; but let the wretched end
Of *Polydor*, excuſe my life. For halfe our being bred
Brothers to *Hector*, he (halfe) paid, no more is forfeited.
Thus ſu'd he humbly; but he heard, with this auſtere replie:
Foole, vrge not ruth, nor price to me; till that ſolemnitie
Reſolu'd on, for *Patroclus* death, pay all his rites to fate.
Till his death, I did grace to *Troy*; and many liues did rate
At price of ranſome: but none now, of all the brood of *Troy*,
(Who euer *Ioue* throwes to my hands) ſhall any breath enioy,
That death can beate out; ſpecially, that touch at *Priams* race.
Die, die, (my friend) what teares are theſe? what ſad lookes ſpoile thy face?
Patroclus died, that farre paſt thee: nay ſeeſt thou not beſide,
My ſelfe, euen I, a faire yong man, and rarely magnifide;
And (to my father, being a king) a mother haue, that ſits
In ranke with goddeſſes; and yet, when thou haſt ſpent thy ſpirits,
Death, and as violent a fate, muſt ouertake, euen me.
By twilight, morne-light, day, high noone; when euer *Deſtinie*
Sets on her man, to hurle a lance; or knit out of his ſtring,
An arrow that muſt reach my life. This ſaid, a languiſhing
Lycaons heart bent like his knees; yet left him ſtrength t'aduance
Both hands for mercie, as he kneeld. His foe yet leaues his lance,
And forth his ſword flies; which he hid, in furrow of a wound
Driuen through the ioynture of his necke; flat fell he on the ground,

Lycaons ruthfull interceſſion to Achilles for his life.

Stretcht with deaths pangs; and all the earth, embrew'd with timeleſſe blood.
Then gript *Æacides* his heele, and to the loftie flood
Flung (ſwinging) his vnpitied corſe; to ſee it ſwim, and toſſe
Vp on the rough waues: and ſaid; Go, feed fat the fiſh with loſſe
Of thy left blood: they cleane will ſucke, thy greene wounds; and this ſaues,
Thy mother teares vpon thy bed. Deepe *Xanthus*, on his waues,
Shall hoyſe thee brauely to a tombe, that in her burly breaſt,
The ſea ſhall open; where great fiſh, may keepe thy funerall feaſt
With thy white fat: and on the waues, dance at thy wedding fate,
Clad in blacke horror; keeping cloſe, inacceſſible ſtate.
So periſh *Ilians*, till we plucke, the browes of *Ilion*
Downe to her feete, you flying ſtill: I flying ſtill vpon,
The word is καπαίζων, which they tranſlate cædens. but properly ſignifies diſſipans, ut boues infeſtis cornibus.
Thus in the rere; and (as my browes, were forckt, with rabid hornes)
Toſſe ye together. This braue flood, that ſtrengthens, and adornes
Your citie with his ſiluer gulfes; to whom, ſo many buls,
Your zeale hath offerd; with blind zeale, his ſacred current guls,
With caſting chariots, and horſe; quicke to his prayd-for aide;
Shall nothing profite: periſh then, till cruell'ſt *Death* hath laide
All, at the red feet of *Reuenge*, for my ſlaine friend; and all
With whom the abſence of my hands, made yours a feſtiuall.
This ſpeech, great *Xanthus* more enrag'd; and made his ſpirit contend,
For meanes to ſhut vp, the o'pt vaine, againſt him; and defend
The *Troians* in it, from his plague. In meane time *Peleus* ſonne,
(And now with that long lance he hid) for more blood, ſet vpon,
Aſteropæus; the deſcent, of *Pelagon*; and he
Of brode-ſtream'd *Axius*, and the dame (of firſt natiuitie,
To all the daughters that renown'd, *Aceſamenus* ſeed)
Bright *Peribœa*; whom the flood; (arm'd thicke with loftie reed)
Compreſt. At her grandchild now went, *Thetis* great ſonne; whoſe foe
Stood arm'd with two darts, being ſet on, by *Xanthus*; angerd ſo
For thoſe youths blood, ſhed in his ſtreame, by vengefull *Thetis* ſonne,
Without all mercie. (Both being neare) great *Thetides* begunne
Achilles to Aſteropæus. With this high queſtion. Of what race, art thou that dar'ſt oppoſe
Thy powre to mine thus? curſed wombs, they euer did diſcloſe,
Aſteropæus to Achilles. That ſtood my anger. He reply'd, What makes thy furies heate,
Talke, and ſeeke Pedigrees? farre hence, lies my innatiue ſeate,
In rich *Pœonia*. My race, from brode-ſtream'd *Axius*, runs;
Axius, that giues earth pureſt drinke, of all the watrie ſons
Of great *Oceanus*; and got, the famous for his ſpeare,
Pelegonus, that fatherd me; and theſe *Pœonians* here,
Arm'd with long lances, here I leade: and here th'eleuenth faire light
Shines on vs, ſince we enterd *Troy*: Come now, (braue man) lets fight.
Thus ſpake he, threatning; and to him, *Pelides* made replie,
With ſhaken *Peleus*: but his foe, with two at once let flie;
Aſteropæus with two darts at once at Achilles. (For both his hands were dexterous:) one iauelin ſtrooke the ſhield
Of *Thetis* ſonne; but ſtrooke not through (the gold (gods gift) repeld
The eager point:) the other lance, fell lightly, on the part
Of his faire right hands cubit; forth, the blacke blood ſpunne; the dart

glanc't

Glanc't ouer, faſtening on the earth, and there his ſplene was ſpent,
That wiſht the body. With which wiſh, *Achilles*, his lance ſent,
That quite miſt, and infixt it ſelfe, faſt, in the ſteepe-vp ſhore.
Euen to the midſt, it enterd it; himſelfe then, fiercely bore
Vpon his enemie with his ſword. His foe was tugging hard,
To get his lance out: thriſe he pluckt; and thriſe, ſure *Pelias* bard
His wiſht euulſion. The fourth plucke; he bow'd, and meant to breake
The Aſhen plant; but (ere that act) *Achilles* ſword, did checke
His bent powre, and brake out his ſoule. Full in the nauill ſtead
He ript his belly vp; and out, his entrailes fell; and dead
His breathleſſe body: whence his armes, *Achilles* drew, and ſaid:

Aſteropæus ſlaine by Achilles.

Lie there, and proue it dangerous, to lift vp aduerſe head,
Againſt *Ioues* ſonnes; although a flood, were Ancetor to thee.
Thy vants vrg'd him; but I may vant, a higher pedigree,
(From *Ioue* himſelfe:) king *Peleus*, was ſonne to *Æacus*;
Infernall *Æacus*, to *Ioue*; and I, to *Peleus*.
Thunder-voic't *Ioue*, farre paſſeth floods; that onely murmures raiſe
With earth and water, as they runne, with tribute to the ſeas.
And his ſeede theirs exceeds as farre. A flood, a mightie flood
Rag'd nere thee now; but with no aide. *Ioue* muſt not be withſtood.
King *Achelous*, yeelds to him; and great *Oceanus*;
Whence all floods; all the ſea; all founts; wells; all deepes humorous,
Fetch their beginnings; yet euen he, feares *Ioues* flaſh, and the cracke
His thunder giues; when, out of heauen, it teares atwo his racke.

Achilles to the body of Aſteropæus.

The racke, or motion of the clouds: for the clouds.

Thus, pluckt he from the ſhore, his lance; and left the waues to waſh
The waue-ſprung entrailes; about which, Fauſens, and other fiſh,
Did ſhole, to nibble at the fat, which his ſweet kidneyes hid.
This for himſelfe; now to his men, (the-well-rode *Peons*) did
His rage contend. All which, cold *Feare*, ſhooke into flight, to ſee
Their Captaine ſlaine: at whoſe mazde flight (as much enrag'd) flew he.
And then fell all theſe, *Thraſius*, *Mydon*, *Aſtypilus*,
Great *Opheleſtes*, *Ænius*, *Mneſius*, *Therſilochus*.
And on theſe, many more had falne; vnleſſe the angry flood,
Had tooke the figure of a man; and in a whirlepit ſtood,
Thus ſpeaking to *Æacides*. Paſt all, powre feeds thy will,
(Thou great grandchild of *Æacus*) and paſt all, th'art in ill.
And gods themſelues, confederates; and *Ioue* (the beſt of gods)
All deaths giues thee: all places, not. Make my ſhores periods
To all ſhore ſeruice. In the field, let thy field acts run hie,
Not in my waters. My ſweet ſtreames, choake with mortalitie
Of men, ſlaine by thee. Carkaſſes, ſo glut me, that I faile
To powre into the ſacred ſea, my waues; yet ſtill aſſaile
Thy cruell forces. Ceaſſe; amaze, affects me with thy rage,
Prince of the people. He reply'd; Shall thy command aſſwage
(Gulfe-fed *Scamander*) my free wrath? Ile neuer leaue purſude
Prowd *Ilions* ſlaughters; till this hand, in her fild walls conclude
Her flying forces; and hath tried, in ſingle fight, the chance
Of warre with *Hector*; whoſe euent, with ſtarke death, ſhall aduance

Xanthus out of a whirlepit to Achilles.

Achilles to Xanthus.

One of our conqueſts. Thus againe, he like a Furie flew
Vpon the *Troians*: when the flood, his ſad plaint did purſue,
Xanthus complains to Apollo. To bright *Apollo*; telling him, he was too negligent
Of *Ioues* high charge; importuning, by all meanes vehement,
His helpe of *Troy*; till lateſt Euen, ſhould her blacke ſhadowes poure,
On earths brode breaſt. In all his worſt, *Achilles* yet from ſhore,
Leapt to his middeſt. Then ſweld his waues, then rag'd, then boyld againe,
Againſt *Achilles*: vp flew all, and all the bodies ſlaine,
In all his deeps; (of which the heapes, made bridges, to his waues)
He belcht out; roring like a Bull. The vnſlaine, yet he ſaues.
In his blacke whirlepits, vaſt and deepe. A horrid bi low ſtood
About *Achilles*. On his ſhield, the violence of the flood
Beate ſo; it draue him backe, and tooke, his feet vp; his faire palme,
Enforc't to catcht into his ſtay, a brode, and loftie Elme,
Note the continued height, and admired expreſſion of Achilles glorie. Whoſe roots he toſt vp with his hold; and tore vp all the ſhore,
With this then, he repeld the waues; and thoſe thicke armes it bore,
He made a bridge to beare him off; (for all fell in) when he,
Forth from the channell threw himſelfe. The rage did terrifie,
Euen his great ſpirit, and made him adde, wings to his ſwifteſt feet,
And treade the land. And yet not there, the flood left his retreate,
But thruſt his billowes after him; and blackt them all at top,
To make him feare, and flie his charge; and ſet the brode field ope
For *Troy* to ſcape in. He ſprong out, a darts caſt; but came on
Againe with a redoubl'd force: As when the ſwifteſt flowne,
And ſtrong'ſt of all fowles, (*Ioues* blacke Hawke) the huntreſſe ſtoopes vpon
A much lou'd Quarrie: So charg'd he; his armes with horror rung,
Againſt the blacke waues: yet againe, he was ſo vrg'd, he flung
His body from the flood, and fled. And after him againe,
Simile. The waues flew roring: As a man, that finds a water vaine;
And from ſome blacke fount is to bring, his ſtreames through plants & groues;
Goes with his Mattocke, and all checks, ſet to his courſe, remoues;
When that runnes freely: vnder it, the pibbles all giue way,
And where it finds a fall, runnes ſwift: nor can the leader ſtay
His current then: Before himſelfe, full pac't, it murmures on.
So, of *Achilles*, euermore, the ſtrong flood vantage wonne;
(Though moſt deliuer) gods are ſtill, aboue the powres of men.
As oft, as th'able godlike man, endeuour'd to maintaine
His charge on them, that kept the flood; (and charg'd as he would trie,
If all the gods, inhabiting, the brode vnreached skie,
Could dant his ſpirit,) ſo oft, ſtill, the rude waues charg'd him round;
Rampt on his ſhoulders; from whoſe depth, his ſtrength, & ſpirit would bound
Vp to the free aire, vext in ſoule. And now the vehement flood,
Made faint his knees: ſo ouerthwart, his waues were, they withſtood
All the denyed duſt, which he wiſht; and now, was faine to crie;
Caſting his eyes, to that brode heauen, that late he long'd to trie:
Achilles complaine to the gods in his extremitie. And ſaid, O *Ioue*, how am I left? No god vouchſafes to free
Me, miſerable man; helpe now, and after torture me,
With any outrage. Would to heauen, *Hector*, (the mightieſt

Bred

Bred in this region) had imbrew'd, his iauelin in my breaſt;
That ſtrong might fall by ſtrong. Where now, weake waters luxurie,
Muſt make my death bluſh: one, heauen-borne, ſhall like a hog-herd die;
Drown'd in a durtie torrents rage. Yet none of you in heauen,
I blame for this: but ſhe alone, by whom this life was giuen,
That now muſt die thus. She would ſtill, delude me with her tales,
Affirming *Phœbus* ſhafts ſhould end, within the *Troian* walls
My curſt beginning. In this ſtraight, *Neptune* and *Pallas* flew
To fetch him off. In mens ſhapes Both, cloſe to his danger drew:
And, taking both, both hands, thus ſpake, the ſhaker of the world:
Pelides, do not ſtirre a foot; nor theſe waues, prowdly curld
Againſt thy bold breaſt, feare a iote; thou haſt vs two thy friends,
(*Neptune* and *Pallas*) *Ioue* himſelfe, approuing th'aide we lend.
Tis nothing, as thou fearſt with fate; ſhe will not ſee thee drown'd:
This height ſhall ſoone downe; thine owne eyes, ſhall ſee it ſet aground.
Be rulde then, weele aduiſe thee well; take not thy hand away,
From putting all, indifferently, to all, that it can lay
Vpon the *Troians*; till the walles, of haughtie *Ilion*
Conclude all in a deſperate flight: and when thou haſt ſet gone,
The ſoule of *Hector*, turne to fleet: our hands ſhall plant a wreath
Of endleſſe glorie, on thy browes. Thus, to the free from death,
Both made retreate. He (much impeld, by charge, the godheads gaue)
The field, that now was ouercome, with many a boundleſſe waue,
He ouercame: on their wild breaſts, they toſt the carkaſſes,
And armes of many a ſlaughterd man. And now the winged knees,
Of this great Captaine, bore aloft: againſt the flood he flies
With full aſſault: nor could that god, make ſhrinke his reſcu'd thies.
Nor ſhrunke the flood; but as his foe, grew powrefull, he grew mad:
Thruſt vp a billow to the skie, and criſtall *Simois* bad
To his aſſiſtance: *Simois*, Hoe, brother, (out he cried)
Come, adde thy current, and reſiſt, this man halfe deified;
Or *Ilion* he will pul downe ſtraite; the *Troians* cannot ſtand
A minute longer. Come, aſſiſt; and inſtantly command
All fountaines in thy rule to riſe; all torrents to make in,
And ſtuffe thy billowes; with whoſe height, engender ſuch a din,
(With trees torne vp, and iuſtling ſtones) as ſo immane a man,
May ſhrinke beneath vs: whoſe powre thriues, do my powre all it can:
He dares things fitter for a god. But, nor his forme, nor force,
Nor glorious armes ſhall profit him: all which, and his dead corſe,
I vow to rowle vp in my hands: Nay, burie in my mud:
Nay, in the very ſincks of *Troy*: that, pour'd into my flood,
Shall make him drowning worke enough: and being drown'd, Ile ſet
A fort of ſuch ſtrong filth on him; that *Greece* ſhall neuer get
His bones from it. There, there ſhall ſtand, *Achilles* ſepulcher;
And ſaue a buriall for his friends. This Furie did transferre
His high-ridg'd billowes on the Prince; roring with blood, and fome,
And carkaſſes. The crimſon ſtreame, did ſnatch into her wombe,
Surpriſd *Achilles*; and her height, ſtood, held vp by the hand

Neptune to Achilles, Pallas and he reſcuing him.

Xanthus to Simois.

Of *Ioue* himſelfe. Then *Iuno* cried, and cald (to countermand
This watry Deitie) the god, that holds command in fire;
Affraid leſt that gulf-ſtomackt flood, would ſatiate his deſire
Iuno to Vulcan. On great *Achilles*: *Mulciber?* my beſt-lou'd ſonne? (ſhe cried)
Rouſe thee: for all the gods conceiue, this flood thus amplified,
Is raiſd at thee; and ſhewes as if, his waues would drowne the skie,
And put out all the ſphere of fire; haſte, helpe thy Emperie:
Light flames, deepe as his pits. Our ſelfe, the Weſt wind, and the South,
Will call out of the ſea; and breathe, in eithers full-charg'd mouth
A ſtorme, t'enrage thy fires gainſt *Troy*; which ſhall (in one exhal'd)
Blow flames of ſweate about their browes; and make their armors skald.
Go thou then, and (gainſt theſe winds riſe) make worke on *Xanthus* ſhore,
With ſetting all his trees on fire: and in his owne breaſt poure,
A feruor that ſhall make it burne; nor let faire words or threats
Auert thy furie, till I ſpeake; and then, ſubdue the heates
Of all thy Blazes. *Mulciber*; prepar'd, a mightie fire,
Firſt, in the field vſde: burning vp, the bodies, that the ire
Of great *Achilles* reft of ſoules: the quite-drown'd field it dried;
And ſhrunke the flood vp. And as fields, that haue bene long time cloide
With catching wether; when their corne, lies on the gauill heape;
Simile. Are with a conſtant North wind dried; with which for comfort leape
Their hearts that ſow'd them: So this field, was dride; the bodies burn'd;
And euen the flood into a fire, as bright as day was turn'd.
Elmes, willowes, tamrisks, were enflam'd; the lote trees; ſea-graſſe reeds,
And ruſhes, with the galingale rootes (of which abundance breeds
About the ſweet flood) all were fir'd: the gliding fiſhes flew
Vpwards, in flames: the groueling Eeeles, crept vpright; all which ſlew
Wiſe Vulcans vnreſiſted ſpirit. The flood out of a flame,
Xanthus out of a flaming whirlepit to Vulcan. Cried to him; Ceaſſe, ô *Mulciber*; no deitie can tame
Thy matchleſſe virtue: nor would I, (ſince thou art thus hote) ſtriue.
Ceaſſe then thy ſtrife; let *Thetis* ſonne, with all thy wiſht haſt, driue
Euen to their gates theſe *Ilians*; what toucheth me their aide,
Or this *Contention?* Thus in flames, the burning riuer prayde:
And as a Caldron, vnderput, with ſtore of fire; and wrought
Simile. With boyling of a well-fed Brawne, vp leapes his waue aloft;
Bauins of ſere wood vrging it, and ſpending flames apace,
Till all the Caldron be engirt, with a conſuming blaze.
So round this flood burn'd; and ſo ſod, his ſweete, and tortur'd ſtreames;
Nor could flow forth, bound in the fumes, of *Vulcans* fierie beames.
Who (then not mou'd) his mothers ruth, by all his meanes he craues;
And askt, why *Vulcan* ſhould inuade, and ſo torment his waues,
Paſt other floods? when his offence, roſe not to ſuch degree,
As that of other gods, for *Troy*: and that himſelfe would free,
Her wrath to it, if ſhe were pleaſde; and prayd her, that her ſonne
Might be reflected: adding this, that he would nere be wonne,
To helpe keepe off the ruinous day, in which all *Troy* ſhould burne,
Fir'd by the *Grecians*. This vow heard; ſhe charg'd her ſonne to turne
His fierie ſpirits to their homes: and ſaid, it was not fit,

A god ſhould ſuffer ſo, for men. Then *Vulcan* did remit
His ſo vnmeaſur'd violence; and backe the pleaſant flood
Ranne to his channell. Thus theſe gods, ſhe made friends; th'other ſtood
At weightie difference; both ſides ranne, together with a ſound,
That Earth reſounded; and great heauen, about did ſurrebound.
Ioue heard it, ſitting on his hill; and laught to ſee the gods,
Buckle to armes like angry men: and (he pleaſde with their ods)
They laid it freely. Of them all, thump-buckler *Mars* began;
And at *Minerua* with a lance, of braſſe he headlong ran; *Mars againſt Minerua.*
Theſe vile words vſhering his blowes: Thou, dog-flie, what's the cauſe,
Thou mak'ſt gods fight thus? thy huge heart, breakes all our peacefull lawes,
With thy inſatiate ſhameleſneſſe. Remember'ſt thou the houre,
When *Diomed* charg'd me? and by thee? and thou with all thy powre,
Took'ſt lance thy ſelfe; and in all ſights, ruſht on me with a wound?
Now vengeance fals on thee for all. This ſaid, the ſhield fring'd round
With fighting Adders, borne by *Ioue*, that not to thunder yeelds,
He clapt his lance on; and this god, that with the bloud of fields,
Pollutes his godhead; that ſhield pierſt, and hurt the armed Maid:
But backe ſhe leapt; and with her ſtrong hand rapt a huge ſtone, laid
Aboue the Champaine; blacke and ſharpe, that did in old time breake
Partitions to mens lands; And that, ſhe duſted in the necke
Of that impetuous challenger. Downe to the earth he ſwayd,
And ouerlaid ſeuen Acres land: his haire was all berayd
With duſt, and bloud mixt; and his armes, rung out. *Minerua* laught,
And thus inſulted: O thou foole, yet haſt thou not bene taught *Minerua inſults ouer Mars.*
To know mine eminence? thy ſtrength, oppoſeſt thou to mine?
So pay thy mothers furies then; who for theſe aides of thine,
(Euer affoorded periur'd *Troy*; *Greece* euer left) takes ſpleene,
And vowes thee miſchiefe. Thus ſhe turn'd, her blew eyes, when Loues Queen
The hand of *Mars* tooke; and from earth, raiſd him with thick-drawne breath,
His ſpirits not yet got vp againe. But from the preaſe of death,
Kind* *Aphrodite* was his guide. Which, *Iuno* ſeeing, exclam'd: *Venus.*
Pallas; ſee, *Mars* is helpt from field? Dog, flie, his rude tongue nam'd
Thy ſelfe euen now; but that his loue, that dog-flie will not leaue,
Her old conſort. Vpon her; flie. *Minerua* did receaue
This excitation ioyfully; and at the *Cyprian* flew;
Strooke with her hard hand, her ſoft breaſt, a blow that ouerthrew *Mars and Venus ouerthrowne by Pallas.*
Both her and *Mars*; and there, both lay together in broad field.
When thus ſhe triumpht. So lie all, that any ſuccours yeeld
To theſe falſe *Troians*, gainſt the *Greeks*; ſo bold, and patient,
As *Venus*, (ſhunning charge of me); and no leſſe impotent
Be all their aides, then hers to *Mars*: ſo ſhort worke would be made
In our depopulating *Troy* (this hardieſt to inuade,
Of all earths cities). At this wiſh, white-wriſted *Iuno* ſmil'd.
Next, *Neptune* and *Apollo* ſtood, vpon the point of field;
And thus ſpake *Neptune*: *Phœbus*! come; why, at the lances end
Stand we two thus? twill be a ſhame, for vs to re-aſcend
Ioues golden houſe, being thus in field; and not to fight. Begin;

For tis no gracefull worke for me: thou haſt the yonger chin;
I older, and know more. O foole! what a forgetfull heart
Thou bear'ſt about thee? to ſtand here, preſt to take th'Ilian part,
And fight with me? Forgetſt thou then, what we two; we alone
(Of all the gods) haue ſufferd here? when proud *Laomedon*,
Enioyd our ſeruice, a whole yeare, for our agreed reward?
Ioue, in his ſway would haue it ſo; and in that yeare I rear'd
This broad braue wall about this towne; that (being a worke of mine)
It might be inexpugnable. This ſeruice then, was thine,
In *Ida* (that ſo many hils, and curld-head forreſts crowne)
To feed his oxen; crooked ſhankt, and headed like the Moone.
But when the much-ioy-bringing houres, brought terme for our reward;
The terrible *Laomedon*, diſmiſt vs both, and ſcard
Our high deſeruings; not alone, to hold our promiſt fee,
But giue vs threats too. Hands and feete, he ſwore to fetter thee,
And ſell thee as a ſlaue; diſmiſt, farre hence to forreine Iles;
Nay more, he would haue both our eares. His vowes breach, and reuiles,
Made vs part angry with him than; and doeſt thou gratulate now,
Such a kings ſubiects? or with vs, not their deſtruction vow,
Euen to their chaſt wiues, and their babes? He anſwerd, he might hold
Apollo to Neptune. His wiſedome litle; if with him (a god); for men he would
Maintaine contention: wretched men, that flouriſh for a time,
Like leaues; eate ſome of that, Earth yeelds; and giue Earth, in their prime,
Their whole ſelues for it. Quickly then, let vs flie fight for them;
Nor ſhew it offerd: let themſelues, beare out their owne extreme.
Thus he retir'd, and fear'd to change, blowes with his vnkles hands;
Diana reproues Apollo for leauing the Troians His ſiſter therefore chid him much, (the goddeſſe that commands
In games of hunting) and thus ſpake: Flieſt thou? and leau'ſt the field
To *Neptunes* glorie? and no blowes? O foole! why doeſt thou wield
Thy idle bow? no more my eares, ſhall heare thee vant in skies,
Dares to meete *Neptune*; but Ile tell, thy cowards tongue, it lies.
He anſwerd nothing; yet *Ioues* wife, could put on no ſuch raines;
Iuno to Diana. But ſpake thus looſly: How dar'ſt thou, dog, whom no feares containes,
Encounter me? twill proue a match, of hard condition:
Though the great Ladie of the bow; and *Ioue* hath ſet thee downe,
For Lion of thy ſexe; with gift, to ſlaughter any Dame
Thy proud will enuies; yet ſome Dames, will proue, th'hadſt better tame
Wilde Lions vpon hils, then them. But if this queſtion reſts
Yet vnder iudgement, in thy thoughts; and that thy mind conteſts;
Ile make thee know it. Sodainly, with her left hand ſhe catcht
Both *Cynthias* palmes, lockt fingers faſt; and with her right, ſhe ſnatcht
From her faire ſhoulders, her guilt bow; and (laughing) laid it on,
About her eares; and euery way, her turnings ſeiſd vpon,
Till all her arrowes ſcatterd out; her quiuer emptied quite.
Simile. And as a Doue, that (flying a Hauke) takes to ſome rocke her flight;
And in his hollow breaſts ſits ſafe; her fate, not yet to die:
So fled ſhe mourning; and her bow, left there. Then *Mercurie*,
His oppoſite, thus vndertooke: *Latona*, at no hand,

Will

Will I bide combat; tis a worke, right dangerous to ſtand,
At difference with the wiues of *Ioue*; Go therefore, freely vant
Amongſt the deities, th'haſt ſubdu'd, and made thy combattant
Yeeld with plaine powre. She anſwer'd not, but gather'd vp the bow
And ſhafts falne from her daughters ſide, retiring. Vp did go
Diana to *Ioues* ſtarrie hall; her incorrupted vaile
Trembling about her; ſo ſhe ſhooke. *Phœbus* (leſt *Troy* ſhould faile
Before her Fate) flew to her wals; the other deities flew
Vp to Olympus; ſome enrag'd, ſome glad. *Achilles* ſlew
Both men and horſe of *Ilion*. And as a citie fir'd,
Caſts vp a heate, that purples heauen; Clamors and ſhriekes expir'd *Simile.*
In euery corner; toile to all; to many, miſerie;
Which fire, th'incenſed gods let fall; *Achilles* ſo let flie,
Rage on the *Troians*; toiles and ſhriekes, as much by him impoſde.
Old *Priam* in his ſacred towre, ſtood; and the flight diſcloſde,
Of his forc't people; all in rout, and not a ſtroke return'd,
By fled *Reſiſtance*. His eyes ſaw, in what a furie burnd
The ſonne of *Peleus*; and downe, went weeping from the towre, *Priams amaze at Achilles.*
To all the port-guards; and their Chiefes, told of his flying powre,
Commanding th'opening of the ports; but not to let their hands
Stirre from them; for *Æacides*, would poure in with his bands.
Deſtruction comes; O ſhut them ſtraight; when we are in (he praid);
For, not our walls I feare, will checke, this violent man. This ſaid,
Off lifted they the barres; the ports, hal'd open; and they gaue
Safetie her entrie, with the hoſt; which yet they could not ſaue,
Had not *Apollo* ſallied out, and ſtrooke *Deſtruction*
(Brought by *Achilles* in their neckes) backe; when they, right vpon
The ports bore all, drie, duſtie, ſpent; and on their ſhoulders rode
Rabide *Achilles* with his lance; ſtill *Glorie* being the gode
That prickt his Furie. Then the *Greeks*, high-ported *Ilion*
Had ſeiz'd; had not *Apollo* ſtird, *Antenors* famous ſonne,
Diuine *Agenor*; and caſt in, an vndertaking ſpirit *Agenor ſpirited by Apollo.*
To his bold boſome; and himſelfe, ſtood by to ſtrengthen it,
And keepe the heauie hand of death, from breaking in. The god
Stood by him, leaning on a beach, and couer'd his abode
With night-like darkneſſe; yet for all, the ſpirit he inſpir'd;
When that great citie-racers force, his thoughts ſtrooke, he retir'd;
Stood, and went on; A world of doubts, ſtill falling in his way,
When (angry with himſelfe) he ſaid: Why ſuffer I this ſtay,
In this ſo ſtrong need to go on? If, like the reſt, I flie;
Tis his beſt weapon to giue chace, being ſwift; and I ſhould die *Agenors diſcourſe with himſelfe.*
Like to a coward. If I ſtand, I fall too. Theſe two wayes,
Pleaſe not my purpoſe; I would liue. What if I ſuffer theſe,
Still to be routed? and (my feete, affoording further length)
Paſſe all theſe fields of *Ilion*, till *Idas* ſyluane ſtrength,
And ſteepe heights ſhroud me; and at Euen, refreſh me in the flood,
And turne to *Ilion*? O my ſoule, why drown'ſt thou in the blood
Of theſe diſcourſes? If this courſe, that talkes of further flight,

I giue my feete; his feete more ſwift, haue more ods. Get he ſight
Of that paſſe; I paſſe leaſt; for pace, and length of pace, his thies
Will ſtand out all men. Meete him then; my ſteele hath faculties
Of powre to pierce him; his great breaſt, but one ſoule holds; and that
Death claimes his right in (all men ſay); but he holds ſpeciall ſtate
Ioues bountie ſerues all men all wayes. In *Ioues* high bountie: that's paſt man, that euery way will hold;
And that ſerues all men, euery way. This laſt heart, made him bold,
To ſtand *Achilles*; and ſtird vp, a mightie mind to blowes.
Simile. And as a Panther (hauing heard, the hounds traile) doth diſcloſe
Her freckl'd forhead; and ſtares forth, from out ſome deepe-growne wood,
To trie what ſtrength dares her abroad; and when her fierie blood
The hounds haue kindl'd; no quench ſerues, of loue to liue, or feare; (ſpeare;
Though ſtrooke, though wounded; though quite through, ſhe feels the mortal
But till the mans cloſe ſtrength ſhe tries, or ſtrowes earth with his dart;
She puts her ſtrength out: So it far'd, with braue *Agenors* hart;
And till *Achilles* he had prou'd; no thoughts, no deeds, once ſtird
His fixed foote. To his broad breaſt, his round ſhield he preferd,
And vp his arme went, with his aime; his voice out, with this crie:
Thy hope is too great (*Peleus* ſonne), this day to ſhew thine eye
Agenor to Achilles. *Troys Ilion* at thy foote; O foole! the *Greeks* with much more woes,
More then are ſufferd yet, muſt buy, great *Ilions* ouerthrowes.
We are within her many ſtrong, that for our parents ſakes,
Our wiues and children, will ſaue *Troy*; and thou (though he that makes
Thy name ſo terrible) ſhalt make, a ſacrifice to her,
With thine owne ruines. Thus he threw; nor did his iauelin erre;
But ſtrooke his foes leg, neare his knee; the feruent ſteele did ring
Againſt his tin greaues, and leapt backe. The fires ſtrong-handed king,
Gaue vertue of repulſe; and then, *Æacides* aſſail'd
Diuine *Agenor*; but in vaine; *Apollos* powre preuail'd,
And rapt *Agenor* from his reach; whom quietly he plac't
Without the skirmiſh; caſting miſts, to ſaue from being chac't,
His tenderd perſon; and (he gone) to giue his ſouldiers ſcape;
The deitie turn'd *Achilles* ſtill, by putting on the ſhape
Of him he thirſted; euermore, he fed his eye, and fled;
And he with all his knees purſu'd. So cunningly he led;
That ſtill he would be neare his reach, to draw his rage, with hope,
Farre from the conflict; To the flood, maintaining ſtill the ſcope
Of his attraction. In meane time, the other frighted powres,
Came to the citie, comforted, when *Troy*, and all her towres,
Strooted with fillers; none would ſtand, to ſee who ſtaid without,
Who ſcapt, and who came ſhort; the ports, cleft to receiue the rout,
That pour'd it ſelfe in. Euery man, was for himſelfe; Moſt fleete,
Moſt fortunate; who euer ſcapt, his head might thanke his feete.

8 AP 58

The end of the one and twentieth Booke.

THE

THE XXII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ALl Troians *houſd but* Hector; *onely he,*
Keepes field, and vnder goes th'extremitie.
Æacides aſſaulting; Hector *flies.*
Minerua *ſtayes him: he reſiſts, and dies.*
Achilles *to his chariot doth enforce;*
And to the nauall ſtation, drags his corſe.

Another Argument.

Hector *(in* Chi*) to death is done,*
By powre of Peleus *angry ſonne.*

THus (chac't like Hinds) the *Ilians*, tooke time to drinke and eate,
And to refreſh them; getting off, the mingl'd duſt and ſweate;
And good ſtrõg rãpires on in ſtead. The *Greeks* thẽ caſt their ſhields
Aloft their ſhoulders; and now Fate, their neare inuaſion yeelds
Of thoſe tough wals. Her deadly hand, compelling *Hectors* ſtay
Before *Troy* at the Scæan ports. *Achilles* ſtill made way
At *Phœbus*; who, his bright head turn'd; and askt: Why *(Peleus* ſonne)
Purſu'ſt thou (being a man) a god? thy rage hath neuer done.
Acknowledge not thine eyes my ſtate? eſteemes thy mind no more
Thy honor in the chaſe of *Troy*; but puts my chace before
Their vtter conqueſt? they are all, now houſde in *Ilion*,
While thou hunt'ſt me. What wiſheſt thou? my bloud will neuer runne
On thy proud iauelin. It is thou (repli'd *Æacides*)
That putſt diſhonor thus on me, (thou worſt of deities)
Thou turndſt me from the walls, whoſe ports, had neuer entertaind
Numbers now enter'd; ouer whom, thy ſauing hand hath raign'd,
And robd my honor. And all is, ſince all thy actions ſtand,
Paſt feare of reckoning: but held I, the meaſure in my hand,
It ſhould affoord thee deare-bought ſcapes. Thus with elated ſpirits,
(Steed-like, that at Olympus games, weares garlands for his merits,
And rattles home his chariot, extending all his pride)
Achilles ſo parts with the god. When aged *Priam* ſpide
The great *Greek* come, (ſphear'd round with beames, and ſhow'ng as if the ſtar,
Surnam'd *Orions* hound; that ſprings, in Autumne, and ſends farre
His radiance through a world of ſtarres; of all whoſe beames, his owne
Caſt greateſt ſplendor: the midnight, that renders them moſt ſhowne,
Then being their foile; and on their points, cure-paſſing Feuers then,

Apollo to Achilles.

Achilles to Apollo.

Come

Come ſhaking downe, into the ioynts, of miſerable men:
As this were ſalne to earth; and ſhot, along the field his raies,
Priams fright at the ſight of Achilles. Now towards *Priam* (when he ſaw, in great *Æacides*)
Out flew his tender voice in ſhriekes; and with raiſde hands he ſmit
His reuerend head; then vp to heauen, he caſt them; ſhewing it,
What plagues it ſent him; Downe againe, then threw them to his ſonne,
To make him ſhun them. He now ſtood, without ſteepe *Ilion*,
Thirſting the combat; and to him, thus miſerably cride
Priam to Hector The kind old king: O *Hector*! flie, this man, this homicide,
That ſtrait will ſtroy thee. Hee's too ſtrong; and would to heauen he were,
As ſtrong in heauens loue as in mine; Vultures and dogs ſhould teare
His proſtrate carkaſſe; all my woes, quencht with his bloudy ſpirits.
He has robd me of many ſonnes; and worthy; and their merits
Sold to farre Ilands. Two of them (aye me) I miſſe but now;
They are not enterd; nor ſtay here; *Laothoe*, O twas thou,
(O Queene of women) from whoſe wombe, they breath'd: O did the tents
Detaine them onely; braſſe and gold, would purſchaſe ſafe euents,
To their ſad durance: tis within. Old *Altes* (yong in fame)
Gaue plentie for his daughters dowre; but if they fed the flame
Of this mans furie, woe is me; woe to my wretched Queene.
But in our ſtates woe, their two deaths, will nought at all be ſeene;
So thy life quit them: take the towne; retire (deare ſonne) and ſaue
Troys husbands and her wiues; nor giue, thine owne life to the graue,
For this mans glorie: pitie me; me, wretch, ſo long aliue;
Whom in the doore of *Age*, *Ioue* keepes; that ſo he may depriue
My being, in Fortunes vtmoſt curſe; to ſee the blackeſt thred
Of this lifes miſeries; my ſonnes ſlaine; my daughters rauiſhed;
Their reſting chambers ſackt; their babes, torne from them, on their knees
Pleading for mercie; themſelues dragd, to Grecian ſlaueries,
(And all this drawne through my red eyes.) Then laſt of all kneele I,
Alone, all helpleſſe, at my gates, before my enemie,
That (ruthleſſe) giues me to my dogs: all the deformitie
Of age diſcouer'd; and all this, thy death (ſought wilfully)
Will poure on me. A faire yong man, at all parts it beſeemes,
(Being brauely ſlaine) to lie all gaſht; and weare the worſt extremes
Of warres moſt crueltie; no wound, of whatſoeuer ruth,
But is his ornament: but I, a man ſo farre from youth;
White head, white bearded, wrinkl'd, pin'd; all ſhames muſt ſhew the eye:
Liue; preuent this then; this moſt ſhame, of all mans miſerie.
Thus wept the old king, and tore off, his white haire; yet all theſe
Retir'd not *Hector*. *Hecuba*, then fell vpon her knees;
Stript nak't her boſome, ſhew'd her breaſts, and bad him reuerence them,
And pitie her: if euer ſhe, had quieted his exclaime,
He would ceaſſe hers, and take the towne; not tempting the rude field,
When all had left it: thinke (ſaid ſhe) I gaue thee life to yeeld
My life recomfort; thy rich wife, ſhall haue no rites of thee,
Nor do thee rites: our teares ſhall pay, thy corſe no obſequie,
Being rauiſht from vs; Grecian dogs, nouriſht, with what I nurſt.

Thus

Thus wept both theſe; and to his ruth, propoſde the vtmoſt worſt,
Of what could chance them; yet he ſtaid. And now drew deadly neare,
Mightie *Achilles*; yet he ſtill, kept deadly ſtation there.
Looke how a Dragon, when ſhe ſees, a traueller bent vpon
Her breeding den; her boſome fed, with fell contagion,
Gathers her forces, ſits him firme, and at his neareſt pace,
Wraps all her Cauerne in her folds, and thruſts a horrid face
Out at his entrie: *Hector* ſo, with vnextinguiſht ſpirit,
Stood great *Achilles*; ſtird no foote; but at the prominent turret,
Bent to his bright ſhield, and reſolu'd, to beare ſalne heauen on it.
Yet all this reſolute abode, did not ſo truly fit
His free election; but he felt, a much more galling ſpurre
To the performance, with conceit, of what he ſhould incurre,
Entring, like others; for this cauſe; to which, he thus gaue way.
O me, if I ſhall take the towne, *Polydamas* will lay
This flight, and all this death on me; who counſeld me to leade
My powres to *Troy*: this laſt blacke night, when ſo I ſaw make head,
Incenſt *Achilles*; I yet ſtaid; though (paſt all doubt) that courſe
Had much more profited then mine; which, (being by ſo much worſe,
As comes to all our flight, and death) my folly now I feare,
Hath bred this ſcandall; all our towne, now burnes my ominous eare
With whiſpering: *Hectors ſelfe conceit, hath caſt away his hoſt.*
And (this true) this extremitie, that I relie on moſt,
Is beſt for me; ſtay, and retire, with this mans life; or die
Here for our citie with renowme; ſince all elſe fled, but I.
And yet one way, cuts both theſe wayes; what if I hang my ſhield,
My helme and lance here, on theſe wals; and meete in humble field,
Renowm'd *Achilles*, offering him, *Hellen*, and all the wealth,
What euer in his hollow keeles, bore *Alexanders* ſtealth
For both th'*Atrides*? For the reſt; what euer is poſſeſt
In all this citie, knowne, or hid, by oath ſhall be confeſt
Of all our citizens; of which, one halfe the *Greeks* ſhall haue;
One halfe themſelues. But why (lou'd ſoule) would theſe ſuggeſtions ſaue
Thy ſtate ſtill in me? Ile not ſue; nor would he grant; but I,
(Mine armes caſt off) ſhould be aſſur'd, a womans death to die.
To men of oke and rocke, no words; virgins and youths talke thus;
Virgins and youths, that loue, and wooe; there's other warre with vs:
What blowes and conflicts vrge, we crie; hates and defiances;
And with the garlands theſe trees beare, trie which hand *Ioue* will bleſſe.
Theſe thoughts emploid his ſtay; and now, *Achilles* comes; now neare
His *Mars*-like preſence, terribly, came brandiſhing his ſpeare;
His right arme ſhooke it; his bright armes, like day came glittering on,
Like fire-light, or the light of heauen, ſhot from the riſing Sun.
This ſight outwrought diſcourſe; cold *Feare*, ſhooke *Hector* from his ſtand;
No more ſtay now; all ports were left; he fled in feare the hand
Of that Feare-maſter, who hauk-like, aires ſwifteſt paſſenger,
That holds a timorous Doue in chace; and with command doth beare
His fierie onſet; the Doue haſts; the Hauke comes whizzing on;

A Simile expreſſing how Hector ſtood Achilles.

Hectors diſcourſe

Achilles dreadfull approch to Hector.

This way, and that, he turnes, and winds, and cuffes the Pigeon;
And till he truſſe it, his great ſpirit, layes hote charge on his wing:
So vrg'd *Achilles*, *Hectors* flight; ſo ſtill, *Feares* point did ſting
His troubl'd ſpirit; his knees wrought hard; along the wall he flew;
In that faire chariot way, that runnes, beneath the towre of view;
And *Troys* wilde fig-tree; till they reacht, where thoſe two mother ſprings,
The pleaſing deſcription of two ſprings vnder the walls of Troy
Of deepe *Scamander*, pour'd abroad, their ſiluer murmurings.
One warme, and caſts out fumes, as fire; the other, cold as ſnow,
Or haile diſſolu'd. And when the Sunne, made ardent ſommer glow,
There waters concrete criſtall ſhin'd; neare which, were ciſternes made,
All pau'd, and cleare; where *Troian* wiues, and their faire daughters had
Landrie for their fine linnen weeds; in times of cleanly *Peace*,
Before the *Grecians* brought their ſiege. Theſe Captaines noted theſe;
Hectors flight from Achilles, and his chace of Hector.
One flying; th'other in purſuite; a ſtrong man flew before;
A ſtronger follow'd him by farre, and cloſe vp to him bore.
Both did their beſt; for neither now, ranne for a ſacrifice;
Or for the ſacrificers hide, (our runners vſuall priſe)
Theſe ranne for tame-horſe *Hectors* ſoule. And as two running Steeds,
Backt in ſome ſet race for a game, that tries their ſwifteſt ſpeeds,
(A tripod, or a woman giuen, for ſome mans funerals):
* *Vp and downe the wals, it is to be vnderſtood.*
Such ſpeed made theſe men; and on foote, ranne *thrice about the wals.
The gods beheld them; all much mou'd; and *Ioue* ſaid: O ill ſight!
Ioues griefe for Hector.
A man I loue much, I ſee forc't, in moſt vnworthy flight
About great *Ilion*; my heart grieues; he paid ſo many vowes,
With thighes of ſacrificed beeues; both on the loftie browes
Of *Ida*, and in *Ilions* height. Conſult we; ſhall we free
His life from death? or giue it now, t'*Achilles* victorie?
Pallas againſt Hectors preſervation.
Minerua anſwer'd: Alter Fate? one, long ſince markt for death,
Now take from death? do thou; but know, he ſtill ſhall runne beneath,
Our other cenſures. Be it then, (replide the Thunderer)
My lou'd *Tritonia*, at thy will; in this I will preferre
Thy free intention; worke it all. Then ſtoopt ſhe from the skie,
Similo.
To this great combat. *Peleus* ſonne, purſu'd inceſſantly
Still-flying *Hector*: As a Hound, that hauing rouz'd a Hart,
Although he tappiſh ne're ſo oft; and euery ſhrubbie part,
Attempts for ſtrength, and trembles in; the Hound doth ſtill purſue
So cloſe, that not a foote he failes; but hunts it ſtill at view:
So plied *Achilles*, *Hectors* ſteps; as oft as he aſſail'd
The Dardan ports and towres for ſtrength, (to fetch from thence ſome aid,
With winged ſhafts) ſo oft forc't he, amends of pace; and ſhot
Twixt him and all his hopes; and ſtill, vpon the field he kept
A moſt ingenious Simile, vſed (as all our Homer beſides) by Virgil, but this as a tranſlator merily.
His vtmoſt turnings to the towne. And yet, as in a dreame,
One thinkes he giues another chace; when ſuch a fain'd extreame
Poſſeſſeth both; that he in chace, the chacer cannot flie;
Nor can the chacer get to hand, his flying enemie:
So, nor *Achilles* chace could reach, the flight of *Hectors* pace;
Nor *Hectors* flight enlarge it ſelfe, of ſwift *Achilles* chace.
But how chanc't this? how, all this time, could *Hector* beare the knees

Of

Of fierce *Achilles*, with his owne; and keepe off *Deſtinies*,
If *Phœbus* (for his laſt and beſt) through all that courſe had fail'd,
To adde his ſuccours to his nerues? And (as his foe aſſail'd)
Neare, and within him, fed his ſcape. *Achilles* yet well knew,
His knees would fetch him; and gaue ſignes, to ſome friends (making ſhew
Of ſhooting at him) to forbeare, leſt they detracted ſo
From his full glorie; in firſt wounds; and in the ouerthrow,
Make his hand laſt. But when they reacht, the fourth time, the two founts;
Then *Ioue*, his golden skoles weigh'd vp; and tooke the laſt accounts
Of Fate for *Hector*; putting in, for him, and *Peleus* ſonne,
Two fates of bitter death; of which, high heauen receiu'd the one,
The other hell: ſo low declin'd, the light of *Hectors* life.
Then *Phœbus* left him, when warres Queene, came to reſolue the ſtrife, *Pallas to Achilles.*
In th'others knowledge: Now (ſaid ſhe) *Ioue*-lou'd *Æacides*,
I hope at laſt to make *Renowme*, performe a braue acceſſe
To all the *Grecians*; we ſhall now, lay low this champions height;
Though neuer ſo inſatiate, was his great heart of fight.
Nor muſt he ſcape our purſuite ſtill; though all the feete of *Ioue*,
Apollo bowes into a ſphere, ſoliciting more loue,
To his moſt fauour'd. Breath thee then, ſtand firme; my ſelfe will haſt,
And hearten *Hector* to change blowes. She went, and he ſtood faſt;
Lean'd on his lance; and much was ioy'd, that ſingle ſtrokes ſhould trie
This fadging conflict. Then came cloſe, the changed deitie,
To *Hector*, like *Deiphobus*, in ſhape, and voice; and ſaid: *Pallas like Delphobus to Hector*
O brother, thou art too much vrg'd, to be thus combatted
About our owne wals; let vs ſtand, and force to a retreat
Th'inſulting Chaſer. *Hector* ioy'd, at this ſo kind deceit;
And ſaid: O good *Deiphobus*, thy loue was moſt before *Hector to Pallas for Deiphobus.*
(Of all my brothers) deare to me; but now, exceeding more
It coſts me honor; that thus vrg'd, thou com'ſt to part the charge
Of my laſt fortunes; other friends, keepe towne, and leaue at large
My rackt endeuours. She replide: Good brother, tis moſt true;
One after other, King and Queene; and all our friends did ſue
(Euen on their knees) to ſtay me there; ſuch tremblings ſhake them all,
With this mans terror: but my mind, ſo grieu'd to ſee our wall
Girt with thy chaſes; that to death, I long'd to vrge thy ſtay.
Come, fight we, thirſtie of his bloud; no more let's feare to lay
Coſt on our lances; but approue, if bloudied with our ſpoiles,
He can beare glorie to their fleete, or ſhut vp all their toiles,
In his one ſufferance on thy lance. With this deceit, ſhe led;
And (both come neare) thus *Hector* ſpake: Thrice I haue compaſſed *Hector to Achilles.*
This great towne (*Peleus* ſonne) in flight, with auerſation,
That out of Fate put off my ſteps; but now, all flight is flowne;
The ſhort courſe ſet vp; death or life. Our reſolutions yet,
Muſt ſhun all rudeneſſe; and the gods, before our valour ſet,
For vſe of victorie; and they, being worthieſt witneſſes
Of all vowes; ſince they keepe vowes beſt; before their deities,
Let vowes of fit reſpect, paſſe both; when *Conqueſt* hath beſtow'd

Her wreath on either. Here I vow, no furie ſhall be ſhow'd,
That is not manly, on thy corſe; but, hauing ſpoil'd thy armes,
Reſigne thy perſon; which ſweare thou. Theſe faire and temperate termes,
Farre fled *Achilles*; his browes bent; and out flew this reply.

Achilles ſterne reply to Hector.

Hector, thou onely peſtilence, in all mortalitie,
To my fere ſpirits; neuer ſet, the point twixt thee and me
Any conditions; but as farre, as men and Lions flie,
All termes of couenant; lambes and wolues: in ſo farre oppoſite ſtate,
(Impoſſible for loue t'attone) ſtand we; till our ſoules ſatiate
The god of ſouldiers; do not dreame, that our diſiunction can
Endure condition. Therefore now, all worth that fits a man,
Call to thee; all particular parts, that fit a ſouldier;
And they, all this include, (beſides, the skill, and ſpirit of warre)
Hunger for ſlaughter; and a hate, that eates thy heart, to eate
Thy foes heart. This ſtirs; this ſupplies, in death, the killing heate;
And all this needſt thou. No more flight; *Pallas Athenia*
Will quickly caſt thee to my lance; now, now together draw
All griefes for vengeance; both in me, and all my friends late dead
That bled thee; raging with thy lance. This ſaid, he brandiſhed

Achilles firſt encounter with Hector.

His long lance; and away it ſung: which, *Hector* giuing view,
Stoupt low, ſtood firme, (foreſeeing it beſt) and quite it ouerflew,
Faſtening on earth. * *Athenia*, drew it, and gaue her friend,
Vnſeene of *Hector*. *Hector* then, thus ſpake: Thou want'ſt thy end,
(God-like *Achilles*:) now I ſee, thou haſt not learn'd my fate,
Of *Ioue* at all; as thy high words, would brauely intimate;
Much tongue affects thee; cunning words, well ſerue thee to prepare
Thy blowes with threats, that mine might faint, with want of ſpirit to dare;
But my backe neuer turnes with breath; it was not borne to beare
Burthens of wounds; ſtrike home, before; driue at my breaſt thy ſpeare,
As mine at thine ſhall; and trie then, if heauens will fauor thee
With ſcape of my lance; O would *Ioue*, would take it after me,
And make thy boſome take it all; an eaſie end would crowne
Our difficult warres, were thy ſoule fled; thou moſt bane of our towne.

Hector at Achilles.

Thus flew his dart, toucht at the midſt, of his vaſt ſhield, and flew
A huge way from it; but his heart, wrath enterd with the view
Of that hard ſcape; and heauie thoughts, ſtrooke through him, when he ſpide
His brother vaniſht; and no lance, beſide left; out he cride,

Hectors amaze with the deceit of Pallas.

Deiphobus! another lance. Lance, nor *Deiphobus*
Stood neare his call. And then his mind, ſaw all things ominous,
And thus ſuggeſted: Woe is me; the gods haue cald, and I
Muſt meete *Death* here; *Deiphobus*, I well hop't had bene by,
With his white ſhield; but our ſtrong wals, ſhield him; and this deceit
Flowes from *Minerua*; now, ô now, ill death comes; no more flight,
No more recouerie: O *Ioue*, this hath bene otherwiſe;
Thy bright ſonne, and thy ſelfe, haue ſet, the *Greeks* a greater priſe
Of *Hectors* bloud then now; of which, (euen iealous) you had care;
But Fate now conquers; I am hers; and yet, not ſhe ſhall ſhare
In my renowme; that life is left, to euery noble ſpirit;

And

And that, ſome great deed ſhall beget; that all liues ſhall inherit.
Thus, forth his ſword flew, ſharpe and broad, and bore a deadly weight,
With which, he ruſht in: And looke how, an Eagle from her height,
Stoopes to the rapture of a Lambe, or cuffes a timorous Hare:
So fell in *Hector*; and at him, *Achilles*; his minds fire,
Was fierce and mightie: his ſhield caſt, a Sun-like radiance;
Helme nodded; and his foure plomes ſhooke; and when he raiſde his lance,
Vp *Heſperus* roſe, amongſt th'euening ſtarres. His bright and ſparkling eies,
Lookt through the body of his foe; and ſought through all that priſe,
The next way to his thirſted life. Of all wayes, onely one
Appear'd to him; and thas was, where, th'vnequall winding bone,
That ioynes the ſhoulders and the necke, had place; and where there lay
The ſpeeding way to death: and there, his quicke eye could diſplay
The place it ſought; euen through thoſe armes, his friend *Patroclus* wore,
When *Hector* ſlue him. There he aim'd, and there his iauelin tore
Sterne paſſage quite through *Hectors* necke; yet miſt it ſo his throte,
It gaue him powre to change ſome words; but downe to earth it got
His fainting bodie. Then triumpht, diuine *Æacides*;
Hector, (ſaid he) thy heart ſuppoſde, that in my friends deceaſſe,
Thy life was ſafe; my abſent arme, not car'd for: Foole! he left
One at the fleete, that better'd him; and he it is that reft
Thy ſtrong knees thus; and now the dogs, and fowles, in fouleſt vſe
Shall teare thee vp; thy corſe expoſde, to all the *Greeks* abuſe.
He, fainting, ſaid: Let me implore, euen by thy knees, and ſoule,
And thy great parents; do not ſee, a crueltie ſo foule
Inflicted on me; braſſe and gold, receiue at any rate;
And quit my perſon; that the Peeres, and Ladies of our ſtate,
May tombe it; and to ſacred fire, turne thy prophane decrees.
Dog, (he replied) vrge not my ruth, by parents, ſoule, nor knees;
I would to God that any rage, would let me eate thee raw,
Slic't into peeces; ſo beyond, the right of any law,
I taſt thy merits; and beleeue, it flies the force of man,
To reſcue thy head from the dogs. Giue all the gold they can;
If ten or twentie times ſo much, as friends would rate thy price,
Were tenderd here, with vowes of more, to buy the cruelties
I here haue vow'd; and after that, thy father with his gold
Would free thy ſelfe; all that ſhould faile, to let thy mother hold
Solemnities of death with thee, and do thee ſuch a grace,
To mourne thy whole corſe on a bed; which peecemeale Ile deface
With fowles and dogs. He (dying) ſaid: I (knowing thee well) foreſaw
Thy now tried tyrannie, nor hop't, for any other law,
Of nature, or of nations: and that feare, forc't much more
Then death, my flight; which neuer touch't, as *Hectors* foote before.
A ſoule of iron informes thee, marke, what vengeance th'equall fates
Will giue me of thee, for this rage, when in the Scæan gates,
Phœbus and *Paris* meete with thee. Thus death the hand cloſde his eyes;
His ſoule flying his faire limbs, to hell; mourning his deſtinies;
To part ſo with his youth and ſtrength. Thus dead, thus *Thetis* ſonne,

The laſt encounter of Achilles and Hector.

Hector wounded to death. Achilles inſultation.

Hectors dying requeſt to Achilles.

Achilles inflexibilitie.

Hectors prophecy of Achilles death

His prophecie anſwer'd: Die thou now; when my ſhort thred is ſpunne,
Ile beare it as the will of *Ioue*. This ſaid, his brazen ſpeare,
He drew, and ſtucke by: then his armes (that all embrewed were)
He ſpoil'd his ſhoulders off. Then all, the *Greeks* ran in to him,
The Greeks admiration of Hectors perſon being ſlaine.
To ſee his perſon; and admir'd, his terror-ſtirring lim:
Yet none ſtood by, that gaue no wound, to his ſo goodly forme;
When each to other ſaid: O *Ioue*, he is not in the ſtorme,
He came to fleete in, with his fire; he handles now more ſoft.
Achilles to the Grecians.
O friends, (ſaid ſterne *Æacides*) now that the gods haue brought
This man thus downe; Ile freely ſay, he brought more bane to *Greece*,
Then all his aiders. Trie we then, (thus arm'd at euery peece,
And girding all *Troy* with our hoſt) if now their hearts will leaue
Their citie cleare; her cleare ſtay ſlaine; and all their liues receaue;
Or hold yet, *Hector* being no more. But why vſe I a word
Of any act, but what concernes, my friends dead, vndeplor'd,
Vnſepulcherd; he lies at fleete, vnthought on; neuer houre
Shall make his dead ſtate, while the quicke, enioyes me; and this powre,
To moue theſe mouers. Though in hell, men ſay, that ſuch as die,
Obliuion ſeiſeth; yet in hell, in me ſhall *Memorie*
Hold all her formes ſtill, of my friend. Now, (youths of *Greece*) to fleete
Beare we this body; *Paans* ſing; and all our nauie greete
With endleſſe honor; we haue ſlaine, *Hector*, the period
Of all *Troys* glorie; to whoſe worth, all vow'd, as to a god.
Achilles tyranny to Hectors perſon, which we lay on his fury, and loue to his ſlaine friend, for whom himſelfe liuing, ſuffered ſo much.
This ſaid; a worke, not worthy him, he ſet to: of both feete,
He bor'd the nerues through, from the heele, to th'ankle; and then knit
Both to his chariot, with a thong, of whitleather; his head
Trailing the center. Vp he got, to chariot; where he laid
The armes repurchac't; and ſcourg'd on, his horſe, that freely flew.
A whirlewind made of ſtartl'd duſt, draue with them, as they drew;
With which were all his black-browne curls, knotted in heapes, and fil'd.
And there lay *Troys* late Gracious; by *Iupiter* exil'd
To all diſgrace, in his owne land, and by his parents ſeene.
When (like her ſonnes head) all with duſt, *Troys* miſerable Queene,
Diſtain'd her temples; plucking off, her honor'd haire, and tore
Her royall garments, ſhricking out. In like kind, *Priam* bore
His ſacred perſon; like a wretch, that neuer ſaw good day,
Broken, with outcries. About both, the people proſtrate lay;
Priam and Hecubas miſerable plight for Hector
Held downe with *Clamor*; all the towne, vail'd with a cloud of teares.
Ilion, with all his tops on fire, and all the maſſacres,
Left for the *Greeks*, could put on lookes, of no more ouerthrow
Then now fraid life. And yet the king, did all their lookes outſhow.
The wretched people could not beare, his ſoueraigne wretchednes,
Plaguing himſelfe ſo; thruſting out, and praying all the preaſſe
To open him the Dardan ports; that he alone might fetch
His deareſt ſonne in; and (all fil'd, with tumbling) did beſeech
Priam to his friend.
Each man by name, thus: Loued friends, be you content; let me
(Though much ye grieue) be that poore meane, to our ſad remedie,
Now in our wiſhes; I will go, and pray this impious man,

Author

(Author of horrors) making proofe, if ages reuerence can
Excite his pitie. His owne ſire, is old like me; and he,
That got him to our griefes; perhaps, may (for my likeneſſe) be
Meane for our ruth to him. Ahlas, you haue no cauſe of cares,
Compar'd with me; I, many ſonnes, grac't, with their freſheſt yeares
Haue loſt by him: and all their deaths, in ſlaughter of this one,
(Afflicted man) are doubl'd: this, will bitterly ſet gone
My ſoule to hell. O would to heauen, I could but hold him dead
In theſe pin'd armes: then teares, on teares, might fall, till all were ſhed
In common fortune. Now amaze, their naturall courſe doth ſtop,
And pricks a mad veine. Thus he mourn'd; and with him, all brake ope
Their ſtore of ſorrowes. The poore Queene, amongſt the women wept, *Hecubas complaint for Hector.*
Turn'd into anguiſh: O my ſonne, (ſhe cried out) why, ſtill kept,
Patient of horrors, is my life, when thine is vaniſhed?
My dayes thou glorifiedſt; my nights, rung of ſome honour'd deed,
Done by thy virtues: ioy to me, profite to all our care.
All made a god of thee; and thou, mad'ſt them, all that they are.
Now vnder fate, now dead. Theſe two, thus vented as they could,
Their ſorrowes furnace. *Hectors* wife, not hauing yet bene told
So much, as of his ſtay without. She in her chamber cloſe,
Sate at her Loome: a peece of worke, grac't with a both ſides gloſſe,
Strew'd curiouſly with varied flowres, her pleaſure was; her care,
To heate a Caldron for her Lord, to bath him, turn'd from warre:
Of which, ſhe chiefe charge gaue her maides. Poore Dame, ſhe little knew
How much her cares lackt of his caſe. But now the *Clamor* flew
Vp to her turret: then ſhe ſhooke; her worke fell from her hand,
And vp ſhe ſtarted, cald her maides; ſhe needs muſt vnderſtand
That ominous outcrie. Come (ſaid ſhe) I heare through all this crie
My mothers voyce ſhrieke; to my throte, my heart bounds; Ecſtaſie
Vtterly alters me: ſome fate, is neare the hapleſſe ſonnes
Of fading *Priam*: would to god, my words ſuſpicions
No eare had heard yet: O I feare, and that moſt heartily;
That with ſome ſtratageme, the ſonne, of *Peleus* hath put by
The wall of *Ilion*, my Lord; and (truſty of his feet)
Obtaind the chaſe of him alone; and now the curious heate
Of his ſtill deſperate ſpirit is cool'd. It ſet him neuer keep
In guard of others; before all, his violent foote muſt ſtep,
Or his place, forfeited be held. Thus furie-like ſhe went,
Two women (as ſhe will'd) at hand; and made her quicke aſcent
Vp to the towre, and preaſſe of men; her ſpirit in vprore. Round
She caſt her greedy eye, and ſaw, her *Hector* ſlaine, and bound
T' *Achilles* chariot; manlefly, dragg'd to the *Grecian* fleet.
Blacke night ſtrooke through her; vnder her, *Troie* tooke away her feet,
And backe ſhe ſhrunke, with ſuch a ſway; that off her head-tire flew;
Her Coronet, Call, Ribands, Vaile, that golden *Venus* threw
On her white ſhoulders; that high day, when warre-like *Hector* wonne
Her hand in nuptials, in the Court, of king *Eetion*;
And that great dowre, then giuen with her. About her, on their knees,

Her husbands ſiſters, brothers wiues, fell round, and by degrees
Recouerd her. Then, when againe, her reſpirations found
Free paſſe, (her mind and ſpirit met) theſe thoughts her words did ſound.

Andromaches complaint for Hector.

O *Hector*, O me curſed dame; both borne beneath one fate:
Thou here, I in *Cilician Thebes*; where *Placus* doth elate,
His ſhadie forehead, in the Court, where king *Eetion*,
(Hapleſſe) begot vnhappy me; which would he had not done,
To liue paſt thee: thou now art din'd, to *Putes* gloomie throne,
Sunke through the couerts of the earth: I, in a hell of mone,
Left here thy widdow: one poore babe, borne to vnhappy both,
Whom thou leau'ſt helpleſſe, as he thee; he borne to all the wroth
Of woe, and labour. Lands left him, will others ſeiſe vpon:
The Orphan day, of all friends helps, robs euery mothers ſon.
An Orphan, all men ſuffer ſad; his eyes ſtand ſtill with teares.
Need tries his fathers friends; and failes. Of all his fauourers
If one the cup giues, tis not long; the wine he finds in it,
Scarce moiſts his palate: if he chance, to gaine the grace, to ſit;
Suruiuing fathers ſonnes repine; vſe contumelies, ſtrike,
Bid, leaue vs; where's thy fathers place? He (weeping with diſlike)
Retires to me. To me, ahlas, *Aſtyanax* is he
Borne to theſe miſeries. He that late, fed on his fathers knee,
To whom all knees bow'd; daintieſt fare, appoſde him; and when *Sleepe*
Lay on his temples, his cries ſtill'd (his heart, euen laid in ſteepe,
Of all things precious) a ſoft bed; a carefull nurſes armes
Tooke him to guardiance; but now, as huge a world of harmes,
Lies on his ſuffrance; now thou wantſt, thy fathers hand to friend:
O my *Aſtyanax*, O my Lord; thy hand that did defend,
Theſe gates of *Ilion*: theſe long walls, by thy arme, meaſur'd ſtill,
Amply, and onely: yet at fleere, thy naked corſe muſt fill
Vile wormes, when dogs are fatiate; farre from thy parents care;
Farre from thoſe funerall ornaments; that thy mind would prepare,
(So ſodaine being the chance of armes) euer expecting death.

Andromache wrought many funerall ornaments for Hector before his death.

Which taske (though my heart would not ſerue, t'employ my hands beneath)
I made my women yet performe. Many, and much in price
Were thoſe integuments they wrought, t'adorne thy Exequies:
Which, ſince they flie thy vſe, thy Corſe, not laid in their attire;
Thy ſacrifice they ſhall be made; theſe hands in miſchieuous fire
Shall vent their vanities. And yet, (being conſecrate to thee)
They ſhall be kept for citizens; and their faire wiues, to ſee.
Thus ſpake ſhee weeping; all the dames, endeuouring to cheare
Her deſert ſtate; (fearing their owne) wept with her teare for teare.

8 AP 58

The end of the two and twentieth Booke.

THE

THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ACHilles *orders Iusts of exequies*
For his Patroclus; *and doth sacrifise*
Twelue Troian *Princes; most lou'd hounds and horse;*
And other offerings, to the honour'd Corse.
He institutes, besides, a funerall game;
Where Diomed, *for horse-race, wins the fame;*
For foote, Vlysses; *others otherwise*
Striue, and obtaine: and end the exequies.

Another Argument.

PSi, *sings the rites of the deceast*
Ordaind by great Æacides.

THus mourn'd all *Troy*: but when at fleet, and *Hellespontus* shore,
The *Greeks* arriu'd, each to his ship: onely the Conqueror
Kept vndisperst his *Myrmidons*: and said, Lou'd countrimen, *Achilles to his Myrmidons.*
Disioyne not we, chariots, and horse: but (bearing hard our reine)
With state of both; march soft, and close, and mourne about the corse:
Tis proper honour to the dead. Then take we out our horse;
When with our friends kinds woe, our hearts, haue felt delight to do
A virtuous soule right, and then sup. This said, all full of woe,
Circl'd the Corse. *Achilles* led, and thrise about him, close
All bore their goodly coted horse. Amongst all, *Thetis* rose,
And stirr'd vp a delight, in griefe; till all their armes with teares
And all the sands, were wet: so much, they lou'd that Lord of *Feares.*
Then to the center fell the Prince; and (putting in the breast)
Of his slaine friend, his slaughtring hands;) began to all the rest
Words to their teares. Reioyce (said he) O my *Patroclus*: Thou
Courted by *Dis* now: now I pay, to thy late ouerthrow, *Achilles to the person of Patroclus.*
All my reuenges vow'd before; *Hector* lies slaughterd here
Dragd at my chariot; and our dogs, shall all in peeces teare
His hated lims. Twelue *Troian* youths, borne of their noblest straines,
I tooke aliue: and (yet enrag'd) will emptie all their vaines
Of vitall spirits; sacrifisde, before thy heape of fire.
This said, a worke vnworthy him, he put vpon his ire,
And trampl'd *Hector* vnder foote, at his friends feet. The rest
Disarm'd; tooke horse from chariot, and all to sleepe addrest,
At his blacke vessell. Infinite, were those that rested there.

Himselfe

Himſelfe yet ſleepes not; now his ſpirits, were wrought about the chere,
Fit for ſo high a funerall. About the ſteele vſde then,
Oxen in heapes lay bellowing; preparing food for men.
Bleating of ſheepe, and goates, fild aire; numbers of white-tooth'd ſwine,
(Swimming in fat) lay ſindging there: the perſon of the ſlaine
Was girt with ſlaughter. All this done, all the *Greeke* kings conuaid
Achilles to the king of men; his rage, not yet allaid,
For his *Patroclus*. Being arriu'd, at *Agamemnons* tent;
Himſelfe bad Heralds put to fire, a Caldron; and preſent
The ſeruice of it to the Prince; to trie if they could win
His pleaſure, to admit their paines, to cleanſe the blood ſok't in
About his conquering hands, and browes. Not, by the king of heauen
Achilles ouerbearing, vſed this abruption. (He ſwore). The lawes of friendſhip damne, this falſe-heart licence giuen
To men that loſe friends: not a drop, ſhall touch me till I put
Patroclus in the funerall pile; before theſe curles be cut;
His tombe erected. Tis the laſt, of all care, I ſhall take,
While I conſort the carefull: yet, for your entreaties ſake,
(And though I lothe food) I will eate: but early in the morne,
Atrides, vſe your ſtrict command, that lodes of wood be borne
To our deſign'd place; all that fits, to light home ſuch a one,
As is to paſſe the ſhades of *Death*; that fire enough, ſet gone
His perſon quickly from our eyes; and our diuerted men
May plie their buſineſſe. This all eares, did freely entertaine,
And found obſeruance. Then they ſupt, with all things fit; and all
Repair'd to tents and reſt. The friend, the ſhores maritimall,
Achilles retreate from company to the ſeas ſhort. Sought for his bed, and found a place, faire, and vpon which plaide
The murmuring billowes. There, his lims, to reſt, not ſleepe, he laid,
Heauily ſighing. Round about (ſilent, and not too neare)
Stood all his *Myrmidons*; when ſtraite, (ſo ouer-labour'd were
His goodly lineaments, with chace, of *Hector*; that beyond
His reſolution not to ſleepe:) *Sleepe* caſt his ſodaine bond
Ouer his ſenſe, and loſde his care. Then, of his wretched friend,
Patroclus appeares to Achilles ſleeping. The ſoule appear'd; at euery part, the forme did comprehend
His likeneſſe; his faire eyes, his voice, his ſtature; euery weed
His perſon wore, it fantaſed; and ſtood aboue his head,
This ſad ſpeech vttering: Doſt thou ſleepe? *Æacides*, am I
Forgotten of thee? Being aliue, I found thy memorie
Euer reſpectfull: but now dead, thy dying loue abates.
Interre me quickly; enter me, in *Plutoes* iron gates;
For now, the ſoules (the ſhades) of men, fled from this being, beate
My ſpirit from reſt; and ſtay, my much deſir'd receipt
Amongſt ſoules, plac't beyond the flood. Now euery way I erre
About this brode-dor'd houſe of *Dis*. O helpe then, to preferre
My ſoule yet further; here I mourne: but had the funerall fire
Conſum'd my bodie; neuer more, my ſpirit ſhould retire
From hels low region: from thence, ſoules neuer are retriu'd
To talke with friends here; nor ſhall I; a hatefull fate depriu'd
My being here; that at my birth, was fixt; and to ſuch fate,

Euen

Euen thou, ô god-like man, art markt; the deadly *Ilion* gate,
Muſt entertaine thy death. O then, I charge thee now, take care
That our bones part not: but as life, combinde in equall fare,
Our louing beings; ſo let *Death*. When, from *Opuntan* towres,
My father brought me, to your roofes, (ſince (gainſt my will) my powres
Incenſt, and indiſcreet, at dice, ſlue faire *Amphidamas*)
Then *Peleus* entertaind me well; then in thy charge I was
By his iniunction, and thy loue: and therein, let me ſtill
Receiue protection. Both our bones, prouide, in thy laſt Will,
That one Vrne may containe; and make, that veſſell all of gold,
That *Thetis* gaue thee; that rich Vrne. This ſaid; *Sleepe* ceaſt to hold
Achilles temples; and the ſhade, thus he receiu'd: O friend,
What needed theſe commands? my care, before, meant to commend
My bones to thine, and in that Vrne. Be ſure, thy will is done.
A little ſtay yet, lets delight, with ſome full paſſion
Of woe enough; eithers affects, embrace we. Opening thus
His greedie armes; he felt no friend: like matter vaporous
The ſpirit vaniſht vnder earth, and murmur'd in his ſtoope.
Achilles ſtarted; both his hands, he clapt, and lifted vp,
In this ſort wondring; O ye gods, I ſee we haue a ſoule
In th'vnderdwellings; and a kind, of man-reſembling idole:
The ſoules ſeate yet, all matter felt, ſtaies with the carkaſſe here.
O friends, hapleſſe *Patroclus* ſoule, did all this night appeare,
Weeping, and making mone to me; commanding euery thing
That I intended towards him; ſo truly figuring
Himſelfe at all parts, as was ſtrange. This accident did turne
To much more ſorrow; and begat, a greedineſſe to mourne
In all that heard. When mourning thus, the roſie morne aroſe:
And *Agamemnon*, through the tents, wak't all; and did diſpoſe,
Both men and Mules for cariage, of matter for the fire.
Of all which worke, *Meriones*, (the *Cretan* ſouereigns ſquire)
Was Captaine, and abrode they went. Wood-cutting tooles they bore;
Of all hands, and well-twiſted cords. The Mules marcht all before.
Vp hill, and downe hill; ouerthwarts, and breake-necke clifts they paſt:
But when the fountfull *Idæa* tops, they ſcal'd, with vtmoſt haſte,
All fell vpon the high-hair'd Okes; and downe their curled browes
Fell buſling to the earth: and vp, went all the boles and bowes,
Bound to the Mules; and backe againe, they parted the harſh way,
Amongſt them, through the tangling ſhrubs; and long they thought the day,
Till in the plaine field all arriu'd: for all the woodmen bore
Logs on their neckes; *Meriones*, would haue it ſo: the ſhore
At laſt they reacht yet; and then, downe, their cariages they caſt,
And ſat vpon them; where the ſonne, of *Peleus* had plac't,
The ground for his great ſepulcher, and for his friends, in one.
They raiſd a huge pile; and to armes, went euery *Myrmidon*,
Charg'd by *Achilles*; chariots, and horſe were harneſſed;
Fighters and charitoters got vp; and they, the ſad march led:
A cloude of infinite foote behind. In midſt of all was borne
Patroclus

Achilles waking to the ſhade of Patroclus.

Achilles his diſcourſe with himſelfe about the apparition of Patroclus ſhade.

The morning.

Agamemnon ſends out companies to fetch fewell for the funerall heape, of which company Meriones was Captaine.

Patroclus perſon, by his Peeres: on him, were all heads ſhorne;
Euen till they couer'd him with curles. Next to him, marcht his friend
Embracing his cold necke, all ſad; ſince now he was to ſend,
His deareſt, to his endleſſe home. Arriu'd all, where the wood,
Was heapt for funerall, they ſet downe. Apart *Achilles* ſtood;
Achilles cuts his haire ouer his friends body. And when enough wood was heapt on, he cut his golden haire;
Long kept, for *Sperchius*, the flood; in hope of ſafe repaire
To *Phthia*, by that riuers powre, but now, left hopeleſſe thus,
(Enrag'd, and looking on the ſea) he cried out: *Sperchius*;
In vaine, my fathers pietie, vow'd; (at my implor'd returne,
To my lou'd countrie) that theſe curls, ſhould on thy ſhores be ſhorne.
Beſides a ſacred Hecatombe; and ſacrifice beſide,
Of fiftie Weathers; at thoſe founts, where men haue edifide
A loftie temple; and perfum'd, an altar to thy name.
There vow'd he all theſe offerings; but fate preuents thy fame;
His hopes not ſuffering ſatisfied: and ſince, I neuer more
Shall ſee my lou'd ſoyle; my friends hands, ſhall to the *Stygian* ſhore
Conuey theſe Treſſes. Thus he put, in his friends hands the haire.
And this bred freſh deſire of mone; and in that ſad affaire,
The Sunne had ſet amongſt them all; had *Thetis* ſonne not ſpoke
Achilles to Agamemnon. Thus to *Atrides*: King of men, thy aide I ſtill inuoke,
Since thy Command, all men ſtill heare; diſmiſſe thy ſouldiers now,
And let them victle; they haue mourn'd, ſufficient; tis we owe
The dead this honour; and with vs, let all the Captaines ſtay.
This heard; *Atrides* inſtantly, the ſouldiers ſent away;
The funerall officers remain'd, and heapt on matter ſtill,
Till, of an hundred foote about, they made the funerall pile:
In whoſe hote height, they caſt the Corſe; and then they pour'd on teares.
Numbers of fat ſheepe, and like ſtore, of crooked-going ſteres,
They ſlue before the ſolemne fire: ſtript off their hides and dreſt.
Of which, *Achilles* tooke the fat; and couer'd the deceaſt
From head to foote: and round about, he made the officers pile
The beaſts nak't bodyes; veſſels full, of honey, and of oyle,
Pour'd in them, laide vpon a bere; and caſt into the fire.
Foure goodly horſe; and of nine hounds, two moſt in the deſire
Of that great Prince, and trencher-fed; all fed that hungry flame.
Twelue *Troian* Princes laſt ſtood foorth; yong, and of toward fame:
Twelue Princes ſacrificed on the funerall pile of Patroclus. All which, (ſet on with wicked ſpirits) there ſtrooke he, there he ſlew.
And to the iron ſtrength of fire, their noble lims he threw.
Then breath'd his laſt ſighes, and theſe words: Againe reioyce my friend,
Euen in the ioyleſſe depth of hell: now giue I complete end
To all my vowes. Alone thy life, ſuſtain'd not violence;
Twelue *Troian* Princes waite on thee, and labour to incenſe
Thy glorious heape of funerall. Great *Hector* Ile excuſe,
The dogs ſhall eate him. Theſe high threates, perform'd not their abuſe;
Ioues daughter, *Venus*, tooke the guard, of noble *Hectors* Corſe,
And kept the dogs off: night, and day, applying ſoueraigne force
Of roſie balmes; that to the dogs, were horrible in taſt:

And

And with which ſhe the body fild. Renowm'd *Apollo* caſt
A cloude from heauen; left with the Sunne, the nerues and lineaments
Might drie, and putrifie. And now, ſome powres denide conſents
To this ſolemnitie: the fire, (for all the oyly fewell
It had iniected) would not burne; and then the louing Cruell
Studied for helpe, and ſtanding off; inuokt the two faire winds
(*Zephyr* and *Boreas*) to affoord, the rage of both their kinds,
To aid his outrage. Precious gifts, his earneſt zeale did vow,
Powr'd from a golden bowle much wine; and prayde them both to blow
That quickly, his friends Corſe might burne; and that heapes ſturdy breaſt
Embrace *Conſumption*. *Iris* heard; The winds were at a feaſt;
All in the Court of *Zephyrus* (that boiſterous blowing aire) *Iris to the winds.*
Gather'd together. She that weares, the thouſand-colourd haire,
Flew thither, ſtanding in the porch. They (ſeeing her) all aroſe;
Cald to her; euery one deſir'd: ſhe would a while repoſe,
And eate with them. She anſwerd; No, no place of feate is here;
Retreate cals to the *Ocean*, and *Æthiopia*; where
A Hecatombe is offering now, to heauen: and there muſt I
Partake the feaſt of ſacrifiſe; I come to ſignifie
That *Thetis* ſonne implores your aides (Princes of *North* and *Weſt*) *The North and Weſt wind flie to incenſe the funerall pile.*
With vowes of much faire ſacrifiſe; if each, will ſet his breaſt
Againſt his heape of funerall, and make it quickly burne;
Patroclus lies there; whoſe deceaſſe, all the *Achaians* mourne.
She ſaid, and parted; and out ruſht, with an vnmeaſur'd rore,
Thoſe two winds, tumbling clouds in heapes; vthers to eithers blore.
And inſtantly they reacht the ſea. Vp flew the waues; the gale
Was ſtrong; reacht fruitfull *Troy*; and full, vpon the fire they fall.
The huge heape thunderd. All night long, from his chok't breaſt they blew
A liberall flame vp; and all night, ſwift-foote *Achilles* threw
Wine from a golden bowle, on earth; and ſteept the ſoyle in wine,
Still calling on *Patroclus* ſoule. No father could incline
More to a ſonne moſt deare; nor more, mourne at his burned bones,
Then did the great Prince, to his friend, at his combuſtions;
Still creeping neare and neare the heape; ſtill ſighing, weeping ſtill:
But when the day ſtarre look't abrode, and promiſt from his hill *The morning.*
Light, which the ſaffron morne made good, and ſprinkl'd on the ſeas;
Then languiſht the great pile; then ſunke, the flames; and then calme *Peace*
Turn'd backe the rough winds to their homes, the *Thracian* billow rings
Their high retreate; ruſl'd with cuffes, of their triumphant wings.
Pelides then forſooke the pile; and to his tited limme
Chuſd place of reſt; where laide, ſweete ſleepe, fell to his wiſh on him.
When all the kings guard (waiting then, perceiuing will to riſe
In that great Seſſion,) hurried in, and op't againe his eyes
With tumult of their troope, and haſte. A little then he rear'd
His troubled perſon; ſitting vp, and this affaire referd,
To wiſht commandment of the kings; *Atrides*, and the reſt
Of our Commanders generall, vouchſafe me this requeſt *Achilles to Agamemnon and the other kings.*
Before your parting: Glue in charge, the quenching with blacke wine,

Of this heapes reliques; euery brand, the yellow fire made ſhine.
And then, let ſearch *Patroclus* bones, diſtinguiſhing them well;
As well ye may; they kept the midſt: the reſt, at randome fell,
About th'extreme part of the pile; Mens bones, and horſes mixt.
Being found, Ile finde an vrne of gold, t'encloſe them; and betwixt
The aire and them; two kels of fat, lay on them; and to *Reſt*
Commit them, till mine owne bones ſeale, our loue; my ſoule deceaſt.
The ſepulcher, I haue not charg'd, to make of too much ſtate;
But of a modell ſomething meane: that you of yonger Fate,
(When I am gone) may amplifie; with ſuch a bredth and height,
As fits your iudgements, and our worths. This charge receiu'd his weight
In all obſeruance: firſt they quencht, with ſable wine, the heape,
As farre as it had fed the flame. The aſh fell wondrous deepe,
In which, his conſorts, that his life, religiouſly lou'd,
Searcht, weeping, for his bones; which found, they conſcionably prou'd
His will, made to *Æacides*; and what his loue did adde.
A golden veſſell, double fat, containd them; all which (clad
In vailes of linnen, pure and rich) were ſolemnly conuaid
T'*Achilles* tent. The platforme then, about the pile they laid,
Of his fit ſepulcher; and raiſd, a heape of earth; and then
Offerd departure. But the Prince, retaind there ſtill his men;
Employing them to fetch from fleete, rich Tripods for his games,
Caldrons, Horſe, Mules, brode-headed Beeues, bright ſteele, & brighter dames.

The games for Patroclus funerall.

The beſt at horſe race, he ordain'd, a Lady for his priſe,
Generally praiſefull; faire, and yong, and skild in houſewiferies,
Of all kinds fitting; and withall, a Triuet, that encloſde
Twentie two meaſures roome, with eares. The next priſe he propoſde,
Was (that, which then had high reſpect) a mare of ſixe yeares old,
Vnhandl'd; horſed with a mule: and readie to haue foald.
The third game, was a Caldron, new, faire, bright, and could for fiſe
Containe two meaſures. For the fourth, two talents quantities,
Of fineſt gold. The fift game was, a great new ſtanding boule,
To ſet downe both waies. Theſe brought in, *Achilles* then ſtood vp,
And ſaid; *Atrides*, and my Lords, chiefe horſemen of our hoſt,

Achilles to the Grecian kings.

Theſe games expect ye. If my ſelfe, ſhould interpoſe my moſt,
For our horſe race; I make no doubt, but I ſhould take againe
Theſe gifts propoſde. Ye all know well, of how diuine a ſtraine
My horſe are, and how eminent. Of *Neptunes* gift they are
To *Peleus*; and of his to me. My ſelfe then, will not ſhare
In gifts giuen others; nor my ſteeds, breathe any ſpirit to ſhake
Their airie paſterns; ſo they mourne, for their kind guiders ſake,
Late loſt; that vſde with humorous oyle, to ſlick their loftie manes;
Cleare water hauing cleanſd them firſt: and (his bane, being their banes)
Thoſe loftie manes now ſtrew the earth; their heads held ſhaken downe.
You then, that truſt in chariots, and hope with horſe to crowne
Your conquering temples; gird your ſelues; now fame and priſe ſtretch for,
All that haue ſpirits. This fir'd all; the firſt competitor
Was king *Eumelus*; whom the Art, of horſemanſhip did grace,

Sonne

Sonne to *Admetus*. Next to him, roſe *Diomed* to the race,
That vnder reines rul'd *Troian* horſe; of late, forc't from the ſonne
Of Lord *Anchiſes*; himſelfe freed, of neare confuſion
By *Phœbus*. Next to him ſet foorth, the yellow-headed king
Of *Lacedæmon*, *Ioues* high ſeed; and in his managing,
Podargus, and ſwift *Æthe* trod, ſteeds to the king of men.
Æthe, giuen by *Echepolus*; the *Anchiſiaden*,
As bribe to free him from the warre, reſolu'd for *Ilion*.
So *Delicacie* feaſted him; whom *Ioue* beſtow'd vpon
A mightie wealth; his dwelling was, in brode *Sicyone*.
Old *Neſtors* ſonne, *Antilochus*, was fourth for chiualrie
In this *Contention*: his faire horſe, were of the *Pylian* breed,
And his old father (coming neare) inform'd him (for good ſpeed)
With good Race notes; in which himſelfe, could good inſtruction giue.
Antilochus, though yong thou art; yet thy graue virtues liue
Belou'd of *Neptune*, and of *Ioue*: their ſpirits haue taught thee all
The art of horſemanſhip; for which, the leſſe thy merits fall
In need of doctrine. Well thy skill, can wield a chariot
In all fit turnings; yet thy horſe, their ſlow feet handle not,
As fits thy manage; which makes me, caſt doubts of thy ſucceſſe.
I well know, all theſe are not ſeene, in art of this addreſſe,
More then thy ſelfe: their horſes yet, ſuperior are to thine,
For their parts: thine want ſpeed to make, diſcharge of a deſigne
To pleaſe an *Artiſt*. But go on, ſhew but thy art and hart
At all points; and ſet them againſt, their horſes, heart, and art;
Good Iudges will not ſee thee loſe. A Carpenters deſert
Stands more in cunning then in powre. A Pylote doth auert
His veſſell from the rocke, and wracke, toſt with the churliſh winds,
By skill, not ſtrength: ſo ſorts it here; One chariotere that finds
Want of anothers powre in horſe, muſt in his owne skill ſet
An ouerplus of that, to that; and ſo the proofe will get
Skill, that ſtill reſts within a man, more grace, then powre without.
He that in horſe and chariots truſts, is often hurl'd about,
This way, and that, vnhandſomely; all heauen wide of his end.
He better skild, that rules worſe horſe, will all obſeruance bend,
Right on the ſcope ſtill of a Race; beare neare; know euer when to reine,
When giue reine, as his foe before, (well noted in his veine,
Of manage, and his ſteeds eſtate) preſents occaſion.
Ile giue thee inſtance now, as plaine, as if thou ſaw'ſt it done.
Here ſtands a drie ſtub of ſome tree, a cubite from the ground;
(Suppoſe the ſtub of Oake, or Larch; for either are ſo ſound
That neither rots with wet) two ſtones, white (marke you) white for view
Parted on either ſide the ſtub; and theſe lay where they drew
The way into a ſtreight; the Race, betwixt both lying cleare.
Imagine them ſome monument, of one long ſince tomb'd there;
Or that they had bene liſts of race, for men of former yeares;
As now the liſts *Achilles* ſets, may ſerue for charioteres
Many yeares hence. When neare to theſe, the race growes; then as right,

Neſtor to his ſon Antilochus giues inſtructions for the race with chariots.

A Comment might well be beſtowed vpon this ſpeech of Neſtor.

Driue on them as thy eye can iudge; then lay thy bridles weight
Moſt of thy left ſide: thy right horſe, then ſwitching; all thy throte
(Spent in encouragments) giue him; and all the reine let flote
About his ſhoulders: thy neare horſe, will yet be he that gaue
Thy skill the priſe; and him reine ſo, his head may touch the Naue
Of thy left wheele: but then take care, thou runſt not on the ſtone,
(With wracke of horſe and chariot) which ſo thou bear'ſt vpon.
Shipwracke within the hauen auoide, by all meanes; that will breed
Others delight, and thee a ſhame. Be wiſe then, and take heed
(My lou'd ſonne) get but to be firſt, at turning in the courſe;
He liues not that can cote thee then: not if he backt the horſe
The gods bred, and *Adraſtus* ow'd. Diuine *Arions* ſpeed,
Could not outpace thee; or the horſe, *Laomedon* did breed;
Whoſe race is famous, and fed here. Thus ſat *Neleiades*,
Neſtors aged loue of ſpeech, was here briefly noted. When all that could be ſaid, was ſaid. And then *Meriones*
Set fiſtly forth his faire-man'd horſe. All leapt to chariot;
And euery man then for the ſtart, caſt in, his proper lot.
Achilles drew; *Antilochus*, the lot ſet foremoſt foorth;
Eumelus next; *Atrides* third; *Meriones* the fourth.
The fifth and laſt, was *Diomed*; farre firſt in excellence.
All ſtood in order, and the liſts, *Achilles* fixt farre thence
In plaine field; and a ſeate ordain'd, faſt by. In which he ſet
Phœnix chiefe iudge of the beſt deſeruers in the race. Renowmed *Phœnix*, that in grace, of *Peleus* was ſo great;
To ſee the race, and giue a truth, of all their paſſages.
All ſtart together, ſcourg'd, and cried; and gaue their buſineſſe
Study and order. Through the field, they held a winged pace.
Beneath the boſome of their ſteeds, a duſt ſo dim'd the race:
It ſtood aboue their heads in clowds; or like to ſtormes amaz'd.
Manes flew like enſignes with the wind; the chariots ſometime graz'd,
And ſometimes iumpt vp to the aire; yet ſtill ſat faſt the men:
Their ſpirits euen panting in their breaſts, with feruour to obtaine.
But when they turn'd to fleet againe: then all mens skils were tride;
Then ſtretcht the paſternes of their ſteeds. *Eumelus* horſe in pride
Still bore their Soueraigne. After them, came *Diomeds* courſers cloſe,
Still apt to leape their chariot, and ready to repoſe
Vpon the ſhoulders of their king, their heads. His backe euen burn'd
With fire, that from their noſtrils flew. And then, their Lord had turn'd
The race for him, or giuen it doubt, if *Phœbus* had not ſmit
The ſcourge out of his hands; and teares, of helpleſſe wrath with it,
From forth his eyes; to ſee his horſe, for want of ſcourge, made ſlow;
And th'others (by *Apollos* helpe) with much more ſwiftneſſe go.
Apollos ſpite, *Pallas* diſcern'd, and flew to *Tydeus* ſonne;
His ſcourge reacht, and his horſe made freſh. Then tooke her angry runne
At king *Eumelus*; brake his geres; his mares on both ſides flew;
His draught tree fell to earth; and him, the toſt vp chariot threw
Downe to the earth; his elbowes torne; his forehead, all his face
Strooke at the center; his ſpeech loſt. And then the turned race
Fell to *Tydides*: before all, his conquering horſe he draue:

And

And firſt he glitter'd in the race: diuine *Athenia* gaue
Strength to his horſe, and fame to him. Next him, draue *Spartas* king.
Antilochus, his fathers horſe, then vrg'd, with all his ſting
Of ſcourge and voice. Runne low (ſaid he) ſtretch out your limbs, and flie. *Antilochus to his ſteeds.*
With *Diomeds* horſe, I bid not ſtriue; nor with himſelfe ſtriue I.
Athenia wings his horſe, and him, renowmes. *Atrides* ſteeds
Are they ye muſt not faile but reach; and ſoone, leſt ſoone ſucceeds
The blot of all your fames: to yeeld, in ſwiftneſſe to a mare:
To femall *Æthe*. Whats the cauſe (ye beſt that euer were)
That thus ye faile vs? Be aſſur'd, that *Neſtors* loue ye loſe
For euer if ye faile his ſonne: through both your both ſides goes
His hote ſteele, if ye ſuffer me, to bring the laſt priſe home.
Haſte, ouertake them inſtantly; we needs muſt ouercome.
This harſh way next vs: this my mind, will take; this I deſpiſe
For perill; this Ile creepe through; hard, the way to honor lies.
And that take I, and that ſhall yeeld. His horſe by all this knew
He was not pleaſde, and fear'd his voice; and for a while, they flew:
But ſtraite, more cleare, appear'd the ſtreight, *Antilochus* foreſaw;
It was a gaſpe the earth gaue, forc't, by humours, cold and raw,
Pour'd out of Winters watrie breaſt; met there, and cleauing deepe
All that neare paſſage to the liſts. This *Neſtors* ſonne would keepe,
And left the rode way, being about; *Atrides* fear'd, and cride:
Antilochus! thy courſe is mad; containe thy horſe; we ride *Menelaus in feare to follow Antilochus, who ye may ſee playd vpon him.*
A way moſt dangerous; turne head, betime take larger field,
We ſhall be ſplitted. *Neſtors* ſonne, with much more ſcourge impeld
His horſe, for this; as if not heard; and got as farre before,
As any youth can caſt a quoyte; *Atrides* would no more;
He backe againe, for feare himſelfe, his goodly chariot,
And horſe together, ſhew'd the duſt; in being ſo duſtie hote,
Of thirſted conqueſt. But he chid, at parting, paſſing ſore:
Antilochus (ſaid he) a worſe, then thee, earth neuer bore: *Menelaus chides Antilochus.*
Farewell; we neuer thought thee wiſe, that were wiſe; but not ſo
Without othes, ſhall the wreath (be ſure) crowne thy mad temples, Go.
Yet he bethought him, and went too; thus ſtirring vp his ſteeds:
Leaue me not laſt thus, nor ſtand vext; let theſe faile in the ſpeeds
Of feet and knees; not you: ſhall theſe, theſe old iades, (paſt the flowre
Of youth, that you haue) paſſe you? This, the horſe fear'd, and more powre
Put to their knees; ſtraite getting ground. Both flew, and ſo the reſt;
All came in ſmokes, like ſpirits; the *Greeks*, (ſet to ſee who did beſt,
Without the race, aloft:) now made, a new diſcouerie,
Other then that they made at firſt; *Idomeneus* eye
Diſtinguiſht all; he knew the voice, of *Diomed*; ſeeing a horſe
Of ſpeciall marke, of colour bay, and was the firſt in courſe;
His forehead putting forth a ſtarre, round, like the Moone, and white.
Vp ſtood the *Cretan*, vttering this; Is it alone my ſight, *Idomeneus the king of Crete firſt diſcouers the runners.*
(Princes, and Captaines) that diſcernes, another leade the race,
With other horſe, then led of late? *Eumelus* made moſt pace,
With his fleete mares; and he began, the flexure, as we thought.

Now all the field I ſearch, and find, no where his view; hath nought
Befalne amiſſe to him? perhaps, he hath not with ſucceſſe
Perform'd his flexure: his reines loſt, or ſeate, or with the treſſe
His chariot faild him; and his mares, haue outraid with affright:
Stand vp, trie you your eyes; for mine, hold with the ſecond ſight.
This ſeemes to me, th'*Etolian* king; the *Tydean Diomed.*

Aiax Oileus angry with Idomeneus.

To you it ſeemes ſo, (ruſtickly) *Aiax Oileus* ſaid;
Your words are ſuited to your eyes. Thoſe mares leade ſtill, that led;
Eumelus owes them: and he ſtill, holds reines and place that did;
Not ſalne as you hop't: you muſt prate, before vs all, though laſt
In iudgement of all: y'are too old, your tongue goes ſtill too faſt;
You muſt not talke ſo. Here are thoſe, that better thee, and looke
For firſt place in the cenſure. This, *Idomeneus* tooke

Idomeneus to Aiax.

In much diſdaine; and thus replide: Thou beſt, in ſpeeches worſt;
Barbarous languag'd; others here, might haue reprou'd me firſt:
Not thou, vnfitſt of all. I hold, a Tripode with thee here,
Or Caldron; and our Generall make, our equall arbiter,
Thoſe horſe are firſt; that when thou paiſt, thou then maiſt know. This fir'd
Oileades more; and more then words, this quarell had inſpir'd,
Had not *Achilles* roſe; and vſde, this pacifying ſpeech.

Achilles pacifies Idomeneus and Aiax.

No more: away with words in warre, it toucheth both with breach
Of that which fits ye; your deſerts, ſhould others reprehend,
That giue ſuch foule termes: ſit ye ſtill, the men themſelues will end
The ſtrife betwixt you inſtantly; and eithers owne lode beare,
On his owne ſhoulders. Then to both, the firſt horſe will appeare,
And which is ſecond. Theſe words vſde, *Tydides* was at hand;
His horſe ranne high, glanc't on the way, and vp they toſt the ſand,
Thicke on their Coachman; on their pace, their chariot deckt with gold
Swiftly attended; no wheele ſeene, nor wheeles print in the mould
Impreſt behind them. Theſe horſe flew, a flight; not ranne a race.

The runners arriue at the races end,

Arriu'd; amids the liſts they ſtood; ſweate trickling downe apace
Their high manes, and their prominent breaſts; and downe iumpt *Diomed*,
Laid vp his ſcorge aloft the ſeate; and ſtraite his priſe was led
Home to his tent: rough *Sthenelus*, laid quicke hand on the dame,
And handled Triuet, and ſent both, home by his men. Next came
Antilochus, that wonne with wiles, not ſwiftneſſe of his horſe,
Precedence of the gold-lockt king; who yet maintaind the courſe
So cloſe, that not the kings owne horſe, gat more before the wheele
Of his rich chariot; that might ſtill, the inſecution feele
With the extreme haires of his taile: (and that ſufficient cloſe
Held to his leader: no great ſpace, it let him interpoſe,
Conſiderd in ſo great a field.) Then *Neſtors* wilie ſonne
Gate of the king: now at his heeles, though at the breach he wonne
A quoytes caſt of him; which the king, againe, at th'inſtant gaind.
Æthe, *Agamemnonides*, that was ſo richly maind,
Gat ſtrength ſtill, as ſhe ſpent; which words, her worth had prou'd with deeds,
Had more ground bene allow'd the race; and coted farre, his ſteeds,
No queſtion leauing for the priſe. And now *Meriones*,

A darts caſt came behind the king; his horſe of ſpeed much leſſe;
Himſelfe leſſe skild t'importune them; and giue a chariot wing.
Admetus ſonne was laſt; whoſe plight, *Achilles* pittying,
Thus ſpake: Beſt man comes laſt; yet Right, muſt ſee his priſe not leaſt;
The ſecond, his deſerts muſt beare; and *Diomed* the beſt. *Achilles ſentence.*
He ſaid, and all allow'd; and ſure, the mare had bene his owne,
Had not *Antilochus* ſtood forth; and in his anſwer ſhowne, *Antilochus to Achilles.*
Good reaſon for his intereſt. *Achilles*, (he replied)
I ſhould be angry with you much, to ſee this ratified.
Ought you to take from me my right? becauſe his horſe had wrong;
Himſelfe being good? he ſhould haue vſde (as good men do) his tongue,
In prayre to their powres that bleſſe good (not truſting to his owne)
Not to haue bene in this good, laſt. His chariot ouerthrowne,
O'rethrew not me; who's laſt? who's firſt? mens goodneſſe, without theſe
Is not our queſtion. If his good, you pitie yet; and pleaſe,
Princely to grace it; your tents hold, a goodly deale of gold,
Braſſe, horſe, ſheepe, women; out of theſe, your bountie may be bold
To take a much more worthy priſe, then my poore merit ſeekes,
And giue it here, before my face, and all theſe; that the *Greekes*
May glorifie your liberall hands. This priſe, I will not yeeld;
Who beares this (whatſoeuer man) he beares a tried field.
His hand and mine muſt change ſome blowes. *Achilles* laught, and ſaid:
If thy will be (*Antilochus*) Ile ſee *Eumelus* paid,
Out of my tents; Ile giue him th'armes, which late I conquerd in
Aſteropæus; forg'd of braſſe, and wau'd about with tin;
Twill be a preſent worthy him. This ſaid, *Automedon*,
He ſent for them. He went; and brought; and to *Admetus* ſonne,
Achilles gaue them. He, well pleaſde, receiu'd them. Then aroſe,
Wrong'd *Menelaus*, much incenſt, with yong *Antilochus*.
He, bent to ſpeake; a herald tooke, his Scepter, and gaue charge
Of ſilence to the other *Greeks*; then did the king enlarge
The ſpleene he priſoned; vttering this: *Antilochus?* till now,
We grant thee wiſe; but in this act, what wiſedome vtter'ſt thou? *Note Menelaus ridiculous ſpeech for concluſion of his character.*
Thou haſt diſgrac't my vertue; wrong'd, my horſe; preferring thine,
Much their inferiors; but go to, *Princes*; nor his, nor mine,
Iudge of with fauour; him, nor me; leſt any *Grecian* vſe
This ſcandall; *Menelaus* wonne, with *Neſtors* ſonnes abuſe,
The priſe in queſtion; his horſe worſt; himſelfe yet wanne the beſt,
By powre and greatneſſe. Yet becauſe, I would not thus conteſt,
To make parts taking; Ile be iudge; and I ſuppoſe, none here
Will blame my iudgement; Ile do right; *Antilochus*, come neare;
Come (noble gentleman) tis your place; ſweare by th'earth circling god,
(Standing before your chariot, and horſe; and that ſelfe rod,
With which you ſcourg'd them, in your hand) if both with will and wile,
You did not croſſe my chariot. He thus did reconcile
Grace with his diſgrace; and with wit, reſtor'd him to his wit; *Antilochus his ironicall reply.*
Now craue I patience: ô king, what euer was vnfit,
Aſcribe to much more youth in me, then you; you more in age,

And more in excellence; know well, the outraies that engage
All yong mens actions; sharper wits, but duller wisedomes still
From vs flow, then from you; for which, curbe with your wisedome, will.
The prise I thought mine, I yeeld yours; and (if you please) a prise
Of greater value; to my tent, Ile send for, and suffise
Your will at full, and instantly; for in this point of time,
I rather wish to be enioyn'd, your fauors top to clime,
Ironice. Then to be falling all my time, from height of such a grace;
(O *Ioue*-lou'd king) and of the gods, receiue a curse in place.
This said; he fetcht the prise to him; and it reioyc't him so;
This Simile likewise is meerly Ironicall. That as corne-eares shine with the dew; yet hauing time to grow;
When fields set all their bristles vp: in such a ruffe wert thou,
(O *Menelaus*) answering thus; *Antilochus*, I now,
(Though I were angry) yeeld to thee; because I see th'hadst wit,
When I thought not; thy youth hath got, the mastery of thy spirit.
And yet for all this, tis more safe, not to abuse at all,
Menelaus to Antilochus. Great men; then (venting) trust to wit, to take vp what may fall.
For no man in our host beside, had easely calm'd my spleene,
Stird with like tempest. But thy selfe, hast a sustainer bene
Of much affliction in my cause: so thy good father too,
And so thy brother, at thy suite; I therefore let all go;
Giue thee the game here, though mine owne; that all these may discerne,
King *Menelaus* beares a mind, at no part, proud, or sterne.
The king thus calm'd, *Antilochus*, receiu'd; and gaue the steed
To lou'd *Noemon*, to leade thence; and then receiu'd beside
The caldron. Next, *Meriones*, for fourth game, was to haue
Two talents, gold. The fift (vnwonne) renowm'd *Achilles* gaue
To reuerend *Nestor*; being a boule, to set on either end,
Achilles his gift to Nestor. Which through the preasse he caried him; Receiue (said he) old friend,
This gift, as funerall monument, of my deare friend deceast,
Whom neuer you must see againe; I make it his bequest
To you; as without any strife, obtaining it from all.
Your shoulders must not vndergo, the churlish whoorlbats fall;
Wrastling is past you; strife in darts; the footes celeritie;
Harsh age in his yeares fetters you; and honor sets you free.
Thus gaue he it; he tooke, and ioyd; but ere he thankt, he said;
Nestors glorie in the gift of Achilles. Now sure my honorable sonne, in all points thou hast plaid
The comely Orator; no more, must I contend with nerues;
Feete faile, and hands; armes want that strength, that this, and that swinge serues
Vnder your shoulders. Would to heauen, I were so yong chind now,
And strength threw such a many of bones, to celebrate this show;
As when the *Epians* brought to fire (actiuely honoring thus)
King *Amarynceus* funerals, in faire *Buprasius*.
His sonnes put prises downe for him; where, not a man matcht me,
Of all the *Epians*; or the sonnes, of great-soul'd *Ætolie*;
No nor the *Pilians* themselues, my countrimen. I beate
Great *Clydomedeus*, *Enops* sonne, at buffets; at the feate
Of wrastling, I laid vnder me; one that against me rose,

Ancæus

Anceus cald *Pleuronius*. I made *Ipiclus* loſe
The foot-game to me. At the ſpeare, I conquer'd *Polydore*,
And ſtrong *Phyleus*. *Actors* ſonnes, (of all men) onely bore
The palme at horſe race; conquering, with laſhing on more horſe,
And enuying my victorie; becauſe (before their courſe)
All the beſt games were gone with me. Theſe men were twins; one was
A moſt ſure guide; a moſt ſure guide. The other gaue the paſſe
With rod and mettle. This was then. But now, yong men muſt wage
Theſe workes; and my ioynts vndergo, the ſad defects of age.
Though then I was another man; *at that time I exceld
Amongſt th'heroes. But forth now, let th'other rites be held
For thy deceaſt friend: this thy gift, in all kind part I take;
And much it ioyes my heart, that ſtill, for my true kindneſſe ſake,
You giue me memorie. You perceiue, in what fit grace I ſtand
Amongſt the *Grecians*; and to theirs, you ſet your gracefull hand.
The gods giue ample recompence, of grace againe to thee,
For this, and all thy fauors. Thus, backe through the thruſt draue he,
When he had ſtaid out all the praiſe, of old *Neleides*.

*His deſire of praiſe paſſes ſtill.

Another note of Neſtors humor, not ſo much being to be plainly obſerued in all theſe Iliads as in this booke.

And now for buffets (that rough game) he orderd paſſages;
Propoſing a laborious Mule, of ſixe yeares old, vntam'd,
And fierce in handling; brought, and bound, in that place where they gam'd:
And to the conquerd, a round cup; both which, he thus proclames.
Atrides, and all friends of *Greece*, two men, for theſe two games;
I bid ſtand forth; who beſt can ſtrike, with high contracted fiſts,
(*Apollo* giuing him the wreath) know all about theſe liſts,
Shall winne a Mule, patient of toyle: the vanquiſht, this round cup.

Achilles propoſes the game for buffets.

This vtterd; *Panopeus* ſonne, *Epeus*, ſtraight ſtood vp;
A tall huge man; that to the naile, knew that rude ſport of hand;
And (ſeiſing the tough mule) thus ſpake: Now let ſome other ſtand
Forth for the cup; this Mule is mine; at cuffes I boſt me beſt;
Is't not enough I am no ſouldier? who is worthieſt
At all workes? none; not poſſible. At this yet, this I ſay,
And will performe this; who ſtands forth; Ile burſt him; I will bray
His bones as in a mortar; fetch, ſurgeons enow, to take
His corſe from vnder me. This ſpeech, did all men ſilent make;
At laſt ſtood forth *Euryalus*; a man, god-like, and ſonne
To king *Meciſteus*; the grand child, of honor'd *Talaon*.
He was ſo ſtrong, that (coming once to *Thebes*, when *Oedipus*
Had like rites ſolemniz'd for him) he went victorious
From all the *Thebanes*. This rare man, *Tydides* would prepare;
Put on his girdle; oxehide cords, faire wrought; and ſpent much care,
That he might conquer; heartned him; and taught him trickes. Both dreſt
Fit for th'affaire; both forth were brought; then breaſt oppoſde to breaſt;
Fiſts againſt fiſts roſe; and they ioynd; ratling of iawes was there;
Gnaſhing of teeth; and heauie blowes, daſht bloud out euery where.
At length, *Epeus* ſpide cleare way; ruſht in; and ſuch a blow
Draue vnderneath the others eare; that his neate limbs did ſtrow
The knockt earth; no more legs had he; But as a huge fiſh laid

Note the ſharpnes of wit in our Homer, if where you looke not for it, you can find it

Neare

Neare to the cold-weed-gathering ſhore, is with a North flaw fraid;
Shootes backe; and in the blacke deepe hides: So ſent againſt the ground,
Was foyl'd *Euryalus*; his ſtrength, ſo hid in more profound
Deepes of *Epeus*; who tooke vp, th'intranc't Competitor;
About whom ruſht a crowd of friends, that through the cluſters bore
His faltring knees; he ſpitting vp, thicke clods of bloud; his head
Achilles puts downe priſe for wraſtlers. Totterd of one ſide; his ſence gone. When (to a by-place led)
Thither they brought him the round cup. *Pelides* then ſet forth
Priſe for a wraſtling; to the beſt, a triuet, that was worth
Twelue oxen, great, and fit for fire; the conquer'd was t'obtaine
A woman excellent in workes; her beautie, and her gaine,
Priſde at foure oxen. Vp he ſtood, and thus proclaim'd: Ariſe
You wraſtlers, that will proue for theſe. Out ſtept the ample ſiſe
Vlyſſes and Aiax wraſtle. Of mightie *Aiax*, huge in ſtrength; to him, *Laertes* ſonne,
That craftie one, as huge in ſleight. Their ceremonie done,
Of making readie; forth they ſtept; catch elbowes with ſtrong hands;
Simile. And as the beames of ſome high houſe, cracke with a ſtorme, yet ſtands
The houſe, being built by well-skild men: So crackt their backe bones wrincht
With horrid twitches. In their ſides, armes, ſhoulders (all bepincht)
Ran thicke the wals, red with the bloud, ready to ſtart out; both
Long'd for the conqueſt, and the priſe; yet ſhewd no play; being loth
To loſe both; nor could *Ithacus*, ſtirre *Aiax*; nor could he
Hale downe *Vlyſſes*; being more ſtrong, then with mere ſtrength to be
Hurl'd from all vantage of his ſleight. Tir'd then, with tugging play;
Aiax to Vlyſſes. Great *Aiax Telamonius* ſaid: Thou wiſeſt man; or lay
My face vp, or let me lay thine; let *Ioue* take care for theſe.
This ſaid, he hoiſt him vp to aire, when *Laertiades*
His wiles forgat not; *Aiax* thigh, he ſtrooke behind; and flat
He on his backe fell; on his breaſt, *Vlyſſes*. Wonderd at
Was this of all; all ſtood amaz'd. Then the-much-ſuffering-man
(Diuine *Vlyſſes*) at next cloſe; the *Telamonian*
A litle raiſde from earth; not quite; but with his knee implide
Lockt legs; and downe fell both on earth, cloſe by each others ſide;
Both fil'd with duſt; but ſtarting vp, the third cloſe they had made,
Had not *Achilles* ſelfe ſtood vp; reſtraining them, and bad;
Achilles parts Vlyſſes and Aiax. No more tug one another thus, nor moyle your ſelues; receiue
Priſe equall; conqueſt crownes ye both; the liſts to others leaue.
Priſes for runners. They heard and yeelded willingly; bruſht off the duſt; and on
Put other veſts. *Pelides* then, to thoſe that ſwifteſt runne,
Propoſde another priſe; a boule, beyond compariſon
(Both for the ſiſe and workmanſhip) paſt all the boules of earth;
It held ſixe meaſures; ſiluer all; but had his ſpeciall worth,
For workmanſhip; receiuing forme, from thoſe ingenious men
Of *Sydon*: the *Phœnicians*, made choiſe; and brought it then,
Along the greene ſea; giuing it, to *Thoas*; by degrees
It came t'*Eunæus*, *Iaſons* ſonne; who, yong *Priamides*,
(*Lycaon*) of *Achilles* friend, bought with it; and this, here,
Achilles made beſt game, for him, that beſt his feete could beare.

For ſecond, he propoſde an Oxe; a huge one, and a fat;
And halfe a talent gold for laſt. Theſe, thus he ſet them at.
Riſe, you that will aſſay for theſe; forth ſtept *Oileades*;
Vlyſſes anſwerd; and the third, was one, eſteem'd paſt theſe
For footmanſhip; *Antilochus*. All rankt; *Achilles* ſhow'd
The race-ſcope. From the ſtart, they glid; *Oileades* beſtow'd
His feete the ſwifteſt; cloſe to him, flew god-like *Ithacus*;
And as a Ladie at her loome, being yong and beauteous,
Her ſilke-ſhittle cloſe to her breaſt (with grace that doth inflame,
And her white hand) lifts quicke, and oft, in drawing from her frame
Her gentle thred; which ſhe vnwinds, with euer at her breſt,
Gracing her faire hand: So cloſe ſtill, and with ſuch intereſt,
In all mens likings, *Ithacus*, vnwound, and ſpent the race
By him before; tooke out his ſteps, with putting in their place,
Promptly and gracefully his owne; ſprinkl'd the duſt before;
And clouded with his breath his head: ſo facilie he bore
His royall perſon, that he ſtrooke, ſhoutes from the *Greekes*, with thirſt,
That he ſhould conquer; though he flew; yet come, come, ô come firſt,
Euer they cried to him; and this, euen his wiſe breaſt did moue,
To more deſire of victorie; it made him pray, and proue,
Minerua's aide (his fautreſſe ſtill): O goddeſſe, heare (ſaid he)
And to my feete ſtoope with thy helpe; now happie Fautreſſe be.
She was; and light made all his lims; and now (both neare their crowne)
Minerua tript vp *Aiax* heeles, and headlong he fell downe,
Amids the ordure of the beaſts, there negligently left,
Since they were ſlaine there; and by this, *Minerua's* friend bereft
Oileades of that rich bowle; and left his lips, noſe, eyes,
Ruthfully ſmer'd. The fat oxe yet, he ſeiſd for ſecond priſe,
Held by the horne, ſpit out the taile; and thus ſpake, all beſmear'd:
O villanous chance! this *Ithacus*, ſo highly is indear'd
To his *Minerua*; that her hand, is euer in his deeds:
She, like his mother, neſtles him; for from her it proceeds,
(I know) that I am vſde thus. This, all in light laughter caſt;
Amongſt whom, quicke *Antilochus*, laught out his coming laſt,
Thus wittily: Know, all my friends, that all times paſt, and now,
The gods moſt honour, moſt-liu'd men; *Oileades* ye know,
More old then I; but *Ithacus*, is of the formoſt race;
Firſt generation of men. Giue the old man his grace;
They count him of the greene-hair'd eld; they may, or in his flowre;
For not our greateſt flouriſher, can equall him in powre,
Of foote-ſtrife, but *Æacides*. Thus ſooth'd he *Thetis* ſonne;
Who thus accepted it: Well youth, your praiſes ſhall not runne,
With vnrewarded feete, on mine; your halfe a talents priſe,
Ile make a whole one: take you ſir. He tooke, and ioy'd. Then flies
Another game forth; *Thetis* ſonne, ſet in the liſts, a lance,
A ſhield, and helmet; being th'armes, *Sarpedon* did aduance
Againſt *Patroclus*; and he priſde. And thus he nam'd th'addreſſe:
Stand forth, two the moſt excellent, arm'd; and before all theſe,

Vlyſſes, Aiax Oileus and Antilochus for the Foot-race.

Simile.

Vlyſſes prayes to Minerua for ſpeed.

Aiax Oileus ioſts out his fall to the Greekes.

Antilochus likewiſe helpes out his coming laſt.

Achilles to Antilochus.

Priſe for the fighters armed.

Giue

Giue mutuall onſet, to the touch, and wound of eithers fleſh;
Who firſt ſhall wound, through others armes, his blood appearing freſh;
Shall win this ſword, ſiluerd, and hatcht; the blade is right of *Thrace*;
Aſteropæus yeelded it. Theſe armes ſhall part their grace,
With eithers valour; and the men, Ile liberally feaſt
At my pauilion. To this game, the firſt man that addreſt,
Diomed and Aiax combat. Was *Aiax Telamonius*; to him, king *Diomed*;
Both, in oppoſde parts of the preaſſe, full arm'd; both entered
The liſts amids the multitude; put lookes on ſo auſtere,
And ioyn'd ſo roughly; that amaze, ſurpriſde the *Greeks*, in feare
Of eithers miſchiefe. Thrice they threw, their fierce darts; and cloſde thrice.
Then *Aiax* ſtrooke through *Diomeds* ſhield, but did no preiudice;
His curets ſaft him. *Diomeds* dart, ſtill ouer ſhoulders flew;
Still mounting with the ſpirit it bore. And now rough *Aiax* grew
So violent, that the *Greeks* cried: Hold; no more; let them no more
Giue equall priſe to either; yet, the ſword, propoſde before,
Achilles propoſes a game for hurling of the ſtone or boule. For him did beſt; *Achilles* gaue, to *Diomed*. Then a ſtone,
(In faſhion of a ſphere) he ſhow'd; of no inuention,
But natural; onely melted through, with iron. Twas the boule,
That king *Eetion* vſde to hurle: but he, bereft of ſoule,
By great *Achilles*; to the fleete, with ſtore of other priſe,
He brought it; and propoſde it now; both for the exerciſe,
And priſe it ſelfe. He ſtood, and ſaid: Riſe you that will approue
Your armes ſtrengths now, in this braue ſtrife: his vigor that can moue
This furtheſt; needs no game but this; for reach he nere ſo farre,
With large fields of his owne, in *Greece*; (and ſo needs for his Carre,
His Plow, or other tooles of thrift, much iron) Ile able this
Ironie. For fiue reuolued yeares; no need, ſhall vſe his meſſages
To any towne, to furniſh him; this onely boule ſhall yeeld
Iron enough, for all affaires. This ſaid; to trie this field,
Firſt *Polypætes* iſſued; next *Leontæus*; third
Great *Aiax*; huge *Epeus* fourth. Yet he was firſt that ſtird
That myne of iron. Vp it went; and vp he toſt it ſo,
That laughter tooke vp all the field. The next man that did throw,
Was *Leontæus*; *Aiax* third; who gaue it ſuch a hand,
That farre paſt both their markes it flew. But now twas to be mann'd
By *Polypetes*; and as farre, as at an Oxe that ſtrayes,
A herdſman can ſwing out his goade: ſo farre did he outraiſe
The ſtone paſt all men; all the field, roſe in a ſhout to ſee't.
About him flockt his friends; and bore, the royall game to fleete.
Another game. For Archerie, he then ſet forth, ten axes, edg'd two waies;
And ten of one edge. On the ſhore, farre off, he cauſd to raiſe
A ſhip-maſt; to whoſe top they tied, a fearfull Doue by th'foote;
At which, all ſhot; the game put thus: He that the Doue could ſhoote,
Nor touch the ſtring that faſtn'd her; the two-edg'd tooles ſhould beare
All to the fleete. Who toucht the ſtring, and miſt the Doue, ſhould ſhare
The one-edg'd axes. This propoſde; king *Teucer* force aroſe;
And with him roſe *Meriones*; and now lots muſt diſpoſe

Their

Their ſhooting firſt; both which, let fall, into a helme of braſſe;
Firſt *Teucers* came; and firſt he ſhot; and his croſſe fortune was,
To ſhoote the ſtring; the Doue vntoucht: *Apollo* did enuie
His skill; ſince not to him he vow'd (being god of archerie)
A firſt falne Lambe. The bitter ſhaft, yet cut in two the cord,
That downe fell; and the Doue aloft, vp to the Welkin ſoar'd.
The *Greeks* gaue ſhouts; *Meriones*, firſt made a heartie vow,
To ſacrifice a firſt falne Lambe, to him that rules the Bow;
And then fell to his aime; his ſhaft, being ready nockt before.
He ſpide her in the cloúds, that here, there, euery where did ſoare;
Yet at her height he reacht her ſide, ſtrooke her quite through, and downe
The ſhaft fell at his feete; the Doue, the maſt againe did crowne;
There hung the head; and all her plumes, were rufft'd; ſhe ſtarke dead;
And there (farre off from him) ſhe fell. The people wondered,
And ſtood aſtoniſht. Th'Archer pleaſd. *Æacides* then ſhewes
A long lance, and a caldron, new, engrail'd with twentie hewes;
Priſde at an Oxe. Theſe games were ſhew'd, for men at darts; and then
Vp roſe the Generall of all; vp roſe the king of men:
Vp roſe late-crown'd *Meriones*. *Achilles* (ſeeing the king
Do him this grace) preuents more deed; his royall offering
Thus interrupting; King of men, we well conceiue how farre
Thy worth, ſuperiour is to all; how much moſt ſingular,
Thy powre is, and thy skill in darts; accept then this poore priſe,
Without contention; and (your will, pleaſde with what I aduiſe)
Affoord *Meriones* the lance. The king was nothing ſlow
To that fit grace; *Achilles* then, the braſſe lance did beſtow
On good *Meriones*. The king, his preſent would not ſaue;
But to renown'd *Talthybius*, the goodly Caldron gaue.

The end of the three and twentieth Booke.

8 AP 58

THE XXIIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

The Argvment.

IOue, entertaining care of Hectors *corse;*
Sends Thetis *to her sonne, for his remorse;*
And sit dismission of it. Iris *then,*
He sends to Priam; *willing him to gaine*
His sonne for ransome. He, by Hermes *led,*
Gets through Achilles *guards; sleepes deepe, and dead,*
Cast on them by his guide. When, with accesse,
And humble sute, made to AEacides,
He gaines the bodie; which, to Troy *he beares,*
And buries it with feasts, buried in teares.

Another Argument.

Omega sings the exequies,
And Hectors *redemptorie prise.*

THe games perform'd; the souldiers, wholly dispersst to fleete;
Supper and sleepe, their onely care. Constant *Achilles* yet,
Wept for his friend; nor sleepe it selfe, that all things doth subdue,
Could touch at him. This way, and that, he turn'd, and did renue
His friends deare memorie; his grace, in managing his strength;
And his strengths greatnesse. How life rackt, into their vtmost length,
Griefes, battels, and the wraths of seas, in their ioynt sufferance.
Each thought of which, turn'd to a teare. Sometimes he would aduance
(In tumbling on the shore) his side; sometimes his face; then turne
Flat on his bosome; start vpright. Although he saw the morne
Shew sea and shore his extasie; he left not, till at last
Rage varied his distraction. Horse, chariot, in hast
He cald for; and (those ioyn'd) the corse, was to his chariot tide;
And thrice about the sepulcher, he made his Furie ride;
Dragging the person. All this past; in his pauilion
Rest seisd him; but with *Hectors* corse, his rage had neuer done;
Still suffering it t'oppresse the dust. *Apollo* yet, euen dead,
Pitied the Prince; and would not see, inhumane tyrannie fed,
With more pollution of his lims; and therefore couerd round
His person with his golden shield; that rude dogs might not wound
His manly lineaments (which threat, *Achilles* cruelly
Had vsde in furie). But now heauen, let fall a generall eye
Of pitie on him; the blest gods, perswaded *Mercurie*
(Their good obseruer) to his stealth; and euery deitie

Stood

Stood pleasd with it, *Iuno* except; Greene *Neptune*, and the Maide
Grac't with the blew eyes; all their hearts, stood hatefully appaid,
Long since; and held it, as at first, to *Priam*, *Ilion*,
And all his subiects, for the rape, of his licentious sonne,
Proud *Paris*, that despisde these dames, in their diuine accesse,
Made to his cottage; and praisd her, that his sad wantonnesse,
So costly nourisht. The twelfth morne, now shin'd on the delay
Of *Hectors* rescue; and then spake, the deitie of the day,
Thus to th'immortals: Shamelesse gods; authors of ill ye are, *Apollo to the other gods.*
To suffer ill. Hath *Hectors* life, at all times show'd his care
Of all your rights; in burning thighs, of Beeues and Goates to you;
And are your cares no more of him? vouchsafe ye not euen now
(Euen dead) to keepe him? that his wife, his mother, and his sonne,
Father and subiects may be mou'd, to those deeds he hath done,
See'ng you preserue him that seru'd you; and sending to their hands
His person for the rites of fire? *Achilles*, that withstands
All helpe to others, you can helpe; one that hath neither hart
Nor soule within him, that will moue, or yeeld to any part,
That fits a man; but Lion-like; vplandish, and meere wilde;
Slaue to his pride; and all his nerues, being naturally compil'd
Of eminent strength; stalkes out and preyes, vpon a silly sheepe:
And so fares this man. That fit ruth, that now should draw so deepe
In all the world; being lost in him. And *Shame* (a qualitie
Of so much weight; that both it helpes, and hurts excessiuely; *Shame a quality that hurts and helpes men exceedingly.*
Men in their manners) is not knowne; nor hath the powre to be
In this mans being. Other men, a greater losse then he,
Haue vndergone; a sonne, suppose, or brother of one wombe;
Yet, after dues of woes and teares, they bury in his tombe
All their deplorings. Fates haue giuen, to all that are true men,
True manly patience; but this man, so soothes his bloudy veine,
That no bloud serues it; he must haue, diuine-soul'd *Hector* bound
To his proud chariot; and danc't, in a most barbarous round,
About his lou'd friends sepulcher, when he is slaine: Tis vile,
And drawes no profit after it. But let him now awhile
Marke but our angers; his is spent; let all his strength take heed,
It tempts not our wraths; he begets, in this outragious deed,
The dull earth, with his furies hate. White-wristed *Iuno* said,
(Being much incenst) This doome is one, that thou wouldst haue obaid,
Thou bearer of the siluer bow) that we, in equall care
And honour should hold *Hectors* worth, with him that claimes a share
In our deseruings? *Hector* suckt, a mortall womans brest;
Æacides a goddesse? our selfe had interest,
Both in his infant nourishment, and bringing vp with state;
And to the humane *Peleus*, we gaue his bridall mate,
Because he had th'immortals loue. To celebrate the feast
Of their high nuptials; euery god, was glad to be a guest;
And thou fedst of his fathers cates; touching thy harpe, in grace
Of that beginning of our friend; whom thy perfidious face,

(In his perfection) blusheth not, to match with *Priams* sonne;
O thou, that to betray, and shame, art still companion.
Ioue thus receiu'd her: Neuer giue, these brode termes to a god.
Ioue to Iuno. Those two men shall not be compar'd; and yet, of all that trod
The well-pau'd *Ilion*; none so deare, to all the deities,
As *Hector* was, at least to me. For offrings most of prise,
His hands would neuer pretermit. Our altars euer stood,
Furnisht with banquets fitting vs; odors, and euery good,
Smokt in our temples; and for this, (foreseeing it) his fate,
We markt with honour, which must stand: but to giue stealth, estate,
In his deliuerance; shun we that; nor must we fauour one,
To shame another. Priuily, with wrong to *Thetis* sonne,
We must not worke out *Hectors* right. There is a ransome due,
And open course, by lawes of armes: in which, must humbly sue,
The friends of *Hector*. Which iust meane, if any god would stay,
And vse the other, twould not serue; for *Thetis*, night and day,
Is guardian to him. But would one, call *Iris* hither; I
Would giue directions, that for gifts, the *Troian* king should buy
His *Hectors* body; which the sonne, of *Thetis* shall resigne.
This said, his will was done; the Dame, that doth in vapours shine,
Dewie and thin, footed with stormes; iumpt to the sable seas
Twixt *Samos*, and sharpe *Imbers* cliffes; the lake gron'd with the presse
Of her rough feete; and (plummet-like, put in an oxes horne
That beares death to the raw-fed fish) she diu'd, and found forlorne
Iris to Thetis. *Thetis*, lamenting her sonnes fate; who was in *Troy* to haue
(Farre from his countrey) his death seru'd. Close to her *Iris* stood,
And said; Rise *Thetis*: prudent *Ioue* (whose counsels thirst not blood)
Cals for thee. *Thetis* answerd her, with asking; Whats the cause
The great god cals? my sad powres fear'd, to breake th'immortall lawes,
In going, fil'd with griefes, to heauen. But he sets snares for none
With colourd counsels; not a word, of him, but shall be done.
She said, and tooke a sable vaile; a blacker neuer wore
A heauenly shoulder; and gaue way. Swift *Iris* swum before;
About both rowld the brackish waues. They tooke their banks and flew
Vp to *Olympus*, where they found, *Saturnius* (farre-of-view)
Spher'd with heauens-euerbeing states. *Minerua* rose, and gaue
Her place to *Thetis*, neare to *Ioue*; and *Iuno* did receiue
Her entry with a cup of gold; in which she dranke to her,
Grac't her with comfort; and the cup, to her hand did referre.
She dranke, resigning it. And then, the sire of men and gods,
Thus entertain'd her; Com'st thou vp, to these our blest abodes,
(Faire goddesse *Thetis*) yet art sad? and that in so high kind,
As passeth suffrance? this I know; and try'd thee, and now find
Thy will by mine rulde; which is rule, to all worlds gouernment.
Besides this triall yet; this cause, sent downe for thy ascent;
Nine dayes *Contention* hath bene held, amongst th'immortals here,
For *Hectors* person, and thy sonne; and some aduices were,
To haue our good spie *Mercurie*, steale from thy sonne the Corse:

But

But that reproch I kept farre off; to keepe in future force,
Thy former loue, and reuerence. Haſte then, and tell thy ſonne,
The gods are angrie; and my ſelfe, take that wrong he hath done
To *Hector*, in worſt part of all: the rather, ſince he ſtill
Detaines his perſon. Charge him then, if he reſpect my will,
For any reaſon; to reſigne, ſlaine *Hector*; I will ſend
Iris to *Priam*, to redeeme, his ſonne; and recommend
Fit ranſome to *Achilles* grace; in which right, he may ioy,
And end his vaine griefe. To this charge, bright *Thetis* did employ
Inſtant endeuour. From heauens tops, ſhe reacht *Achilles* tent;
Found him ſtill ſighing; and ſome friends, with all their complements
Soothing his humour: otherſome, with all contention
Dreſſing his dinner: all their paines, and skils conſum'd vpon
A huge wooll-bearer, ſlaughterd there. His reuerend mother then,
Came neare, tooke kindly his faire hand; and askt him: Deare ſonne, when
Will ſorrow leaue thee? How long time, wilt thou thus eate thy heart?
Fed with no other food, nor reſt? twere good thou wouldſt diuert
Thy friends loue, to ſome Ladie; cheare, thy ſpirits with ſuch kind parts
As ſhe can quit thy grace withall: the ioy of thy deſerts,
I ſhall not long haue; death is neare, and thy all-conquering fate,
Whoſe haſte thou muſt not haſte with griefe; but vnderſtand the ſtate,
Of things belonging to thy life, which quickly order. I
Am ſent from *Ioue* t'aduertiſe thee, that euery deitie
Is angry with thee, himſelfe moſt; that rage, thus reigns in thee,
Still to keepe *Hector*. Quit him then; and for fit ranſome free
His iniur'd perſon. He replied; Let him come that ſhall giue
The ranſome; and the perſon take. *Ioues* pleaſure muſt depriue
Men of all pleaſures. This good ſpeech, and many more, the ſonne,
And mother vſde, in eare of all, the nauall *Station*.

Thetis to Achilles.

And now to holy *Ilion*, *Saturnius*, *Iris* ſent:
Go ſwiftfoote *Iris*, bid *Troys* king, beare fit gifts, and content
Achilles for his ſonnes releaſe; but let him greet alone
The *Grecian* nauie; not a man, excepting ſuch a one,
As may his horſe and chariot guide: a herald, or one old,
Attending him; and let him take, his *Hector*. Be he bold,
Diſcourag'd, nor with death, nor feare; wiſe *Mercurie* ſhall guide
His paſſage, till the Prince be neare. And (he gone) let him ride
Reſolu'd, euen in *Achilles* tent. He ſhall not touch the ſtate
Of his high perſon; nor admit, the deadlieſt deſperate
Of all about him. For (though fierce) he is not yet vnwiſe,
Nor inconſiderate; nor a man, paſt awe of deities:
But paſſing free, and curious, to do a ſuppliant grace.

Ioues ſends Iris to Priam.

This ſaid, the Rainbow to her feet, tied whirlewinds, and the place
Reacht inſtantly: the heauie Court, *Clamor*, and *Mourning* fill'd.
The ſonnes all ſet about the fire; and there ſtood *Griefe*, and ſtill'd
Teares on their garments. In the midſt, the old king ſate: his weed
All wrinkl'd; head, and necke duſt fil'd; the Princeſſes, his feed;
The Princeſſes, his ſonnes faire wiues, all mourning by; the thought

Of friends ſo many, and ſo good, (being turn'd ſo ſoone to nought
By *Grecian* hands) conſum'd their youth; rain'd beautie from their eyes.
Iris came neare the king; her ſight, ſhooke all his faculties;
Iris to Priam. And therefore ſpake ſhe ſoft, and ſaid; Be glad *Dardanides*;
Of good occurrents, and none ill, am I Ambaſſadreſſe.
Ioue greets thee; who, in care (as much, as he is diſtant) daines
Eye to thy ſorrowes, pitying thee. My ambaſſie containes
This charge to thee, from him; he wills, thou ſhouldſt redeeme thy ſonne;
Beare gifts t'*Achilles*, cheare him ſo: but viſite him alone;
None but ſome herald let attend; thy mules and chariot,
To manage for thee. Feare, nor death, let dant thee; *Ioue* hath got
Hermes to guide thee; who as neare, to *Thetis* ſonne as needs,
Shall guard thee: and being once with him; nor his, nor others deeds,
Ioues witneſſe of Achilles. Stand toucht with, he will all containe. Nor is he mad, nor vaine,
Nor impious; but with all his nerues, ſtudious to entertaine,
One that ſubmits, with all fit grace. Thus vaniſht ſhe like wind.
He mules and chariot cals: his ſonnes, bids ſee them ioynd, and bind
A trunke behind it; he himſelfe, downe to his wardrobe goes,
Built all of Cedar; highly rooft, and odoriferous;
That much ſtuffe, worth the ſight containd. To him he cald his Queene,
Priam to Hecuba. Thus greeting her: Come, hapleſſe dame; an Angell I haue ſeene,
Sent downe from *Ioue*; that bad me free, our deare ſonne from the fleet,
With ranſome pleaſing to our foe; what holds thy iudgement meet?
My ſtrength, and ſpirit, layes high charge, on all my being, to beare
Hecuba to Priam. The *Greeks* worſt, ventring through their hoſt. The Queene cried out to heare
His ventrous purpoſe; and replyed: O whither now is fled,
The late diſcretion that renown'd, thy graue, and knowing head,
In forreine; and thine owne rulde realmes? that thus thou dar'ſt aſſay,
Sight of that man? in whoſe browes ſticks, the horrible decay
Of ſonnes ſo many, and ſo ſtrong? thy heart is iron I thinke.
If this ſterne man (whoſe thirſt of blood, makes crueltie his drinke)
Take, or but ſee thee, thou art dead. He nothing pities woe,
Nor honours age. Without his ſight, we haue enough to do,
To mourne with thought of him: keepe we, our Pallace, weepe we here;
Our ſonne is paſt our helpes. Thoſe throwes, that my deliuerers were,
Of his vnhappy lineaments; told me they ſhould be torne
With blacke foote dogs. Almightie fate, that blacke howre he was borne
Spunne, in his ſpringing thred that end; farre from his parents reach.
This bloodie fellow, then ordain'd, to be their meane: this wretch,
Whoſe ſtony liuer, would to heauen, I might deuoure; my teeth,
My ſonnes Reuengers made. Curſt *Greeke*, he gaue him not his death
Doing an ill worke; he alone, fought for his countrie; he
Fled not, nor fear'd, but ſtood his worſt; and curſed policie
Was his vndoing. He replied, What euer was his end,
Is not our queſtion; we muſt now, vſe all meanes to defend
His end from ſcandall: from which act, diſſwade not my iuſt will;
Nor let me nouriſh in my houſe, a bird preſaging ill
To my good actions: tis in vaine. Had any earthly ſpirit

Giuen

Giuen this ſuggeſtion: if our Prieſts, or Soothſayers, challenging merit
Of Prophets, I might hold it falſe; and be the rather mou'd
To keepe my Pallace; but theſe eares; and theſe ſelfe eyes approu'd
It was a goddeſſe, I will go; for not a word ſhe ſpake,
I know was idle. If it were; and that my fate will make,
Quicke riddance of me at the fleet; kill me *Achilles*; Come;
When, getting to thee, I ſhall find, a happy dying roome,
On *Hectors* boſome; when enough, thirſt of my teares finds there,
Quench to his feruour. This reſolu'd, the works moſt faire, and deare,
Of his rich ſcreenes, he brought abrode; twelue veiles wrought curiouſly;
Twelue plaine gownes; and as many ſuits, of wealthy tapiſtry;
As many mantles; horſemens coates; ten talents of fine gold;
Two Tripods; Caldrons foure; a bowle, whoſe value he did hold
Beyond all price; preſented by, th'Ambaſſadors of *Thrace*.
The old king, nothing held too deare, to reſcue from diſgrace,
His gracious *Hector*. Forth he came. At entry of his Court,
The *Troian* citizens ſo preſt; that this opprobrious ſort,
Of checke he vſde; Hence caſt-awayes; away ye impious crew; *Priam enraged againſt his citizens.*
Are not your griefes enough at home? what come ye here to view?
Care ye for my griefes? would ye ſee, how miſerable I am?
Iſt not enough, imagine ye? ye might know ere ye came,
What ſuch a ſonnes loſſe weigh'd with me. But know this for your paines,
Your houſes haue the weaker doores: the *Greeks*, will find their gaines
The eaſier for his loſſe, be ſure: but ô *Troy*, ere I ſee
Thy ruine; let the doores of hell, receiue, and ruine me.
Thus, with his ſcepter ſet he on, the crowding citizens;
Who gaue backe, ſeeing him ſo vrge. And now he entertaines
His ſonnes as roughly; *Hellenus*, *Paris*, *Hippothous*,
Pammon, diuine *Agathones*, renowm'd *Deiphobus*,
Aganus, and *Antiphonus*; and laſt, not leaſt in armes,
The ſtrong *Polites*. Theſe nine ſonnes, the violence of his harmes,
Helpt him to vent, in theſe ſharpe termes: Haſte you infamous brood, *Priam enraged againſt his ſons.*
And get my chariot; would to heauen, that all the abiect blood,
In all your veines, had *Hector* ſcuſde: O me, accurſed man,
All my good ſonnes are gone; my light, the ſhades *Cimmerian*
Haue ſwallow'd from me: I haue loſt, *Meſtor*, ſurnam'd the faire;
Troilus, that readie knight at armes; that made his field repaire,
Euer ſo prompt and ioyfully. And *Hector*, amongſt men,
Eſteem'd a god; not from a mortals ſeed; but of th'eternall ſtraine
He ſeem'd to all eyes. Theſe are gone; you that ſuruiue, are baſe;
Liers, and common free-booters: all faultie, not a grace
But in your heeles, in all your parts; dancing companions,
Ye all are excellent: Hence ye brats: loue ye to heare my mones?
Will ye not get my chariot? command it quickly; flie,
That I may perfect this deare worke. This all did terrifie;
And ſtraite his mule-drawne chariot came, to which they faſt did bind
The trunke with gifts: and then came forth, with an afflicted mind,
Old *Hecuba*. In her right hand, a bowle of gold ſhe bore,

With ſweet wine crown'd; ſtood neare, and ſaid; Receiue this, and implore
(With ſacrificing it to *Ioue*) thy ſafe returne. I ſee
Thy mind likes ſtill to go; though mine, diſlikes it vtterly.
Pray to the blacke-cloud-gathering god, (*Idean Ioue*) that viewes
All *Troy*, and all her miſeries; that he will deine to vſe,
His moſt lou'd bird, to ratifie, thy hopes; that her brode wing,
Spred on thy right hand; thou maiſt know, thy zealous offering
Accepted; and thy ſafe returne, confirm'd; but if he faile;
Faile thy intent, though neuer ſo, it labours to preuaile.
This I refuſe not (he replide) for no faith is ſo great,
In *Ioues* high fauour; but it muſt, with held vp hands intreate.
This ſaid; the chamber-maid that held, the Ewre, and Baſin by,
He bad powre water on his hands; when looking to the skie,
He tooke the bowle; did ſacrifice, and thus implor'd: O *Ioue*,
Priams prayer to Ioue. From *Ida* vſing thy commands, in all deſerts aboue
All other gods; vouchſafe me ſafe; and pitie in the ſight
Of great *Achilles*: and for truſt, to that wiſht grace; excite
Thy ſwift-wing'd meſſenger, moſt ſtrong; moſt of aires region lou'd,
To ſore on my right hand; which ſight, may firmely ſee approu'd
Thy former ſummons, and my ſpeed. He prayd, and heauens king heard;
And inſtantly, caſt from his fiſt, aires all commanding bird;
The blacke wing'd huntreſſe, perfecteſt, of all fowles; which gods call
Percnos; the Eagle. And how brode, the chamber nuptiall
Ioue to Mercury Of any mightie man, hath dores; ſuch breadth caſt either wing;
Which now ſhe vſde; and ſpred them wide, on right hand of the king.
All ſaw it, and reioyc't; and vp, to chariot he aroſe;
Draue foorth: the Portall, and the Porch, reſounding as he goes.
His friends all follow'd him, and mourn'd; as if he went to die:
And bringing him paſt towne, to field; all left him: and the eye
Of *Iupiter* was then his guard; who pittied him, and vſde
Theſe words to *Hermes*: *Mercurie*, thy helpe hath bene profuſde,
Euer, with moſt grace, in conſorts, of trauailers diſtreſt;
Now conſort *Priam* to the fleet: but ſo, that not the leaſt
Suſpicion of him be attaind, till at *Achilles* tent,
Thy conuoy hath arriu'd him ſafe. This charge incontinent,
He put in practiſe. To his feete, his feathерd ſhoes he tide,
Immortall, and made all of gold; with which he vſde to ride
The rough ſea; and th'vnmeaſur'd earth; and equald in his pace,
The puffs of wind. Then tooke he vp, his rod, that hath the grace
To ſhut what eyes he lifts, with ſleep, and open them againe
In ſtrongeſt trances. This he held; flew forth, and did attaine
To *Troy*, and *Helleſpontus* ſtraite: then, like a faire yong Prince,
Firſt-downe chinn'd; and of ſuch a grace, as makes his lookes conuince
Contending eyes to view him: forth, he went to meete the king.
He, hauing paſt the mightie tombe, of *Ilus*; watering
His Mules in *Xanthus*; the darke Euen, fell on the earth; and then
Idæus (guider of the Mules) diſcern'd this Grace of men;
And ſpake affraide to *Priamus*; Beware *Dardanides*,

Our

Our ſtates aske counſell: I diſcerne, the dangerous acceſſe
Of ſome man neare vs; Now I feare, we periſh. Is it beſt
To flie? or kiſſe his knees, and aske, his ruth of men diſtreſt?
Confuſion ſtrooke the king, cold *Feare*, extremely quencht his vaines;
Vpright, vpon his languiſhing head; his haire ſtood; and the chaines
Of ſtrong *Amaze*, bound all his powres. To both which, then came neare *Priams amaze*
The Prince-turn'd Deitie; tooke his hand, and thus beſpake the Peere:
To what place (father) driu'ſt thou out, through ſolitarie *Night*, *Mercurie appeares to him.*
When others ſleepe? giue not the *Greeks*, ſufficient cauſe of fright,
To theſe late trauailes? being ſo neare, and ſuch vow'd enemies?
Of all which; if with all this lode; any ſhould caſt his eyes
On thy aduentures; what would then, thy minde eſteeme thy ſtate?
Thy ſelfe old; and thy follower old? Reſiſtance could not rate
At any value: As for me; be ſure, I mind no harme
To thy graue perſon; but againſt, the hurt of others arme.
Mine owne lou'd father did not get, a greater loue in me
To his good; then thou doſt to thine. He anſwerd: The degree *Priam to Mercurie.*
Of danger in my courſe (faire ſonne) is nothing leſſe then that
Thou vrgeſt; but ſome gods faire hand, puts in, for my ſafe ſtate,
That ſends ſo ſweete a Guardian, in this ſo ſterne a Time
Of night, and danger, as thy ſelfe; that all grace in his prime,
Of body, and of beautie ſhew'ſt: all anſwerd with a mind
So knowing; that it cannot be, but of ſome bleſſed kind,
Thou art deſcended. Not vntrue (ſaid *Hermes*) thy conceipt
In all this holds; but further truth, relate, if of ſuch weight
As I conceiue thy cariage be? and that thy care conuaies
Thy goods of moſt price, to more guard? or go ye all your waies,
Frighted from holy *Ilion*? So excellent a ſonne
As thou had'ſt, (being your ſpeciall ſtrength) falne to *Deſtruction*;
Whom no *Greeke* betterd for his fight? O what art thou (ſaid he)
(Moſt worthy youth?) of what race borne? that thus recountſt to me,
My wretched ſonnes death with ſuch truth? Now father (he replide)
You tempt me farre, in wondering how, the death was ſignifide
Of your diuine ſonne, to a man, ſo mere a ſtranger here,
As you hold me: but I am one, that oft haue ſeene him beare
His perſon like a god, in field; and when in heapes he ſlew,
The *Greeks*, all routed to their fleet: his ſo victorious view,
Made me admire; not feele his hand; becauſe *Æacides*
(Incenſt) admitted not our fight; my ſelfe being of acceſſe
To his high perſon, ſeruing him; and bo[illegible] *to Ilion*
In one ſhip ſaild. Beſides, by birth, I breathe a *Myrmidon*;
Polyſtor (cald the rich) my ſire; declin'd with age like you.
Sixe ſonnes he hath; and me a ſeuenth; and all thoſe ſixe liue now
In *Phthia*; ſince all caſting lots, my chance did onely fall,
To follow hither. Now for walke, I left my Generall.
To morrow all the Sunne-burn'd *Greeks*, will circle *Troy* with armes;
The Princes rage to be withheld, ſo idlely; your alarmes
Not giuen halfe hote enough they thinke; and can containe no more.

He

He anſwerd; If you ſerue the Prince, let me be bold t'implore
This grace of thee; and tell me true, lies *Hector* here at fleet,
Or haue the dogs his fleſh? He ſaid, Nor dogs, nor fowle haue yet
Mercurie to Priam. Toucht at his perſon: ſtill he lies, at fleet, and in the tent
Of our great Captaine; who indeed, is much too negligent
Of his fit vſage: but though now, twelue dayes haue ſpent their heate
On his cold body; neither wormes, with any taint haue eate,
Nor putrifaction periſht it: yet euer when the Morne
Lifts her diuine light from the ſea; vnmercifully borne
About *Patroclus* ſepulcher; it beares his friends diſdaine,
Bound to his chariot; but no Fits, of further outrage, raigne
In his diſtemper: you would muſe, to ſee how deepe a dew,
Euen ſteepes the body, all the blood, waſht off, no ſlenderſt ſhew
Of gore, or quitture; but his wounds, all cloſde; though many were
Opened about him. Such a loue, the bleſt immortals beare,
Euen dead to thy deare ſonne; becauſe, his life ſhew'd loue to them.
He ioyfull anſwerd; O my ſonne, it is a grace ſupreme,
Priam to Mercurie. In any man, to ſerue the gods. And I muſt needs ſay this;
For no cauſe (hauing ſeaſon fit) my *Hectors* hands would miſſe
Aduancement to the gods with gifts; and therefore do not they
Miſſe his remembrance after death. Now let an old man pray
Thy graces to receiue this cup, and keepe it for my loue;
Nor leaue me till the gods and thee, haue made my prayres approue
Achilles pitie; by thy guide, brought to his Princely tent.
Hermes replide; You tempt me now, (old king) to a conſent,
Hermes againe to Priam. Farre from me; though youth aptly erres. I ſecretly receiue
Gifts, that I cannot brodely vouch? take graces that will giue
My Lord diſhonour? or what he, knowes not? or will eſteeme
Perhaps vnfit? ſuch briberies, perhaps at firſt may ſeeme
Sweet, and ſecure; but futurely, they ſtill proue ſowre; and breed
Both feare, and danger. I could wiſh, thy graue affaires did need
My guide to *Argos*; either ſhipt, or lackying by thy ſide;
And would be ſtudious in thy guard; ſo nothing could be tride,
But care in me, to keepe thee ſafe; for that I could excuſe,
And vouch to all men. Theſe words paſt, he put the deeds in vſe,
For which *Ioue* ſent him; vp he leapt, to *Priams* chariot,
Tooke ſcourge and reines, and blew in ſtrength, to his free ſteeds; and got
The nauall towres and deepe dike ſtrait. The guards were all at meat,
Thoſe he enſlumberd; op't the ports; and in he ſafely let
Old *Priam*, with his wealthy priſe. Forthwith they reacht the Tent
Of great *Achilles*. Large, and high; and in his moſt aſcent
A ſhaggie roofe of ſeedy reeds, mowne from the meades; a hall
Of ſtate they made their king in it, and ſtrengthned it withall,
Thicke with firre rafters; whoſe approch, was let in, by a dore
That had but one barre; but ſo bigge, that three men euermore
Raiſd it, to ſhut; three freſh take downe: which yet *Æacides*
Would ſhut and ope himſelfe. And this with farre more eaſe
Hermes ſet ope, entring the king; then leapt from horſe, and ſaid:

Now

Now know (old king) that, *Mercurie* (a god) hath giuen this aid
To thy endeuour, ſent by *Ioue*; and now, away muſt I:
For men would enuy thy eſtate, to ſee a Deitie
Affect a man thus: enter thou, embrace *Achilles* knee;
And by his ſire, ſonne, mother pray, his ruth, and grace to thee.
This ſaid; he high *Olympus* reacht, the king then left his coach
To graue *Ideus*, and went on; made his reſolu'd approach: *Priam enters Achilles tent.*
And enterd in a goodly roome; where, with his Princes ſate
Ioue-lou'd *Achilles*, at their feaſt; two onely kept the ſtate
Of his attendance, *Alcymus*, and Lord *Automedon*.
At *Priams* entrie; a great time, *Achilles* gaz'd vpon
His wonderd-at approch; nor eate: the reſt did nothing ſee,
While cloſe he came vp; with his hands, faſt holding the bent knee
Of *Hectors* conqueror; and kiſt, that large man-ſlaughtring hand,
That much blood from his ſonnes had drawne; And as in ſome ſtrange land,
And great mans houſe; a man is driuen, (with that abhorr'd diſmay, *Simile.*
That followes wilfull bloodſhed ſtill; his fortune being to ſlay
One, whoſe blood cries alowde for his) to pleade protection
In ſuch a miſerable plight, as frights the lookers on:
In ſuch a ſtupefied eſtate, *Achilles* ſate to ſee,
So vnexpected, ſo in night, and ſo incrediblie,
Old *Priams* entrie; all his friends, one on another ſtar'd,
To ſee his ſtrange lookes, ſeeing no cauſe. Thus *Priam* then prepar'd *Priam to Achilles.*
His ſonnes redemption: See in me, O godlike *Thetis* ſonne,
Thy aged father; and perhaps, euen now being outrunne
With ſome of my woes; neighbour foes, (thou abſent) taking time
To do him miſchiefe; no meane left, to terrifie the crime
Of his oppreſſion; yet he heares, thy graces ſtill ſuruiue,
And ioyes to heare it; hoping ſtill, to ſee thee ſafe arriue,
From ruin'd *Troy*: but I (curſt man) of all my race, ſhall liue
To ſee none liuing. Fiftie ſonnes, the Deities did giue,
My hopes to liue in; all aliue, when neare our trembling ſhore
The *Greeke* ſhips harbor'd; and one wombe, nineteene of thoſe ſons bore.
Now *Mars*, a number of their knees, hath ſtrengthleſſe left; and he
That was (of all) my onely ioy, and *Troyes* ſole guard; by thee
(Late fighting for his countrey) ſlaine; whoſe tenderd perſon, now
I come to ranſome. Infinite, is that I offer you,
My ſelfe conferring it; expoſde, alone to all your oddes:
Onely imploring right of armes. *Achilles*, feare the gods,
Pitie an old man, like thy ſire; different in onely this,
That I am wretcheder; and beare, that weight of miſeries
That neuer man did: my curſt lips, enforc't to kiſſe that hand
That ſlue my children. This mou'd teares; his fathers name did ſtand
(Mention'd by *Priam*) in much helpe, to his compaſſion;
And mou'd *Æacides* ſo much, he could not looke vpon
The weeping father. With his hand, he gently put away
His graue face; calme remiſſion now, did mutually diſplay
Her powre in eithers heauineſſe; old *Priam*, to record

His

His ſonnes death; and his deaths man ſee, his teares, and boſome pour'd
Before *Achilles*. At his feete, he laid his reuerend head.
Achilles thoughts, now with his ſire, now with his friend, were fed.
Betwixt both, *Sorrow* fild the the tent. But now *Æacides*,
Achilles remorſe of Priam. (Satiate at all parts, with the ruth, of their calamities)
Start vp, and vp he raiſd the king. His milke-white head and beard,
With pittie he beheld, and ſaid; Poore man, thy mind is ſcar'd,
With much affliction; how durſt, thy perſon thus alone,
Venture on his ſight, that hath ſlaine, ſo many a worthy ſonne,
And ſo deare to thee? thy old heart, is made of iron; ſit
And ſettle we our woes, though huge; for nothing profits it.
Cold mourning waſtes but our liues heates. The gods haue deſtinate,
That wretched mortals muſt liue ſad. Tis the immortall ſtate
Of Deitie, that liues ſecure. Two Tunnes of gifts there lie
In *Ioues* gate; one of good, one ill, that our mortalitie,
Maintaine, ſpoile, order: which when *Ioue*, doth mixe to any man;
One while he frolicks, one while mourns. If of his mournfull Kan
A man drinks onely; onely wrongs, he doth expoſe him to.
Sad hunger, in th'abundant earth, doth toſſe him to and froe,
Reſpected, nor of gods, nor men. The mixt cup *Peleus* dranke,
Euen from his birth, heauen bleſt his life; he liu'd not that could thanke
The gods for ſuch rare benefits, as ſet foorth his eſtate.
He reign'd among his *Myrmidons*, moſt rich, moſt fortunate.
And (though a mortall) had his bed, deckt with a deathleſſe Dame.
And yet with all this good, one ill, god mixt, that takes all name
From all that goodneſſe; his Name now, (whoſe preſeruation here,
Men count the crowne of their moſt good) not bleſt with powre to beare
One bloſſome, but my ſelfe: and I, ſhaken as ſoone as blowne.
Nor ſhall I liue to cheare his age, and giue nutrition
To him that nouriſht me. Farre off, my reſt is ſet in *Troy*,
To leaue thee reſtleſſe, and thy ſeed. Thy ſelfe, that did enioy,
(As we haue heard) a happie life: what *Lesbos* doth containe,
(In times paſt being a bleſt mans ſeate:) what the vnmeaſur'd maine
Of *Helleſpontus*, *Phrygia* holds; are all ſaid to adorne
Thy Empire; wealth, and ſonnes enow: but when the gods did turne
Thy bleſt ſtate to partake with bane; warre, and the bloods of men,
Circl'd thy citie, neuer cleare. Sit downe and ſuffer then;
Mourne not ineuitable things; thy teares can ſpring no deeds
To helpe theee, nor recall thy ſonne: impacience euer breeds
Ill vpon ill; makes worſt things worſe; and therefore ſit. He ſaid,
Priam to Achilles. Giue me no ſeate (great ſeed of *Ioue*) when yet vnranſomed,
Hector lies riteleſſe in thy tents: but daigne with vtmoſt ſpeed
His reſignation, that theſe eyes, may ſee his perſon freed;
And thy grace ſatisfied with gifts. Accept what I haue brought,
And turne to *Phthia*; tis enough, thy conquering hand hath fought,
Till *Hector* faltred vnder it; and *Hectors* father ſtood
Achilles angry with Priam. With free humanitie ſate. He frown'd, and ſaid; Giue not my blood
Freſh cauſe of furie; I know well, I muſt reſigne thy ſonne;

Ioue

Ioue by my mother vtterd it; and what beſides is done,
I know as amply; and thy ſelfe, (old *Priam*) I know too.
Some god hath brought thee: for no man, durſt vſe a thought to go
On ſuch a ſeruice; I haue guards; and I haue gates to ſtay
Eaſie acceſſes; do not then, preſume thy will can ſway,
Like *Ioues* will; and incenſe againe, my quencht blood; leſt nor thou,
Nor *Ioue* gets the command of me. This made the old king bow,
And downe he ſate in feare; the Prince, leapt like a Lion forth;
Automedon, and *Alcymus*, attending; all the worth
Brought for the body, they tooke downe, and brought in; and with it,
Idæus (herald to the king,) a cote embroderd yet,
And two rich cloakes, they left to hide, the perſon. *Thetis* ſonne
Cald out his women, to annoint; and quickly ouerrunne
The Corſe with water; lifting it, in priuate, to the coach;
Leſt *Priam* ſaw; and his cold blood, embrac't a fierie touch,
Of anger, at the turpitude, prophaning it; and blew
Againe his wraths fire to his death. This done; his women threw
The cote and cloake on; but the Corſe, *Achilles* owne hand laide
Vpon a bed; and with his friends; to chariot it conuaide.
For which forc't grace (abhorring ſo, from his free mind) he wept;
Cried out for anger, and thus praide: O friend, do not except
Againſt this fauour to our foe (if in the deepe thou heare)
And that I giue him to his Sire; he gaue faire ranſome; deare
In my obſeruance, is *Ioues* will; and whatſoeuer part
Of all theſe gifts, by any meane, I fitly may conuert
To thy renowne here; and will there; it ſhall be pour'd vpon
Thy honour'd ſepulcher. This ſaid, he went, and what was done,
Told *Priam*, ſaying: Father, now, thy wils fit rites are paide,
Thy ſonne is giuen vp; in the morne, thine eyes ſhall ſee him laid
Deckt in thy chariot, on his bed; in meane ſpace, let vs eate.
The rich-hair'd *Niobe*, found thoughts, that made her take her meate;
Though twelue deare children ſhe ſaw ſlaine: ſixe daughters, ſixe yong ſons.
The ſonnes, incenſt *Apollo* ſlue: the maides confuſions
Diana wrought; ſince *Niobe*, her merits durſt compare
With great *Latonas*; arguing, that ſhe did onely beare
Two children; and her ſelfe had twelue; For which, thoſe onely two
Slue all her twelue; nine dayes they lay, ſteept in their blood: her woe
Found no friend, to afford them fire; *Saturnius* had turnd
Humanes to ſtones. The tenth day yet; the good celeſtials burnd
The trunkes themſelues; and *Niobe*, when ſhe was tyr'd with teares,
Fell to her foode; and now with rockes; and wilde hils mixt ſhe beares
(In *Sypilus*) the gods wraths ſtill; in that place, where tis ſaid,
The Goddeſſe Fairies vſe to dance, about the funerall bed
Of *Achelous*; where (though turn'd, with cold griefe, to a ſtone)
Heauen giues her heate enough to feele, what plague compariſon
With his powers (made by earth) deſerues: affect not then too farre
Without griefe, like a god, being a man; but for a mans life care,
And take fit foode: thou ſhalt haue time, beſide to mourne thy ſonne;

He ſhall be tearefull; thou being full; not here, but *Ilion*
Shall finde thee weeping roomes enow. He ſaid, and ſo aroſe;
And cauſd a ſiluer-fleec't ſheepe, kill'd; his friends skils did diſpoſe
The fleaing, cutting of it vp; and cookely ſpitted it;
Roſted; and drew it artfully. *Automedon* as fit
Was for the reuerend Sewers place; and all the browne ioynts ſeru'd
On wicker veſſell to the boord; *Achilles* owne hands keru'd;
Their mutuall obſeruation of eithers faſhion at the table. And cloſe they fell too. Hunger ſtancht; talke, and obſeruing time
Was vſde, of all hands; *Priam* ſate, amaz'd to ſee the prime
Of *Thetis* ſonne; accompliſht ſo, with ſtature, lookes, and grace;
In which, the faſhion of a god, he thought had chang'd his place.
Achilles fell to him as faſt; admir'd as much his yeares;
(Told, in his graue, and good aſpect;) his ſpeech euen charm'd his eares:
So orderd; ſo materiall. With this food feaſted too,
Priam to Achilles. Old *Priam* ſpake thus: Now (*Ioues* ſeed) command that I may go,
And adde to this feaſt grace of reſt: theſe lids nere cloſde mine eyes
Since vnder thy hands fled the ſoule, of my deare ſonne; ſighes, cries,
And woes; all vſe from food, and ſleepe, haue taken: the baſe courts
Of my ſad Pallace, made my beds; where all the abiect ſorts
Of ſorrow, I haue varied; tumbl'd in duſt, and hid;
No bit, no drop of ſuſtenance toucht. Then did *Achilles* bid
His men and women ſee his bed, laid downe, and couered
With purple Blankets; and on them, an Arras Couerlid;
Waſt coſts of ſilke pluſh laying by. The women ſtraite tooke lights,
And two beds made, with vtmoſt ſpeed; and all the other rites
Their Lord nam'd, vſde; who pleaſantly, the king in hand thus bore:
Achilles to Priam. Good father, you muſt ſleepe without; leſt any Counſellor
Make his acceſſe in depth of night; as oft their induſtrie
Brings them t'impart our warre-affaires; of whom ſhould any eye
Diſcerne your preſence, his next ſteps, to *Agamemnon* flie;
And then ſhall I loſe all theſe gifts. But go to, ſignifie,
(And that with truth) how many daies, you meane to keepe the ſtate
Of *Hectors* funerals: becauſe, ſo long would I rebate
Mine owne edge, ſet to ſacke your towne; and all our hoſt containe
From interruption of your rites. He anſwerd; If you meane
To ſuffer ſuch rites to my ſonne; you ſhall performe a part
Of moſt grace to me. But you know, with how diſmaid a heart,
Our hoſt tooke *Troy*; and how much *Feare*, will therefore apprehend
Their ſpirits to make out againe, ſo farre as we muſt ſend
For wood, to raiſe our heape of death; vnleſſe I may aſſure,
That this your high grace will ſtand good; and make their paſſe ſecure;
Which if you ſeriouſly confirme; nine daies I meane to mourne;
The tenth, keepe funerall and feaſt: th'eleuenth raiſe, and adorne
My ſonnes fit Sepulcher. The twelfth (if we muſt needs) weele fight.
Be it (replyed *Æacides*) do *Hector* all this right;
Ile hold warre backe thoſe whole twelue daies: of which, to free all feare,
Take this my right hand. This confirm'd, the old king reſted there.
His Herald lodg'd by him; and both, in forepart of the tent;

Achilles

Achilles in an inmoſt roome, of wondrous ornament;
Whoſe ſide, bright-cheekt *Briſeis* warm'd. Soft *Sleepe* tam'd gods and men;
All, but moſt vlefull *Mercurie*; *Sleepe* could not lay one chaine
On his quicke temples; taking care, for getting off againe
Engaged *Priam*, vndiſcern'd, of thoſe that did maintaine
The ſacred watch. Aboue his head, he ſtood with this demand.
O father, ſleep'ſt thou ſo ſecure, ſtill lying in the hand
Of ſo much ill? and being diſmiſt, by great *Æacides*?
Tis true, thou haſt redeem'd the dead; but for thy lifes releaſe
(Should *Agamemnon* heare thee here) three times the price now paide,
Thy ſonnes hands muſt repay for thee. This ſaid; the king (affraid)
Start from his ſleepe; *Idæus* cald; and (for both) *Mercurie*
The horſe, and mules, (before loſde) ioyn'd, ſo ſoft and curiouſly,
That no eare heard; and through the hoſt, draue; but when they drew
To gulphy *Xanthus* bright-wau'd ſtreame, vp to *Olympus* flew
Induſtrious *Mercurie*. And now, the ſaffron morning roſe;
Spreading her white robe ouer all, the world. When (full of woes)
They ſcourg'd on, with the Corſe to *Troy*; from whence, no eye had ſeene
(Before *Caſſandra*) their returne. She, (like loues golden Queene,
Aſcending *Pergamus*) diſcern'd, her fathers perſon nie;
His Herald, and her brothers Corſe; and then ſhe caſt this crie
Round about *Troy*; O *Troians*, if euer ye did greet
Hector, return'd from fight aliue; now, looke ye out, and meet
His ranſom'd perſon. Then his worth, was all your cities ioy;
Now do it honour. Out all ruſht; woman, nor man, in *Troy*
Was left: a moſt vnmeaſur'd crie, tooke vp their voices. Cloſe
To *Sceas* Ports they met the Corſe; and to it, headlong goes
The reuerend mother; the deare wife; vpon it, ſtrowe their haire,
And lie entranced. Round about, the people broke the aire
In lamentations; and all day, had ſtaid the people there;
If *Priam* had not cryed; Giue way, giue me but leaue to beare
The body home; and mourne your fils. Then cleft the preaſſe; and gaue
Way to the chariot. To the Court, Herald *Idæus* draue,
Where on a rich bed they beſtow'd, the honor'd perſon; round
Girt it with Singers; that the woe, with skillfull voices crownd.
A wofull *Elegie* they ſung, wept ſinging, and the dames,
Sigh'd, as they ſung: *Andromache*, the downeright proſe-exclames
Began to all; ſhe on the necke, of ſlaughterd *Hector* fell
And cried out: O my husband! thou, in youth badſt youth farewell,
Left'ſt me a widdow: thy ſole ſonne, an infant; our ſelues curſt
In our birth, made him right our child; for all my care, that nurſt
His infancie, will neuer giue, life to his youth; ere that,
Troy from her top, will be deſtroy'd; thou guardian of our ſtate;
Thou euen of all her ſtrength, the ſtrength; thou that in care wert paſt
Her carefull mothers of their babes, being gone; how can ſhe laſt?
Soone will the ſwolne fleete fill her wombe, with all their ſeruitude,
My ſelfe with them, and thou with me (deare ſonne) in labours rude,
Shalt be emploid; ſternely ſeruaid, by cruell Conquerors;

Mercurie appeares to Priam in his ſleepe.

Caſſandra to the Troians.

Andromaches lamentation for her husband.

Or rage not (ſuffering life ſo long;) ſome one, whoſe hate abhorres
Andromaches lamentation for Hector. Thy preſence; (putting him in mind, of his fire ſlaine by thine;
His brother, ſonne, or friend) ſhall worke, thy ruine before mine;
Toſt from ſome towre; for many *Greeks*, haue eate earth from the hand
Of thy ſtrong father: In ſad fight, his ſpirit was too much mann'd;
And therefore mourne his people; we; thy Parents (my deare Lord)
For that, thou mak'ſt endure a woe; blacke, and to be abhorr'd.
Of all yet, thou haſt left me worſt; not dying in thy bed;
And reaching me thy laſt-raiſd hand: in nothing counſelled;
Nothing commanded by that powre, thou hadſt of me; to do
Some deed for thy ſake: O for theſe; neuer will end my woe;
Neuer my teares ceaſſe. Thus wept ſhe; and all the Ladies cloſde,
Her paſſion with a generall ſhrieke. Then *Hecuba* diſpoſde,
Hecubas lamentation. Her thoughts in like words: O my ſonne, of all mine, much moſt deare;
Deare, while thou liu'dſt too, euen to gods: and after death they were
Carefull to ſaue thee. Being beſt; thou moſt wer't enuied;
My other ſonnes, *Achilles* ſold; but thee, he left not dead.
Imber and *Samos*; the falſe Ports, of *Lemnos* entertain'd
Their perſons; thine, no Port but death; nor there, in reſt remain'd,
Thy violated Corſe; the Tombe, of his great friend was ſpher'd
With thy dragg'd perſon; yet from death, he was not therefore rer'd.
But (all his rage vſde) ſo the gods, haue tenderd thy dead ſtate;
Thou lieſt as liuing; ſweete and freſh, as he that felt the Fate
Of *Phœbus* holy ſhafts. Theſe words, the Queene vſde for her mone;
And next her; *Hellen* held that ſtate; of ſpeech and paſſion.

Hellens lamentation. O *Hector*, All my brothers more, were not ſo lou'd of me,
As thy moſt vertues. Not my Lord, I held ſo deare as thee;
That brought me hither; before which, I would I had bene brought
To ruine; for, what breeds that wiſh (which is the miſchiefe wrought
By my acceſſe) yet neuer found, one harſh taunt; one words ill
From thy ſweet cariage. Twenty yeares, do now their circles fill,
Since my arriuall; all which time, thou didſt not onely beare
Thy ſelfe without checke; But all elſe, that my Lords brothers were;
Their ſiſters Lords; ſiſters themſelues; the Queen my mother in law;
(The king being neuer but moſt milde) when thy mans ſpirits ſaw
Sowre, and reprochfull; it would ſtill, reproue their bitterneſſe
With ſweet words. And thy gentle ſoule. And therefore thy deceaſſe,
I truly mourne for; and my ſelfe, curſe, as the wretched cauſe;
All brode *Troy* yeelding me not one; that any humane lawes
Of pitie, or forgiueneſſe mou'd, t'entreate me humanely,
But onely thee; all elſe abhorr'd, me for my deſtinie.

Priam to the Troians. Theſe words, made euen the cõmons mourn; to whom the king ſaid, Friends,
Now fetch wood for our funerall fire; nor feare the foe intends
Ambuſh, or any violence; *Achilles* gaue his word,
At my diſmiſſion; that twelue dayes, he would keepe ſheath'd his ſword,
And all mens elſe. Thus oxen, mules, in chariots ſtraite they put;
Went forth; and an vnmeaſur'd pile, of Syluane matter cut;
Nine daies emploide in cariage; but when the tenth morne ſhinde

On

On wretched mortals; then they brought, the-fit-to-be-diuin'd,
Forth to be burn'd: *Troy* ſwum in teares. Vpon the piles moſt height
They laid the perſon, and gaue fire; all day it burn'd; all night.
But when th'eleuenth morne let on earth, her roſie fingers ſhine,
The people flockt about the pile; and firſt, with blackiſh wine
Quencht all the flames. His brothers then, and friends, the ſnowy bones
Gatherd into an vrne of gold; ſtill powring on their mones.
Then wrapt they in ſoft purple veiles, the rich vrne; digg'd a pit;
Grau'd it; ramb'd vp the graue with ſtones, and quickly built to it
A ſepulcher. But while that worke, and all the funerall rites
Were in performance, guards were held, at all parts, dayes and nights,
For feare of falſe ſurpriſe before, they had impoſde the crowne
To theſe ſolemnities. The tombe, aduanc't once, all the towne,
In *Ioue*-nurſt *Priams* Court partooke, a paſſing ſumptuous feaſt;
And ſo horſe-taming *Hectors* rites, gaue vp his ſoule to *Reſt*.

Thus farre the *Ilian* Ruines I haue laid
Open to *Engliſh* eyes. In which (repaid
With thine owne value;) go vnualu'd Booke
Liue, and be lou'd. If any enuious looke
Hurt thy cleare fame; learne that no ſtate more hie
Attends on vertue, then pin'd *Ennies* eye.
Would thou wert worth it, that the beſt doth wound;
Which this Age feedes, and which the laſt ſhall bound.

THus with labour enough (though with more comfort in the merits of my diuine Author) I haue brought my tranſlation of his Iliads *to an end. If either therein, or in the harſh vtterance, or matter of my Comment before; I haue, for haſte, ſcatterd with my burthen (leſſe then fifteene weekes being the whole time that the laſt twelue bookes tranſlation ſtood me in) I deſire my preſent will, and (I doubt not) hability (if God giue life) to reforme and perfect all heareafter, may be ingenuouſlly accepted for the abſolute worke. The rather, conſidering the moſt learned (with all their helpes and time) haue bene ſo often and vnanſwerably, miſerably taken halting. In the meane time; that moſt aſſiſtfull and vnſpeakeable ſpirit, by whoſe thrice ſacred conduct and inſpiration, I haue finiſhed this labour, diffuſe the fruitfull horne of his bleſſings through theſe goodneſſe-thirſting watchings; without which, vtterly dry and bloodleſſe is whatſoeuer Mortality ſoweth.*

But where our moſt diligent Spondanus *ends his worke with a prayer to be taken out of theſe* Mæanders; *and* Euripian *riuers (as he termes them) of Ethnicke, and prophane writers (being quite contrarie to himſelfe at the beginning) I thrice humbly beſeech the moſt deare and diuine mercie (euer moſt incomparably preferring the great light of his truth in his direct, and infallible Scriptures) I may euer be enabled, by reſting wondring in his right comfortable ſhadowes in theſe; to magnifie the clearneſſe of his almighty apparance in the other.*

And with this ſalutation of Poeſie giuen by our Spondanus *in his* Preface *to theſe* Iliads. *(All haile Saint-ſacred Poeſie; that vnder ſo much gall of fiction, ſuch abundance of honey doctrine haſt hidden; not reuealing them to the vnworthy worldly; wouldſt thou but ſo much make me, that amongſt thy Nouices I might be*

numbred; no time ſhould euer come neare my life, that could make me forſake thee.) I will conclude with this my daily and nightly prayer; learn'd of the moſt learned Symplicius.

Supplico tibi Domine, Pater, & Dux rationis noſtræ; vt noſtræ nobilitatis recordemur qua tu nos ornaſti; & vt tu nobis præſtò ſis, vt ijs qui per ſeſe mouentur: vt & à corporis contagio, brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eoſque ſuperemus, & regamus, &, ſicut decet, pro inſtrumentis ijs vtamur. Deinde vt nobis adiumento ſis, ad accuratam rationis noſtræ correctionem; & coniunctionem cum ijs quæ verè ſunt, per lucem veritatis.

Et tertium, Saluatori ſupplex oro; vt ab oculis animorum noſtrorum caliginem prorſus abſtergas, vt (quod apud *Homerum* eſt) Norimus bene qui Deus, aut mortalis habendus.

Amen.

FINIS.

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TO THE RIGHT GRACIOVS *and worthy, the Duke of* LENNOX.

AMongſt th'Heroes of the VVorlds prime years,
Stand here, great Duke, & ſee thē ſhine about you:
Informe your princely minde and ſpirit by theirs,
And then, like them, liue euer; looke without you,
For ſubiects fit to vſe your place, and grace:
VVhich throw about you, as the Sunne, his Raies;
In quickning, with their power, the dying Race
Of friendleſſe *Vertue*; ſince they thus can raiſe
Their honor'd Raiſers, to *Eternitie*.
None euer liu'd by *Selfe-loue*: Others good
Is th'obiect of our owne. They (liuing) die,
That burie in them ſelues their fortunes brood.
To this ſoule, then, your gracious count'nance giue;
That gaue, to ſuch as you, ſuch meanes to liue.

TO THE MOST GRAVE AND *honored Temperer of Law, and Equitie, the Lord* CHANCELOR, *&c.*

THat Poeſie is not ſo remou'd a thing
From graue adminiſtry of publike weales,
As theſe times take it; heare this Poet ſing,
Moſt iudging Lord: and ſee how he reueales
The myſteries of Rule, and rules to guide
The life of Man, through all his choiceſt waies.
Nor be your timely paines the leſſe applyed
For Poeſies idle name; becauſe her Raies
Haue ſhin'd through greateſt Counſellors, and Kings.
Heare Royall *Hermes* ſing th'Egyptian Lawes;
How *Solon*, *Draco*, *Zoroaſtes* ſings
Their Lawes in verſe: and let their iuſt applauſe
(By all the world giuen) yours (by vs) allow;
That, ſince you grace all vertue, honour you.

TO THE MOST WORTHIE *Earle, Lord Treaſurer, and Treaſure of our Countrey, the Earle of* SALISBVRY, *&c.*

VOuchſafe, great Treaſurer, to turne your eye,
And ſee the opening of a Grecian Mine;
VVhich, VViſedome long ſince made her Treaſury;
And now her title doth to you reſigne.
VVherein as th'Ocean walks not, with ſuch waues,
The Round of this Realme, as your VViſedomes ſeas;
Nor, with his great eye, ſees; his Marble, ſaues
Our State, like your Vlyſsian policies:
So, none like HOMER hath the VVorld enſpher'd;
Earth, Seas, & heauen, fixt in his verſe, and mouing;
VVhom all times wiſeſt Men, haue held vnper'de;
And therfore would conclude with your approuing.
Then grace his ſpirit, that all wiſe men hath grac't,
And made things euer flitting, euer laſt.

An Anagram.

Robert Cecyl, Earle of Salisburye.
Curb foes; thy care, is all our erly Be.

TO THE MOST HONOR'D RE- *ſtorer of ancient Nobilitie, both in blood and vertue, the Earle of* SVFFOLKE, *&c.*

IOine, Nobleſt Earle, in giuing worthy grace,
To this great gracer of Nobilitie:
See here what ſort of men, your honor'd place
Doth properly command; if Poeſie
(Profeſt by them) were worthily expreſt.
The graueſt, wiſeſt, greateſt, need not, then,
Account that part of your command the leaſt;
Nor them ſuch idle, needleſſe, worthleſſe Men.
VVho can be worthier Men in publique weales,
Then thoſe (at all parts) that preſcrib'd the beſt?
That ſtird vp nobleſt vertues, holieſt zeales;
And euermore haue liu'd as they profeſt?
A world of worthieſt Men, ſee one create,
(Great Earle); whom no man ſince could imitate.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND *learned Earle, the Earle of* NORTHAMTON, *&c.*

TO you, moſt learned Earle, whoſe learning can
Reiect vnlearned Cuſtome, and Embrace
The reall vertues of a worthie Man,
I proſtrate this great *Worthie*, for your grace;
And pray that Poeſies well-deſeru'd ill Name
(Being ſuch, as many moderne Poets make her)
May nought eclipſe her cleare eſſentiall flame:
But as ſhe ſhines here, ſo refuſe or take her.
Nor do I hope; but euen your high affaires
May ſuffer intermixture with her view;
VVhere *Wiſedome* fits her for the higheſt chaires;
And mindes, growne old, with cares of State, renew:
You then (great Earle) that in his owne tongue know
This king of Poets; ſee his Engliſh ſhow.

TO THE MOST NOBLE, MY *ſingular good Lord, the Earle of Arundell.*

STand by your nobleſt ſtocke; and euer grow
In loue, and grace of vertue moſt admir'd;
And we will pay the ſacrifice we owe
Of prayre and honour, with all good deſir'd
To your diuine ſoule; that ſhall euer liue
In height of all bliſſe prepar'd here beneath,
In that ingenuous and free grace you giue
To knowledge; onely Bulwarke againſt Death.
VVhoſe rare ſuſtainers here, her powres ſuſtaine
Hereafter. Such reciprocall effects
Meete in her vertues. VVhere the loue doth raigne,
The Act of knowledge crownes our intellects.
VVhere th'Act, nor Loue is, there, like beaſts men die:
Not Life, but Time is their Eternitie.

TO THE LEARNED AND *moſt noble Patrone of learning the Earle of* PEMBROOKE, *&c.*

ABoue all others may your Honor ſhine;
As, paſt all others, your ingenuous beames
Exhale into your grace the forme diuine
Of godlike *Learning*; whoſe exiled ſtreames
Runne to your ſuccour, charg'd with all the wracke
Of ſacred Vertue. Now the barbarous witch
(Foule *Ignorance*) ſits charming of them backe
To their firſt Fountaine, in the great and rich;
Though our great Soueraigne counter-checke her charmes
(VVho in all learning, reignes ſo paſt example)
Yet (with her) *Turkiſh Policie* puts on armes,
To raze all knowledge in mans Chriſtian Temple.
(You following yet our king) your guard redouble:
Pure are thoſe ſtreames, that theſe times cannot trouble.

TO THE RIGHT GRACIOVS *Illuſtrator of vertue, and worthy of the fauour Royall, the Earle of* MONTGOMRIE.

THere runs a blood, faire Earle, through your cleare
That well entitles you to all things Noble; (vains
VVhich ſtill the liuing Sydnian ſoule maintaines,
And your Names ancient Nobleſſe doth redouble:
For which I needs muſt tender to your Graces
This nobleſt worke of Man; as made your Right.
And though *Ignobleſſe*, all ſuch workes defaces
As tend to *Learning*, and the ſoules delight:
Yet ſince the ſacred Penne doth teſtifie,
That *Wiſedome* (which is *Learnings* naturall birth)
Is the cleare Mirror of Gods Maieſtie,
And *Image* of his goodneſſe here in earth;
If you the *Daughter* wiſh, reſpect the *Mother*:
One cannot be obtain'd, without the other.

TO THE MOST LEARNED *and Noble Concluder of the Warres Arte, and the Muſes, the Lord* LISLE, *&c.*

NOr let my paines herein (long honor'd Lord)
Faile of your ancient Nobly-good reſpects;
Though obſcure *Fortune* neuer would afford
My ſeruice ſhow, till theſe thus late effects.
And though my poore deſerts weigh'd neuer more
Then might keepe downe their worthleſſe memorie
From your high thoughts (enricht with better ſtore)
Yet yours, in me, are fixt eternally;
VVhich all my fit occaſions well ſhall proue.
Meane ſpace (with your moſt Noble Nephewes) daine
To ſhew your free and honorable loue
To this Greeke Poet, in his Engliſh vaine.
You cannot more the point of death controule;
Then to ſtand cloſe by ſuch a liuing ſoule.

TO THE GREAT AND VERtuous, *the Counteſſe of* MONTGOMRIE.

YOur Fame (great Lady) is ſo lowd reſounded,
By your free Trumpet, my right worthy frend;
That, with it, all my forces ſtand confounded,
Arm'd, and diſarm'd at once, to one iuſt end;
To honor and deſcribe the bleſt conſent
Twixt your high blood and ſoule, in vertues rare.
Of which, my friends praiſe is ſo eminent,
That I ſhall hardly like his *Echo* fare,
To render onely th'ends of his ſhrill Verſe.
Beſides; my Bounds are ſhort; and I muſt, meerely,
My will to honour your rare parts, rehearſe;
VVith more time, ſinging your renowme more clearely.
Meane-time, take *Homer* for my wants ſupply:
To whom adioyn'd, your Name ſhall neuer die.

TO THE HAPPY STARRE, DI-
ſcouered in our Sydneian Aſteriſme; comfort of learning, Sphere of all the vertues, the Lady VVROTHE.



Hen all our other Starres ſet (in their skies)
To Vertue, and all honor of her kind;
That you (rare Lady) ſhould ſo clearely riſe,
Makes all the vertuous glorifie your mind.
And let true Reaſon, and Religion trie,
If it be Fancie, not iudiciall Right,
In you t'oppoſe the times Apoſtaſie,
To take the ſoules part, and her ſauing Light,
VVhile others blinde and burie both in Senſe;
VVhen; tis the onely end, for which all liue.
And, could thoſe ſoules, in whom it dies, diſpenſe
As much with their Religion; they would giue
That as ſmall grace. Then ſhun their courſe, faire Starre;
And ſtill keepe your way, pure, and circular.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE PA-
troneſſe and Grace of Vertue, the Counteſſe of BEDFORD.



O you, faire Patroneſſe, and Muſe to Learning;
The Fount of learning and the Muſes ſends
This Cordiall for your vertues; and forewarning
To leaue no good, for th'ill the world commends.
Cuſtome ſeduceth but the vulgar ſort:
VVith whom, when *Nobleſſe* mixeth, ſhe is vulgare;
The truly-Noble, ſtill repaire their Fort,
VVith gracing good excitements, and gifts rare;
In which the narrow path, to Happineſſe,
Is onely beaten. *Vulgar pleaſure* ſets
Nets for her ſelfe, in ſwinge of her exceſſe;
And beates her ſelfe there dead, ere free ſhe gets.
Since pleaſure then with pleaſure ſtill doth waſte;
Still pleaſe with vertue Madame: That will laſt.

TO THE RIGHT VALOROVS *and virtuous Lord, the Earle of* SOVTH-HAMTON, *&c.*

IN Choice of all our Countries Nobleſt ſpirits
(Borne ſlauiſher barbariſme to conuince)
I could not but inuoke your ho or'd Merits,
To follow the ſwift vertue of our Prince.
The cries of *Vertue*, and her *Fortreſſe*, *Learning*,
Brake earth, and to *Elyſium* did deſcend,
To call vp *Homer*: who therein diſcerning
That his excitements, to their good, had end
(As being a Grecian) puts-on Engliſh armes;
And to the hardie Natures in theſe climes
Stikes-vp his high and ſpiritfull alarmes,
That they may cleare earth of thoſe impious Crimes,
VVhoſe conqueſt (though moſt faintly all apply)
You know (learn'd Earle) all liue for, and ſhould die.

TO MY EXCEEDING GOOD *Lord, the Earle of* SVSSEX: *with duty alwaies remembred to his honor'd Counteſſe.*

YOu that haue made, in our great Princes Name
(At his high birth) his holy Chriſtian vowes;
May witneſſe now (to his eternall Fame)
How he performes them thus far: & ſtil growes
Aboue his birth in vertue; paſt his yeares,
In ſtrength of Bountie, and great Fortitude.
Amongſt this traine, then, of our choiceſt Peeres,
That follow him in chace of vices rude,
Summon'd by his great Herald *Homers* voice;
March you; and euer let your Familie
(In your vowes made for ſuch a Prince) reioyce.
Your ſeruice to his State ſhall neuer die.
And, for my true obſeruance, let this ſhow,
No meanes eſcapes when I may honour you.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND *Heroicall, my ſingular good Lord, the Lord of* VVALDEN, &c.

NOr let the vulgar ſway *Opinion* beares
(Rare Lord) that Poeſies fauor ſhewes men vaine,
Ranke you amongſt her ſterne diſfauourers;
She all things worthy fauour doth maintaine.
Vertue, in all things elſe, at beſt ſhe betters;
Honour ſhe heightens, and giues Life in Death;
She is the ornament, and ſoule of letters:
The worlds deceipt before her vaniſheth.
Simple ſhe is as Doues, like Serpents wiſe;
Sharpe, graue, and ſacred: nought but things diuine,
And things diuining, fit her faculties;
(Accepting her as ſhe is genuine.)
If ſhe be vaine then, all things elſe are vile;
If vertuous, ſtill be Patrone of her ſtile.

TO THE MOST TRVLY-NOble and Vertue-gracing Knight Sir *Thomas* HOVVARD.

THe true, and nothing-leſſe-then ſacred ſpirit
That moues your feete ſo farre from the prophane;
In ſkorne of Pride, and grace of humbleſt merit,
Shall fill your Names ſphere; neuer ſeeing it wane.
It is ſo rare, in blood ſo high as yours
To entertaine the humble skill of Truth;
And put a vertuous end to all your powres;
That th'honor Age askes, we giue you in youth.
Your Youth hath wonne the maiſtrie of your Mind;
As *Homer* ſings of his *Antilochus*,
The parallell of you in euery kind,
Valiant, and milde, and moſt ingenious.
Go on in Vertue, after Death and grow,
And ſhine like *Ledas* twins; my Lord and you.

Euer moſt humbly and faithfully deuoted to you, and all the rare Patrons of diuine Homer.
Geo. Chapman.